

GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH

I LIKE AMERICA

GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH

has also written

ABYSSINIAN ADVENTURE

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MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JUN.

... for the betterment of mankind £150 000 000

GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH

I LIKE AMERICA

WITH 50 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SIR HAROLD HARMSWORTH

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FOREWORD

EVERY JOURNALIST WHO VISITS AMERICA, AS THE WORLD IS painfully aware, rushes home and writes a book about it. The present season, as a result of the Royal visit and the World's Fair, is witnessing an epidemic of literature on the subject. Never before have the United States been subjected to such an avalanche of words, and the Americans themselves (who rarely read books by Englishmen about themselves) must be mildly amused at this sudden interest in their affairs. They will conclude, no doubt, that King George's dutiful subjects could hardly afford to ignore the existence of North America at a moment when their Sovereign was setting foot in those remote regions across the Atlantic.

They may even suspect that a wily Minister of Propaganda has inspired these timely outpourings at a stage when it would seem that Uncle Sam's friendship is particularly desirable to John Bull. But there they will be wrong, for the simple reason that in England it is not felt necessary to have a Minister of Propaganda in time of peace. To many English people who have travelled about the world, especially those who have visited America recently, this would appear a strange, if a typically British, point of view. If there was ever a period in history when it was essential that there should be a frank interchange of views and *news* between the two great democracies, surely it is the present time. I believe, rightly or wrongly, that the English public are just as anxious to read about America as Americans are eager to read about English affairs. At the beginning of my fifth visit to the United States, in September of last year, you had to turn to the back pages of the newspapers (with the exception of the *New York Times*) to find any reference to England at all . . . only to find a half column devoted to

the amount Countess Haugwitz Reventlow had to pay to have a tooth extracted. The crisis, of course, altered all that. The American Press rushed to the other extreme and page one was filled from day to day with alarming reports of riots in Whitehall and plots against the Prime Minister.

Throughout the crisis, and during the last six months, there has been a campaign of abuse . . . abuse of the vilest order . . . directed against Mr. Chamberlain in certain powerful sections of the American Press. He has even become an object of ridicule in popular Broadway revues. You may ask, 'What can we in England do about that?' I venture to think that we can do a great deal to correct these misrepresentations, not only of the Prime Minister but of English affairs in general. It would be an excellent thing if every young man who wastes three years of his life at a university wasted only two and spent the other in America. By America I do not mean New York, and I do not mean Hollywood. It would also be helpful to the cause of Anglo-American friendship if the Government subsidized the building of one-class liners, of a simple rather than a luxurious character, so that the ocean fares could be brought within the reach of greater numbers. Undoubtedly it would be a costly experiment, but it would enable a vast number of English people . . . the people who really matter . . . to meet the real Americans. They would discover that the Americans at home are very different to the grotesque specimens of that race whom they see on the screen, and occasionally meet in bizarre attire parading the by-ways of Stratford-on-Avon. The same facilities might be offered to Americans to visit England . . . the Americans who really matter, even if their names do not appear in the Social Register. They would be perplexed, perhaps, to find that the average Englishman does not wear a monocle or talk with an aggravated Oxford accent. They would encounter, of course, quite a number of Englishmen of so-called intelligence who regard all Americans as partly civilized apes. The superior attitude adopted by some English visitors to America has done as much harm in its way as the inane behaviour of the dollar princesses who invade Europe every summer.

The real trouble, as I see it, lies with the newspapers, the English as well as the American. This may sound a somewhat startling statement, coming from the pen of a journalist. But the fact remains that there are only a few newspapers in this country which have any grasp of the importance of American affairs and the rapid changes that are going on in that great country. The same state of things applies with the American newspapers. The American reader is taught to regard the affairs of Europe much in the way of a spectator watching a thriller from the comfortable security of the stalls. He is not allowed to know that in the year 1939 the Atlantic Ocean is a narrow strip of water, hardly wider than the Hudson River. It is never pointed out to him that if the British Navy was suddenly wiped out the safety of America would be seriously threatened. That is where the Minister of Propaganda would come in.

But there we must leave the matter and get on with the business in hand, which is to tell you about a six-weeks' tour of the United States in the autumn of 1938. The present volume does not pretend to be a book *about* America. It is merely a series of impressions of many diverse scenes and personalities hurriedly drawn in trains, elevators, hotels, and restaurants. I believe that more can be learned from a whirlwind tour like this than in years of study in a comfortable arm-chair. The fact that impresses the English visitor to the United States more deeply than any other is the spontaneous warmth of American hospitality. At times it is apt to be overwhelming. When an American says 'You're welcome' . . . and he says it a hundred times a day . . . he really means it. The problem is to know how one can begin to return their kindness.

I must not conclude these notes without expressing my thanks to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., and Mr. Kenneth Chorley, to whom we only had to make our wishes known and they were immediately granted. There were many others who helped to make our journey an unforgettable experience, and to these I attempted to express my gratitude in a few ill-chosen words when I was invited to broadcast in New York at the conclusion of our 15,000-mile tour. To my brother Harold, most thoughtful and long-suffering of

travelling companions, I owe an especial debt because it was he who suggested, planned, and paid all the heavy expenses of our delightful holiday. I hope this little book will afford him a pleasing reminder of our strange adventures.

GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH,

May 1939.

Thorpe Hall, Louth.

CHAPTER ONE

THE GHOST GOES WEST

EARLY IN THE MORNING OF MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1938, there came a loud rat-tat at the door of No. 126 Cabin, A Deck, on board R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. As we moved slowly up the Hudson we became conscious of new smells and new noises, and the air one breathed seemed to be charged with some powerful chemical that made one rush about in aimless circles. No other city has quite the same effect on the senses as New York if you approach that astonishing city from the sea. Long before the famous skyline has come into view one feels the nearness of the American continent. It is something far more vital and stimulating than the mere excitement of arriving in a new country.

The lethargic mood which prevails for three and a half days after leaving Southampton . . . involving too much eating, drinking, sleeping, talking, reading, writing, and wondering who the beautiful blonde is who appeared for the first time on the third morning out . . . gives way, on the night before reaching port, to a feeling of exaltation, as if one has suddenly become possessed of a new body, with wings that carry one effortlessly about the ship. Sleep, on that last night, is impossible.

Long before the first rat-tat on the cabin door one is astir and putting the finishing touches to trunks and suit-cases. The steward himself delights in waking his charges some hours before it is necessary, and as the moment for tipping approaches invariably recalls the number of occasions when he looked after 'His Lordship'—'His Lordship' being my late Uncle Northcliffe.

Shortly after breakfast—a meal which already has a distinctly American flavour—the word goes round that

passengers must present themselves in the Main Lounge to be interviewed by the customs officials. The seasoned traveller is well aware, however, that there is another hour before anyone will be allowed to step ashore and one's patience rapidly becomes exhausted by joining endless queues in linoleumed corridors where a great number of people, clutching green, pink and yellow forms, are asking a lot of foolish questions and receiving equally foolish replies.

Let us therefore adjourn to the Sun Deck where we will have our first real taste of America. The skyline of Manhattan, which, seen from down the Bay only an hour before, loomed above the early morning mist like a cluster of slender and carefully sharpened pencils, now confronts us like a row of gleaming bayonets, more aggressively beautiful at this hour than at any other time of the day. They appear not so much to have their roots in the hard rock on which the city is built, as to be suspended from the sky itself. And as one surveys the scene after an absence of eight years one notices that there are many new-comers in their midst, dwarfing even the Cathedral of Commerce built by Countess Haugwitz Reventlow's grandfather, suggesting that there is no finality about New York. Inevitably one is reminded of a recent remark of Mr. H. G. Wells: 'How much more vitally unfinished than the contour of dear old St. Paul's brooding like a shapely Episcopalian hen over the futile uneasiness of London.'

In the immediate foreground a strange scene is being enacted on the Sun Deck. To the uninitiated it would seem that Hollywood has invaded the *Queen Mary* to secure 'atmosphere' for an epic of the high seas. An army of news-reel men, men with flashlights (although it is broad daylight), men with Leica cameras and tripods, men with mysterious little black tin boxes and quite a number of people who appear to be very busy about nothing, have taken possession of the entire upper parts of the ship. This odd assortment of human beings constitute 'the eyes and ears of the world.' They are not there by accident. A score of reporters and camera men, all of whom are members of the New York Ship News Reporters' Association, board

the incoming liner when you are having your breakfast. Special press rooms are set aside on every big liner for the exclusive use of those who go down to the sea with pencils and cameras, and there free drinks and free meals are dispensed to all who like to come. There is no need to scan the passenger lists to spot the celebrities because the New York offices of the line will have informed the Press in advance of all those travelling in the ship whose names make news.

In the case of a celebrity who has a genuine reason for wishing to travel *incognito* the secret is usually well kept. When Colonel Lindbergh sailed for Europe in the *American Importer*, shortly after the Hauptmann Trial, no one knew about it until he was in mid-Atlantic. Every New York ship reporter knows, however, that the cloak of *incognito* is often an obvious little subterfuge adopted by the lesser-known stage and screen stars whose dwindling reputations require a little more Page One publicity.

Miss Marlene Dietrich, as everybody knows, has a way of her own of capturing all the available floodlighting, while at the same time appearing to shun the unwelcome attention of reporters and camera men as if they were bearers of writs and revolvers. She will motor down to the pier two hours before sailing time and will board the *Normandie*, wearing dark glasses, by way of the baggage gang-plank. Once in her suite, her secretary will firmly refuse to admit any visitors until the last bugle for 'passengers ashore' has sounded. Nevertheless the next morning's editions will carry special interviews and pictures of the Blue Angel boarding the liner, granting audiences in her Louis Quinze stateroom, and waving good-bye from the Sun Deck.

This little enactment, with minor variations, takes place every time Miss Dietrich leaves for Europe and arrives back in America. It pleases the fans and it amuses 'the boys.' Sometimes a film star, who ought to know better, slams her cabin door in the face of the reporters. She may be genuinely annoyed, but the result is that her name goes on the Black List and her Studio press department have to explain to their wayward protégée that film stars are made or marred—by the Press.

As a rule the camera men—such is human vanity—have no difficulty in obtaining their ‘shots.’ Dotted about the Sun Deck are little huddled groups and unless I am much mistaken the beautiful blonde who made her first appearance the morning before we arrived in New York is the centre of one of them. I didn’t catch her name and probably half ‘the boys’ didn’t until they had got her to pose in a number of highly dubious attitudes to provide ‘cheesecake’ for readers of Mr. Hearst’s *Daily Mirror* the next morning. Cheesecake is a form of journalistic commodity, not peculiar to America alone, which is said to have a stimulating effect on shrinking circulations. Every incoming liner brings a plentiful supply of the delicacy and the camera men have an eye for it just as their colleagues of the pencil are reputed in certain rare instances to have a nose for news.

Take the case of Mlle X. Nobody, admittedly, had heard of the lady, but her name was down in the advance list circulated by the publicity department of the line and her profession was given as ‘actress.’ Hard up for front-page celebrities the camera men set out in search of cheesecake. Knocking at the door of Mlle X.’s stateroom, the lady coyly explained that she was still in her *négligé* but would come up to the Sun Deck in a few minutes. Flattered at the thought that her name was known in two continents Mlle X. hurriedly completed her titivations and in less than five minutes was posing in those many alluring attitudes, sitting with legs crossed on a life-boat, coming down a gangway, and standing at a rail waving a greeting to Uncle Sam, which supplied food for thought for the more serious-minded readers of the *Daily News* the next morning.

The celebrities themselves face the barrage of cameras with a professional calm. They know exactly what is expected of them and they go through their act with an air of affected boredom which may fool the public but not ‘the boys’ who are doing the shooting. Only very rarely do the celebrities refuse to talk or be photographed. A case in point was the late Poet Laureate. The next morning the papers came out with the heading : ‘King’s Canary Won’t Chirp.’ ‘Scoops’ with the camera are sometimes secured by the Hearst group with the aid of homing pigeons.

Celluloid negatives are fitted into tiny cylinders strapped to the birds' legs and notes are written on onion-skin. The pigeons fly back to the *Journal American* and the story 'breaks' an hour before the other newspapers have printed it.

I have said nothing about the many other exciting things that happen when you arrive in New York. The Statue of Liberty, like many other things we shall see in America, I think we had better take for granted. Unless I am much mistaken it is about as familiar to the average English reader as Buckingham Palace is to an American. Besides, what time is there to take stock of that august and magnificent matron (who undoubtedly regards the activities on the Sun Deck as a disgrace to her sex) while tugs with impossibly tall funnels snort and jostle one another as they manœuvre the great ship to the landing stage ; a *Daily News* aeroplane dives and zooms just over our heads, and only the gulls take no notice ; ferry boats with picturesque sounding names and a quaint, Swanee-River flavour about them, thread their way silently across the Hudson ; a boat full of brawny life-guards, stripped to the waist, flash past in perfect rhythm in preparation for the Annual International Life-boat Race ; and the air itself has that champagne quality about which we have heard so much and can only believe when we have breathed it ourselves ?

Best of all I like the water donkeys, those busy, noisy, pompous little tugs with their owners' names, Howard C. Moore, Richard J. Barnett and a dozen others, emblazoned in large gold letters on their prows. It takes ten of them to push the *Queen Mary* into her dock and the charge is £6 per tug. The only time they had their squat, bulbous noses put out was when the *Queen Mary* docked and put to sea again without their aid. Somewhere high up in a Manhattan skyscraper the Commodore of New York's Fleet of Tugs watches and controls the movements of the water donkeys, by moving pins, each denoting a tug, on a huge chart. As he moves a pin he telephones his instructions to the tug in question. This giant chequer game continues day and night, fair weather and foul. Scribbled on the fo'c'sle of one of those little tugs is a parody of Tennyson's *Brook*, which begins : 'I Push, I Pull, I Pant and Chug—I'm

Nothing But A Dirty Tug.' In future, when I am inclined to laugh at these little oddities of the world of ships, I shall remember those lines, because 'men may come and men may go' but they 'go on for ever.'

And now, as we have only six weeks in which to carry out a highly diverting programme, it is time we went below and saw the gentleman from the customs who has a few intimate questions to ask us before allowing us to step ashore. 'Do we believe in anarchy or the overthrow of government by force? Have we, in some unguarded moment, dabbled, even mildly, in the awful sin of polygamy? Have we been to America before? And if so why have we come back again? Have we an aunt in Arizona or a cousin in Connecticut who can vouch for our respectability? This little catechism usually lasts about three minutes and however great the temptation it doesn't pay to be facetious with one's replies. At the conclusion the official stamps yet another of those bright-eyed eagles in our passport, eagles that are sometimes friendly, sometimes ferocious, but always, judging by the leaves, twigs and snakes they hold in their claws, ready for a scrap with anyone who challenges their authority.

Your character, future, past, and present, having been subjected to a hurried examination in the Louis Quatorze Salon, a much closer scrutiny awaits your baggage on the pier. Your innocent-looking camera-case may contain an infernal machine destined for the White House. If there are Paris labels on your Louis Vuitton trunks it is possible that you are bringing a few elegant trifles in the underwear line for your American girl friends. The heels of your shoes, if they are rather larger than those of ordinary walking shoes, may contain diamonds, dope or the movement for a thousand-dollar watch.

The officials have developed a kind of sixth sense which quickly enables them to detect a likely smuggler. Just as it does not pay to be facetious with the passport officials, it is a waste of time to raise a storm when your belongings are examined and the hidden mysteries of your baggage are revealed for all prying eyes to see. The customs officials are not so heartless as they may seem. Failure to locate smuggled goods often means instant dismissal.

Anyone who knows anything about the penalties for smuggling (apart from the publicity) realizes the folly of trying to be clever with the customs. Let me quote the simple instance of a lady whose family name had long adorned the Social Register, who brought back a thousand-dollar fur coat and thought it would be quite simple to pass it to a friend waiting on the pier. The friend walked off as if she had arrived to meet the incoming liner with a fur coat over her arm. But she didn't know, neither did her friend, that customs officials, of both sexes, *not* in uniform, circulate amongst the crowd and quickly spot anything of this kind. The sequel to this little story was that the court added the usual duty of 50 per cent to the value of the coat, making it 1500 dollars, and then fined the lady an equivalent amount, with the net result that the final cost of the coat was 3000 dollars. If the smuggler declines to pay the duty the owner is dispossessed of it, but has to pay the fine just the same.

We had no difficulty in assuring the customs officials that we had no fur coats, diamond bracelets, cocaine or watch movements concealed about our persons or our luggage and labels were accordingly affixed to each article to enable us to continue on our way. Just as we were congratulating ourselves on our good fortune another customs official hurried up to our party and, after a whispered consultation with his colleague, turned to my brother and inquired: 'Is Sir Walter Raleigh a member of your party? The gentleman is in the hold and will not be allowed to land until we have confirmation as to his age. I am afraid that Lady Throckmorton will also have to be detained.'

The idea of leaving Sir Walter and his good lady in the hold was, of course, unthinkable, as every loyal Virginian would agree. It would have been almost as discourteous as asking Christopher Columbus to spend a few days on Ellis Island while his credentials were being checked with Scotland Yard. What could we do? Should we cable the British Ambassador and ask him to seek diplomatic privilege on Sir Walter Raleigh's and Lady Throckmorton's behalf? 'Skipper' Williams of the *New York Times* mopped his brow. Mr. John D. Rockefeller's representative registered deep concern. The immaculate gentleman from the Waldorf-

Astoria who, up till now, had much to tell us of the splendours of the world's largest hotel, was suddenly speechless. So was Mr. Thomas Cook's envoy. It seemed pretty clear that we were on the verge of what is known as an 'international situation.'

The customs official at last broke the silence of our little group. 'I think you had better accompany me to the office,' he said. The grave note in his voice suggested that matters would not end there. When people look at me over their spectacles like that I suspect the worst. We trooped in solemn procession to his glass cabin and then the catechism began all over again. 'Had Sir Walter visited America before? Was his present visit one for pleasure or for business? Length of visit? Age and occupation? Polygamist, anarchist, or believer in the overthrow of government by force?' We answered these and many other questions to the best of our ability. We waited while further telephone conversations were being held with headquarters. Outside, the piles of luggage were rapidly diminishing and taxis were bearing off the last harassed passengers to their near or distant destinations. One or two of 'the boys,' their work on the Sun Deck concluded, lingered outside the glass cabin, scenting something in the nature of 'copy.' I felt like going out to tell them that a mysterious gentleman in white armour, with a high plumed helmet and jewelled sword, was secreted in the hold of the *Queen Mary* and the customs officials suspected that it might be Herr Hitler in disguise.

The telephone in the glass cabin rang for the hundredth time, and this time a voice came down the wire loud enough for all of us to hear. 'This guy Raleigh will have to wait until we get confirmation from London. That goes for the dame too.' The customs official replaced the receiver and turned to us. He still wore a grave look, and quizzed us over his spectacles. 'I am sorry, gentlemen, but my orders are to detain Sir Walter and the lady until we receive further details from London. I can assure you that they will be made as comfortable as possible and you will be able to come and see them at any time you please.'

It was useless to protest any further. We clambered into a shining yellow taxi with our luggage piled to the roof and told the negro driver to take us to the Waldorf-Astoria.

CHAPTER TWO

CONDUCTED TOUR

THE IDEA OF LEAVING SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND ELIZABETH Throckmorton, his wife (it was the difference in the names of husband and wife that first awakened dark suspicions in the alert minds of the customs officials), shivering in the cold vastness of the *Queen Mary's* hold, later to be transferred for safer keeping to one of the sheds on the water-front, suggests, on the face of it, that somebody was lacking not only in good taste but in a proper appreciation of the deference due to the gentleman who first named Virginia in honour of the Virgin Queen. Someone had blundered, that was clear enough, and it remained to be seen whether suitable action would be taken, either by the representatives of Sir Walter's sovereign or by the authorities in America. In the meantime there are many important things to be done, here in New York, and the first of which is a ride in a taxi, into which we were bundled at the end of the last chapter, and our destination is the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, which, in the language of the press agents, is the greatest hotel on earth.

In America, as in Europe and other parts of the world, there are taxis, it goes without saying . . . and taxis. There are also many different kinds of taxi-drivers. The subject is such an entertaining one that I have often wondered why it has not been given the prominence it deserves within the covers of a book. Authors might be invited to give their experience in different parts of the world, and taxi-drivers themselves might be persuaded to tell the secrets of their distinguished fares. The smartest taxis I have encountered were, strangely enough, at Addis Ababa, in pre-Mussolini days, and, stranger still, I would put those at Grimsby a close second. But the New York taxis and taxi-drivers

belong to a race apart. They do things in a way all their own. The taxis are painted a gleaming yellow and their interiors are free of that quaint odour, suggestive of damp straw in a disused stable, which characterises a great number of our pre-War London taxis. For some reason that I have not yet discovered the New York taxi exhibits a framed photograph of the driver, with his name and identification card. The photographs are usually of the type one sees on posters outside police stations with the word WANTED printed in bold letters above. I intend no reflection on the taxi-drivers themselves because I have always found them courteous, helpful and amusing. Not long ago it was considered highly dangerous to enter a taxi in Chicago, and even in some of the less salubrious parts of New York, but the G-Men, about whom I shall have much to say later, have altered all that.

These New York taxi-drivers are usually Irish, Italian or Negroes, and they rejoice in highfalutin names obviously selected for their unpronounceability. As a rule it is easier to gargle them. The visitor from Europe, or the 'out-of-towner' on his first trip to New York, is quickly spotted by the driver, who turns in his seat and immediately establishes a friendly atmosphere which takes your mind off the fact that the average speed between the traffic lights is in the neighbourhood of 40 m.p.h. He has a well-rehearsed repertoire of wisecracks with which he keeps up a running fire that drowns the screech of brakes as the red light (there is no warning yellow in America) brings the cavalcade of traffic to a standstill. Being a clever psychologist he knows how to adapt his chatter to his passenger, and he can be guide book, political commentator or teller of dirty stories as the occasion demands. The first time you travel in a New York taxi it is best to resign yourself to this entertaining monologue and not look out of the window. If your driver can 'bump' another taxi or private car (pronounced automobile) he will do so, because that, apparently, is what bumpers are for. On one occasion our taxi pushed another taxi several hundred yards along the street and nobody saw anything unusual in the incident.

There is one other difference between the London and

New York taxi-drivers which we noticed for the first time as we drew up at the shining, chromium-plated portals of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Instead of fumbling for the change in the traditional strip-tease manner of the London taxi-driver, the New York driver hands you the nickels and dimes with accustomed promptitude, asks you if you would require him at any particular time later in the day, and smiles his thanks when you give him a tip that would invite a series of groans and grunts from taxi-drivers in almost any other part of the world.

When I was last in America the site of the present Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was an ugly gash in the fine symmetry of Park Avenue. Everybody thought that the 1929 'Depression' would halt the building mania, and real estate values slumped so heavily that people were saying that Hendrick Hudson was badly stung when he bought the Island of Manhattan from the Indians for twenty-five dollars and a string of beads. For all that the skyline has changed out of all recognition during the last eight years, and one of the most important additions to the New York scene is the magnificent Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. It is the tallest and largest hotel in area in the world. It can also claim many other superlative attractions (so many miles of carpet, so many tons of steel used in its construction, so many keys lost each year), a few of which, now that we have left Sir Walter Raleigh to his fate and our taxi has deposited us safely beneath the gay awning which spreads itself protectively across the pavement, I will endeavour to enumerate.

The Manager of the Waldorf-Astoria sends a telegram of greeting to every guest who has booked rooms in advance and who is arriving in New York by boat. The same unexpected little courtesy is extended to guests when they are sailing home to Europe. It is one of those many little touches which throw into striking relief one's recollections of arriving at certain two and three-starred English hotels, the managers of which appear to resent the arrival of guests, and where only 'the cold' is obtainable after 8 p.m. At the Reception Desk at the Waldorf-Astoria an assistant manager in white flannels and double-breasted blue jacket (he may have just come down from Yale or Harvard) is

introduced to you and he makes it his special pleasure to attend to your every need during your stay. Almost every one of these needs can be supplied without going out of the hotel. In Peacock Alley you can buy anything from hang-over pills to a cruise to Easter Island. A news-stand provides literature varying in entertainment appeal from the *Manchester Guardian* to *College Humor*. Over 1800 uniformed employees are at your beck and call, day and night.

Unlike almost every other city in the world, New York hotel prices rise in scale according to height above the street, and thus you pay £2 a night for a room on the 10th floor and £3500 per annum for a suite on the 42nd. The reason for this is obvious. Unless you are accustomed to sleeping through an earthquake you will undoubtedly suffer from 'night starvation' on the lower floors. Sky-scrapers, grouped closely together, act as sound-amplifiers, and the noise of a car 100 feet below is magnified so that it sounds as if it is roaring past your bedroom window. Up in your celestial suite on the 42nd floor, and there alone, you can rejoice in New York's long-lost luxury of silence, and, if you like, there you can play darts at the moon. You will also have the fun of going up and down in the elevator with anybody from Shirley Temple to a visiting European monarch.

Dart playing, even at the moon, not being among my major accomplishments, I selected the £2-a-night room on the 10th floor. This modest charge does not, of course, include meals or early morning tea, but there are various little amenities to soothe the jaded European appetite, such as a notice DO NOT DISTURB to hang on your bedroom door, and in the bathroom a little slot which solves for all time the problem of the discarded razor blade. I had hunted the world over for that little slot, and on my next visit to New York I have resolved to take with me a large number of trunks filled with the razor blades I have accumulated for years.

I had liked to think that in some deep cave far below the rock on which the Waldorf-Astoria is built a factory manned by Disney dwarfs turned these discarded razor blades into Ford motor cars or steel plates for battleships,

but on enquiry I learned that no such picturesque fate awaits them. They merely remain in the slots and experts calculate (there are experts to calculate everything under the sun in America) that it will take thirty years to fill them. By which time some resourceful inventor will have arisen to lay the foundations of another dollar dynasty on the discarded blades of yesteryear.

The presiding genius of the Waldorf-Astoria is Miss Foley, who can claim the distinction of being the world's No. 1 Housekeeper. Her staff, consisting of 40 floor manageresses and 500 maids, represents a League of Nations in itself. Two thousand bedrooms have to look as neat and tidy as a new pin by midday or Miss Foley will ask for an explanation. Her linen cupboard contains 30,000 face towels and 54,000 sheets, and 60,000 pieces of linen go to the wash every day. Amongst the many labour-saving devices introduced by Miss Foley is a waggon on rubber wheels, which serves as electric carpet sweeper, dustbin, linen basket and china container. It is a pity that something of the kind on a smaller scale cannot be introduced into English houses where the business of making beds and tidying rooms is made as noisy and unsightly as possible.

To me, one of the most exciting things about New York is waking up in the morning. Not just the first morning, because every new place is exciting when you leap out of your bed, long before your usual hour, and you throw open the windows and take a deep breath. Every morning in New York, more than any place I know, brings its sense of adventure. It is then, when you wake up and find that the electric clock over the door says seven o'clock, that you realize that the New York air has something of the piquant quality of vintage champagne about it. The temptation to grow lyrical about the scene which spreads out from beneath one's window at this early hour is almost unbearable, but having resisted it so far let us set about ordering breakfast, which, as you will observe, is a ritual that cannot be skimped or hurried.

The most important department in every well-behaved American hotel is Room Service. As far as my own experience goes, you have only to dial the necessary letters to

reach this mysterious department and state your requirements, and there is no known need, desire, or hope of the human race that cannot be instantly gratified. If you pick up the telephone in your English hotel bedroom (always supposing that such an unheard of thing as a telephone existed there) and asked for Room Service you would be told firmly and all too truthfully that no such thing was available and 'would you kindly hurry down as breakfast would be "off" after 9 a.m.'

Here, then, is a typical dialogue which is enacted every morning between approximately 1500 guests and Room Service at the Waldorf-Astoria :

Guest : Is that Room Service ? Can I order breakfast, please ?

R.S. : Yes, *Sir*. Good Morning, *Sir*. What is your room number, *Sir* ?

Guest (fumbling for key under bed) : I think it is 1015.

R.S. : Tea or coffee, *Sir* ?

Guest : Coffee, please.

R.S. : Instant Postum, Café Diable, Waldorf-Astoria, Kaffee-Hag, or Demi Sanka, *Sir* ?

Guest : I'll try your Waldorf-Astoria.

R.S. : Cream or milk, *Sir* ?

Guest : Milk, please.

R.S. : Health, Acidophilus, or Certified, *Sir* ?

Guest : Just ordinary *milk*, please.

R.S. : Cereal, *Sir* ?

Guest : What do you suggest ?

R.S. : Oatmeal, Hominy, Wheatena, Pettijohn, Bran Flakes, Post Toasties, Rice Krispies——

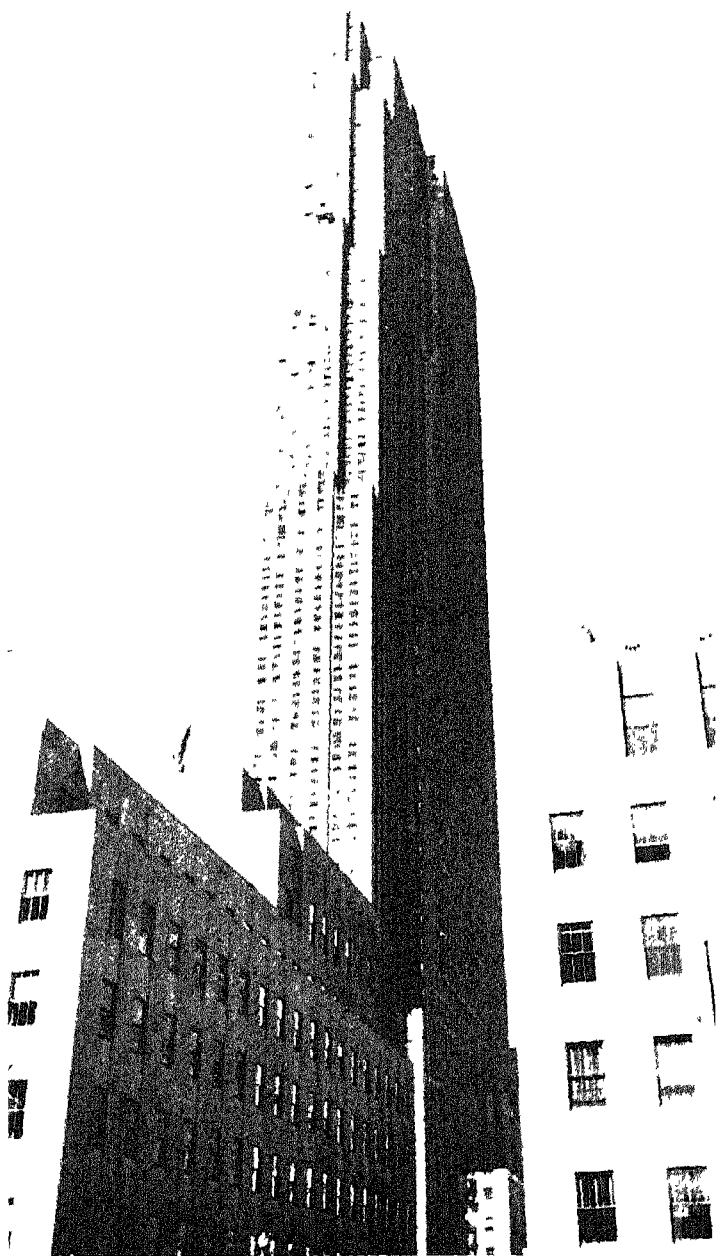
Guest (growing impatient) : Thanks, I'll just have toast.

R.S. : Yes, *Sir*. Dry or buttered, wholemeal or rye ?

Guest : Dry, please, and wholemeal.

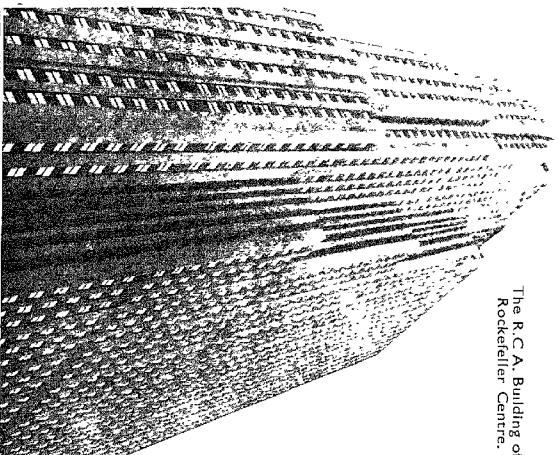
R.S. : You're very welcome, *Sir*.

The questionnaire completed (if you ask for eggs and bacon it may be prolonged almost indefinitely) and the details settled, the meal is sent up with exasperating promptitude. On the tray, in addition to your order, you will find a copy of the *New York Times* or *Herald Tribune* (gratis), a glass of iced water, a packet of Virginia cigarettes (also

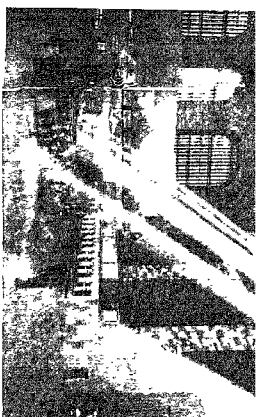
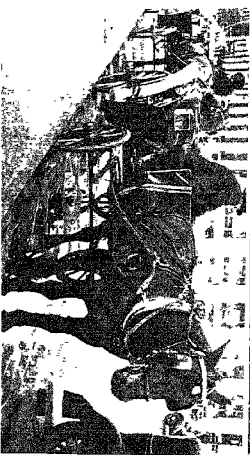


The R.C.A. Building, New York—850 feet high.

The R. C. A. Building of
Rockefeller Centre.

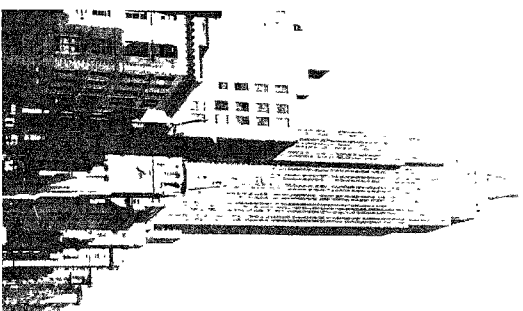


(lower left)
Cabbies outside the
Savoy - Plaza Hotel.



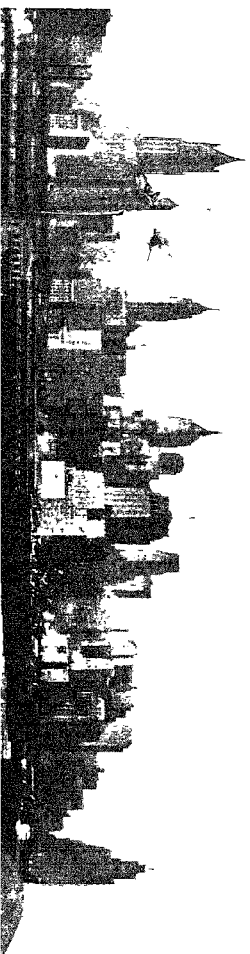
The great hall
of the Grand Central Station.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND



The Empire State Building,
1250 feet high.

The down-town section seen from the Queen Mary. The Woolworth Building is on the left.





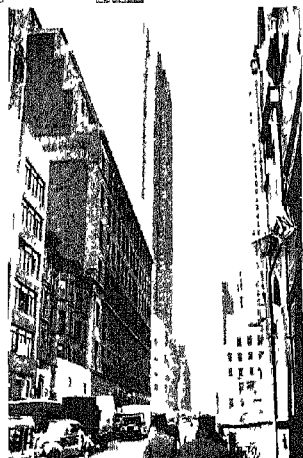
NEW YORK NEWSREEL

Park Avenue from the Waldorf-
Astoria Hotel



The Rockettes of Radio City Music Hall
have little to learn from the Tiller Girls

The R C A Building of Rockefeller Center



gratis) and a single pink rose in a slender silver-plated vase. When you sign the check you find that two pieces of toast and butter and a pot of coffee will have cost you nearly five shillings, and Room Service naturally expect a tip as well. But this, you remark, is New York, *and* the Waldorf-Astoria, so why worry?

The iced water habit is, of course, an established American tradition. I often wonder what the American visitor to England thinks when he asks for this indispensable part of his daily diet and he is offered a glass of lukewarm liquid that has been poured out of a jug which, as the film of dust clearly indicates, has not been replenished for a week. At home, and when he is rushing up and down and across the continent, he has iced water for breakfast, sipping it at the same time as his coffee, he has it for lunch, tea, at cocktail time and for dinner, and even the smallest hotel in the Middle West has its iced-water tap in the bathroom. Anyone who is acquainted with the peculiar dryness in the American atmosphere, a dryness which is not in any way relieved by the wooden flavour of American cigarettes and home-grown cigars, will readily understand the habit. The Englishman, not finding the local brand of Guinness quite so Good For You, takes easily to White Rock and the universal Coca-Cola.

In the same way as the Englishman, even after long residence in America, never quite gets the iced-water point of view, so he finds it difficult to acquire the drug-store habit. In spite of the growing vogue for milk bars in England, he still feels slightly ridiculous perched on a high stool sipping brightly coloured beverages through a cellophane straw while the lady in white overalls behind the counter, looking for all the world as if she has just walked out of an operating theatre, keeps up a running fire of wisecracks with her boy friend on your left. I have never understood, however, why it is that Englishmen prefer waiting ten minutes for an unappetizing and indifferently cooked meal served on a greasy, marble-topped table to the cafeteria way of queuing up with his tray and selecting an inexpensive lunch from a tempting array of neatly prepared dishes. There is surely something much more satisfying to the soul as well as to

the stomach about setting forth, tray in hand, on a journey of discovery along chromium-plated avenues where, for a few nickels, you can take your choice of strawberries (out of season), oysters (r or no r in the month), Long Island Rarebit, Crab Flakes *à la Dewey*, and a score or two of other equally pleasing delicacies, the selection of which requires an artist's sense as well as a gourmet's palate.

At the other end of the scale you have the fashionable restaurants which sprout up like mushrooms in the night, enjoy their brief reign of popularity, then disappear, only to reopen the next day under a new name with a brand new *décor*. The El Morocco and the 21 are two notable exceptions to this rule. At the former you sit on zebra skin sofas and flashlight men snap the celebrities with their mouths wide open in the act of eating Minced Chicken *à la King*. At the latter, if you want to be in the social swim, you get your friends to telephone you in the middle of lunch while one of the waiters plugs a portable telephone in a socket near your table. The fact that you can't hear a word of what your friend is saying at the other end doesn't matter at all.

Lunch at any of the Smart Set restaurants will cost you, without wine, approximately £1 10s., and dinner about £2 10s. You can eat in almost every language under the sun in New York. The English restaurants are in the pseudo-Tudor manner, with sawdust, pewter tankards, and steak-and-kidney pie. The German, Russian, Turkish, Greek, Swedish, Indian, and Chinese restaurants all provide their traditional home atmosphere, and there is no need for the foreigner ever to feel lonely in this great cosmopolis. At the top of Radio City there is a fashionable luncheon club which becomes the Rainbow Restaurant by night. It is advisable to dine discreetly at this altitude (the next best thing to a Zeppelin that New York can provide) or the discomforts of diving 800 feet to earth later in the evening may be more than your interior economy can withstand. The elevator boys quickly spot a foreigner and they take a fiendish delight in watching the effect upon unsuspecting Englishmen who have dined well but none too wisely when, by lightly lifting the controls, the lift drops like a stone to the street level.

The New York shops, even as long ago as last September, were filled with novelties advertising the World's Fair. No city in the world can compare with this in the variety and appeal of its window displays. Week by week the scene changes and the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue are crowded with those who come to look but few who come to buy. The huge department stores have no equal in England, or anywhere in the world, with the possible exception of Japan. On the Man's Shop floor of one of these emporiums I saw hundreds of hat-boxes, bearing a well-known Bond Street firm's insignia, stacked to the ceiling. The well-dressed American still likes to have a London hall-mark about his attire.

The novelties in other departments are without number and are as inexpensive as they are tempting. No sooner have the exclusive shops on Fifth Avenue started a vogue for a particular type of jewellery or trinket, costing anything up to £10 than the department stores offer the same line for as many shillings. Every jeweller's shop displays a wide range of amusing little charms costing from 5s. to £3 each. Some of them take the form of miniature boxes of cigarettes or bottles of whisky and gin, while others strike a more pious note such as a tiny church-tower, with the Lord's Prayer printed in minute lettering inside. Radio shops abound, and the craze for something different, even in wireless sets, 'dates' a new type a month after it has been put on the market. At Radio City Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., has provided three shopping centres restricted to English, French, and Italian tenants—the British Empire Building—where the name of Yardley brings a pleasant feeling of the nearness of English lavender—*La Maison Française*, and the *Palazzo d'Italia*. In the less fashionable parts of the town you find shops that cater for the most unlikely tastes. One man does a roaring trade in long-forgotten gramophone records. Another specializes in books on the history of boxing. But in all this fascinating array of merchandise there is only one man who still prefers not to show his wares in the shop window. His name is Lord Duveen.

The question of transportation in New York is an even

more harassing one than in London. The average English visitor prefers either to walk, take a taxi or have his ten-cents' worth of ride on a green and yellow double-decker bus which plies slowly up and down Fifth Avenue. He little realizes what tortures can be endured for five cents by taking a subway trip at nine in the morning or between five and seven in the evening. At the latter rush hour nearly three million New Yorkers who are sky dwellers by day plunge beneath the ground and the entrance to the subway resembles the approach to an ants' nest. In the ordinary way it is difficult enough to find a subway at all, although the roar and rattle of trains beneath the iron-palings of the sidewalks is a constant reminder of their presence.

Having found the entrance (which is usually the exit too) the simple business of buying a ticket for five cents to anywhere you like presents unforeseen difficulties if you are unacquainted with this mode of travel. The cashier at the turnstile makes no attempt to conceal his annoyance at being disturbed in the middle of an exciting episode in *True Detective Stories* if you ask for change. If it is a dollar bill that you present he wreaks his vengeance upon you by showering a hail-storm of dimes and nickels into your hand and there is no mistaking the defiant look he gives you as you go in search of your train. There are no friendly sign-posts or attendants to guide you in the subways and to ask your way of a fellow-passenger is not likely to further the cause of Anglo-American friendship.

Once you have found a hopeful-looking platform you may have to wait, during the rush hour, as long as eight minutes before the train rumbles in and the fight for seats begins. At the slack times of the day, the trains, with a cussedness peculiar to underground railways, run with annoying frequency. This period of waiting can be usefully employed by taking stock of one's surroundings. The platform is usually about twelve feet wide and a hundred yards long. A news-stand, a bench (which is invariably occupied by down-and-outs and idlers who spend their entire day watching the dreary subway scene with vacant stares), and the inevitable bathing girl posters which provide compelling reasons why we should use this particular dentifrice or buy

that particular car, are the sole furnishings of this dimly lit, concrete floored and once white tiled tunnel. The temperature, as you would expect, varies with the time of year. In the summer it is intolerably hot and stuffy and in the trains themselves electric fans churn up the stale, exhausted air. In the winter it is much colder in the subways than in the streets above.

When at last a train arrives, the waiting throng surges forward and a scene not unlike the 'rags' staged at our lesser universities is enacted. The conductor acts as referee between the outgoing and incoming passengers and it is his business to see that twelve people are squeezed into a space barely sufficient for half that number. There are no polite, 'pass down the car, please' requests because the conductors are obviously selected for their formidable mien and to challenge their authority would be to invite trouble that might lead to physical violence. Once inside, there is usually no choice of standing or sitting because the long rows of hard seats (with no dividing arm-rests) are likely to be occupied for the whole length of your journey. They are so dirty and uncomfortable that one is glad to strap-hang and breathe the cleaner and less stifling air at the higher level.

As soon as the train lurches into the tunnels, the coaches rock and sway and creak and groan in a manner that would put to shame the famous Rhinoceros Express in which I once travelled from Djibuti to Addis Ababa. The train travels at any speed up to 30 m.p.h. and at each station the battle to get off and get on is re-enacted. Sometimes a party of schoolboys singing the latest swing hit scramble aboard, or a party of shoppers laden with cardboard boxes. If a girl is young and shapely she has a good chance of being offered a seat. But if she is fat and forty she must stand like the rest. By the time you have reached your destination, apart from minor physical injuries such as you would expect to receive in any well-conducted rugby scrum, you are well on the way to becoming a chronic sufferer from claustrophobia.

There are, of course, many little variations which make the subway ride far from monotonous if you are compelled

to use it every day. Occasionally somebody's arm gets trapped in the doors, and people faint but nobody is the wiser because there is no room to fall. Sometimes, just as the train is pulling out of the station, there is a sickening lurch and it comes to an abrupt standstill. A wait of some twenty minutes or longer ensues while the first coach is jacked up to release the mangled body of a suicide. This form of self-destruction, in recent years, has grown more popular than leaping from the higher stories of skyscrapers.

People complain about this disgraceful state of affairs but nothing gets done. Every Mayor of New York (before his election) has promised to do something about it. I asked a prominent American (who, incidentally, had only travelled in the subway once in his life) why New Yorkers continued to patronize these evil-smelling trains, and he said: 'It's the five-cents' fare that does it. They'd rather put up with all the noise and dirt and discomfort than have that altered.'

CHAPTER THREE

FEAST OF ST. TAMMANY

WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF OUR ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK I was sitting in Room 148 of the Supreme Court Building, which is in the Down Town Section, a few hundred yards from the Woolworth Building. Let me hasten to add that my presence there had nothing to do with the unfortunate *fracas* in which Sir Walter Raleigh and Elizabeth, Lady Throckmorton, were concerned in an earlier chapter. I was there as a privileged and a slightly nauseated spectator of the Hines Trial which was then in the fourth week of its first hearing and looked like continuing for another six months.

The central figure in this drama, which was then occupying more space on Page One of American newspapers than any trial since the Lindbergh Baby affair, was Tammany Hall leader Jimmy Hines. There is no need for me to say much about Tammany Hall, except that this is the oldest and, in spite of rumours, whispers and scandals by the score, is still one of the most powerful political institutions in America. The history of Tammany is a story of corruption, political, social, and legislative, going back 150 years. Somebody once likened its influence to 'the government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich.' Only in America, where anything is still possible, could such a thing as Tammany exist.

Tammany himself was an Indian chief of the tribe of Delaware Indians whose accomplishments apparently ranged from fighting a fifty-day wrestling match with the Devil (in which Tammany finally succeeded in overcoming his adversary by applying the hip-lock) to carrying out Real Estate negotiations with William Penn. The latter is said to have received 300 square miles of valuable land in exchange for five pairs of stockings and a quantity of hats, pipes, combs and blankets . . . a bargain which seems to suggest that

Old Man Tammany might have picked up a few helpful hints from those who have used his name in more recent times. That was in 1682. A little under a hundred years later the redoubtable Indian Chief emerged in Philadelphia as a fully fledged saint and the 12th of May is still set aside by his devotees as a day of patronal rejoicing.

What St. Tammany would think of the activities of those who minister in his name today would no doubt cause the all-in wrestler saint to turn in his grave. Take the case of Jimmy Hines. Everybody seemed to like him and they called him the 'man with a million friends.' Everybody knew that he had an inexhaustible supply of funds and quite a few had suspicions as to the source of his wealth. As long as the political boss continued to hand out turkeys and coal at Christmas, with picnics, milk, and boat-rides for the children in the summer, no questions were asked. But on this particular afternoon when I found myself in that shabby and crowded room at the Supreme Court Building quite a lot of questions were being asked to which an equal number of evasive replies were being given.

St. Tammany's fifty-day wrestling match with the Devil would have made a far more impressive spectacle than Tammany leader Jimmy Hines's battle with District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey (pronounced Dewee) which, in its two trials, lasted over nine weeks. Towards the end of the first trial, in September of last year, it looked as if Mr. Dewey had got the hip-lock on his adversary and Jimmy Hines would be preparing for a lengthy stay at Sing Sing. The photographers were waiting on the steps of the Court Building to snap the smiling Mr. Dewey, known as 'Racket Buster No. 1,' as he emerged with new laurels which would make his election as Governor of New York a foregone conclusion. But it was Jimmy Hines, wearing his straw boater at a jaunty angle, with a corpulent son on each arm, who stepped briskly out of the building and stopped while the photographers focused their cameras and a crowd of well-wishers, shouting 'good old Jimmy,' surrounded him. Half an hour later the newsboys were yelling 'Hines Acquitted' from one end of America to another. Dewey had slipped. Mr. Justice Pecora had ruled that a question

asked by the District Attorney was inadmissible and accordingly pronounced a mis-trial verdict. And that . . . after 4600 pages of typewritten evidence had been taken down . . . was the end of Act I.

On Monday, January 23rd of this year, the curtain rang up on Act II. Five weeks later the Blue Ribbon Jury, after receiving direction from Mr. Justice Nott that the defendant was not to be convicted as a 'sacrificial lamb,' found Hines guilty on all thirteen counts. 'How do you feel about it, Mr. Hines?' asked one of the reporters with whom the defendant had joked during the trial. 'How would you feel?' he replied, 'how would *you* feel if you got kicked in the belly?' And so ended Act II.

The third and final Act will be played on another stage . . . it may be Sing Sing, or even that other charming place, which we shall visit later, called Alcatraz. As for Mr. Dewey, those who were sitting near him in the gathering darkness of that Saturday night remarked that he 'sat transfixed, breathlessly feeling the Presidential mantle settle about his shoulders.'

Let us, for a moment, go back to the questions and answers which were causing every man in the streets of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and every large city in the United States, to watch the outcome of events in that hot, overcrowded Court Room, as if his own life depended upon it. New Yorkers knew all about rackets. They had been brought up on them. There had been egg rackets, restaurant rackets, corn rackets, prostitution rackets, and a dozen other kind of rackets, but the most notorious and lucrative of them all was the Lottery Racket. It had an annual turnover of £20,000,000, made up of nickels and dimes, and had been going on since 1911. So many fruitless attempts had been made in the past to stamp it out that nearly every New Yorker, with the exception of Mr. Thomas E. Dewey, believed that it was impregnable. It was as much part and parcel of everyday life in America as the Football Pools in England.

The system employed was so simple that a child of six could participate in it. You merely took a piece of paper and wrote down any three numbers that came into your head.

Underneath you wrote your name and wrapped a nickel in the paper and went for a walk. If you were passing your barber's shop, or the newspaper boy on the corner of the street, you handed the little package to either of these 'collectors.' It might not have been necessary to go outside the apartment building where you lived because, more often than not, the elevator boy was a 'collector.' These 'collectors' in turn handed the packages to an agent who passed them on to another link in the chain, until they finally connected up with the Big Boss in his hidden lair. There were many wheels within wheels to keep this vast undertaking in working (and paying) order, but all that mattered to the man who had written down the three numbers and put his initials on a piece of paper, in which he had wrapped a nickel, was to watch for a paragraph in the next day's papers headed 'Yesterday's Mutuels,' which gave the amount of money wagered on the totalizator at various race-courses. You read these numbers downwards instead of across, and you took a particular note of the last figure before the decimal.

If you were fortunate in having sent in the correct figures in the right sequence you were likely to net a 600 to 1 yield on your nickel investment. If you had written 'Co' on your scrap of paper, meaning combination, you would have won about half the amount, providing you had given the correct numbers in *any* order. The chances against winning were about 1000 to 1. The difference between the 600 to 1 payment and the 1000 to 1 chance went into the pockets of the Big Boss and his confederates. The amount of the investment was so small that the man in the street willingly, and always hopefully, wrapped his nickel in the scrap of paper and handed it each day to his 'collector.'

In the days when a Tammany Leader was District Attorney of New York it was easy enough to 'fix' the police and even the judges themselves. It meant paying over large sums of money, but the 'Bosses' had hidden reserves to draw on for little emergencies of this kind. When Mr. Dewey was elected District Attorney the Bosses began to take notice. He was the first non-Tammany District Attorney to have the post for twenty years. A number of

people in high places began to sit up and take notice. One or two of them discreetly resigned from office. At that time things were so bad that during 1930 360 murders took place in New York City alone and not one criminal was sent to the electric chair.

After he had been in office two years Mr. Dewey had cleaned up all but one department of New York's underworld. There still remained the 'untouchable' Jimmy Hines and the Lottery Racket. And that is why, twenty-four hours after my arrival in New York, I made my way down to Foley Square with an American friend who appeared to possess a skeleton key to doors that even American reporters failed to open. The Supreme Court of Justice of New York is a dull-looking building with a triangular patch of grass in front, and on this particular afternoon in September there was nothing to indicate that the eyes of America were centred on one particular room inside. A photographer or two, the usual little groups of loiterers, and a sandwich man whose board invited you to 'Visit the China Clipper, 3 Doyer Street,' gave no hint of the drama that was being enacted behind the grey stone walls. Once inside, my guide conducted me along cold marble corridors, through little ante-rooms in which whispered conferences were being held, and past uniformed officers who waved us forward as if we were visiting Royalties. At last we reached a small shadowy room where those immediately concerned with the Hines Trial were talking animatedly in subdued tones, a door beyond opening and closing, through which filtered the monotonous drone of muffled voices.

The Court was packed to suffocation when, two minutes later, I was ushered through that door and sat down within a few feet of the dais on which Mr. Justice Pecora was presiding. It was five minutes to three. The curtain had risen some hours earlier on that day's enactment, and one felt rather like arriving late for the theatre, except that here the audience was far too engrossed in the play to turn and stare at a late-comer. I looked in vain for the 'fashionably dressed women' who are said to form a prominent part of the spectators at every *cause célèbre* performed at the Old Bailey. All I saw was a sea of faces, mask-like and immobile,

but I was presently conscious of a steady, rhythmic movement of jaws . . . everybody, except the principal actors and myself, was chewing gum. Close behind me one of six air-cooling machines (provided without charge by Standard Air Conditioning, Inc.) set up a continuous purring sound, like the fan in a ship's cabin, and while making little impression on the atmosphere, effectively dulled the voices of Counsel and witnesses. Every three or four minutes an elevated railway rattled past within a few yards of the Court Room windows, and the witness would be asked to give his testimony all over again.

At the far end of the Court, behind a wooden railing which divided the audience into those who were there on business and those who came there as representatives of the Press or merely for pleasure, one caught sight of an elderly woman in white and three young women in summery frocks. From a distance there was nothing to suggest that Mrs. Jimmy Hines and her daughters-in-law had more than a remote interest in the proceedings. The principal actor himself, who, curiously enough, had no lines to speak at all, sat at the end of the Defending Counsel's table. From the expression of calm on his face, broken occasionally by a bored smile as he turned to joke with a member of the Press, one would have said that he was watching the dress rehearsal of an Edgar Wallace 'thriller,' instead of awaiting a verdict that might mean twenty-five years in Sing Sing. Jimmy Hines would never be able to fill the role of Hollywood racketeer. He had a look of rugged honesty about him as if his life had been spent in the open air, and one was reminded of the life policy advertisements in which a white-haired Mr. Everyman inquires : 'Have *you* Put Something Aside For a Rainy Day ?'

Mr. Dewey, in just the same way, has none of the Hollywood 'Racket Buster' touch, either in his appearance or in his manner of cross-examination. Short and neatly dressed, with dark, penetrating eyes, and a Charlie Chaplin moustache, he gives the impression of being only mildly interested in the questions and answers, and at times the questions seem so inconsequential that one wonders if he is taking the affair seriously at all. When a witness is hesitant

or prefaces his testimony with a qualified 'To the best of my recollection . . .' the District Attorney allows a smile to flicker across his face and takes a sip of iced water from a carton which he holds daintily between his fingers. Mr. Lloyd Paul Stryker, the elderly, earnest-mannered Counsel for the Defence, strikes another note altogether. The technique of the two differs as much as, say, Mr. Norman Birkett and Sir Patrick Hastings.

While Mr. Dewey appears to be playing to the gallery (he was intended for Grand Opera), Mr. Stryker suggests that the section of the Court he desires most to impress is the Blue Ribbon Jury. From time to time he allows his gaze to travel to the ceiling, and then, after a question, he turns from the witness to the Jury, and then walks towards the audience at the back of the Court as if to gauge the effect of his cross-examination by studying the rows of expressionless faces that follow the movements of the principal characters as if they were watching a game of ping-pong. Sometimes, when Mr. Dewey is talking in his quiet, conversational tone, Mr. Stryker leaps to his feet with an objection, and if the point is a debatable one the two Counsel go 'into a huddle' with Mr. Justice Pecora at the bench. There is nothing in the least melodramatic about the proceedings. There is no hint of tragedy. The witnesses themselves are gentle-voiced, mild-mannered clerks and book-keepers who explain methods of filing and account-keeping with as little fuss as a churchwarden reading the Minutes of the last Parish Meeting. There are no 'exhibits' in the shape of machine-guns, bullets, or scorched articles of clothing. There is no talk about bumpings-off. It is all quite friendly and sweetly reasonable, and nobody, it seems, ever wished anybody else any harm.

At times, after both Counsel have failed to get a definite 'yes' or 'no' from a reluctant witness, Mr. Justice Pecora takes matters into his own hands and turns quickly in his swivel chair and, with no attempt to conceal his impatience, cross-examines the witness himself. There is no witness-box, or indeed anything else about Room 148 to remind one of an English or any other Court of Law. There are no wigs and gowns to give dignity, if not majesty, to the scene. Mr. Justice Pecora is 'Your Honour,' and not 'My Lord,'

The witness sits, but more often lolls, chewing gum or eating candy, in a seat at arm's length from the Judge. A constant flow of traffic passes in and out of the Court, reporters telephoning their offices, messages arriving for Counsel, and nondescript persons who just seem to hover around like vultures waiting for one of their kind to die.

Once during the afternoon the dull monotony was broken by Mr. Justice Pecora asking the Blue Ribbon Jury to retire while Counsel and Judge again went into a huddle to decide whether certain questions were admissible. The jurymen jumped to their feet, glad of a few minutes' relaxation from this interminable disentangling of balance sheets, tax returns, and ledger entries. Every evening they returned to their hotel, days running into weeks, weeks into months, with no contact with their relations or friends or the outside world, except the sight of those rows of dull mask-like faces in the Court. Even their newspapers were clipped so that they saw no reference to the trial which would be likely to prejudice their verdict.

During a brief interval Mr. Dewey came over to the corner where I, in company with friends of the District Attorney, was sitting in privileged seats. Hearing that I had recently arrived from England he came up to me and, forgetting rackets for a minute, enquired eagerly for news of Czechoslovakia. Mr. Justice Pecora, however, interrupted what might have developed into a very interesting discussion by rapping sharply on his desk with his mallet. Then the dreary business resumed its measured course, and I began to hunger for the clean, stimulating air outside.

The clock said five to five. Nobody seemed to know when the Court would rise. I slipped quietly through the side-door by which I had entered two hours before, and as I walked down the steps of the Court of Justice and hailed a taxi a reporter asked me how things were going inside. I told him that I was little the wiser and very much wearier after watching the trial for over two hours. 'Well, I can tell *you* something,' he volunteered. 'They are selling lottery tickets in the Court Room while the trial is going on.'

Strange as it may sound, I have a kind of feeling that he was speaking the truth.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE GREAT GIVER

IT IS HIGH TIME THAT I SAID SOMETHING ABOUT SKYSCRAPERS and my excuse for treading on Forbidden Ground (I had resolved at the outset to give the subject a much-needed rest) is the very excellent one that we are about to have lunch with Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., and the time and place of our appointment is 1.15 p.m. in his office on the 56th floor of the Main Rockefeller Center Building. But before we take the elevator that will hurtle us up to that giddy height let us examine this remarkable building and reflect, for a few minutes, on the story which lies behind it.

A little over a hundred years ago the twelve acres which comprise the site of the present Rockefeller Center formed part of a Botanic Garden which had been established by a civic-minded physician, Dr. David Hosack, for the benefit of the public and medical students. These gardens, in turn, became the property of Columbia University, and the trustees of that body retain the title deeds to the present day. Eight years ago the site was covered by some two hundred and eighteen antiquated brownstone houses, built in the 1880's and deteriorating so rapidly that they were only rentable as shops and cheap apartments. Early in 1928, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., became interested in the site as a suitable setting for a new Metropolitan Opera House. A plan was drawn up whereby Mr. Rockefeller became responsible for a twenty-one years' lease of the property at the stupendous annual rental of £660,000. The Metropolitan Opera Company were to erect, at their own expense, a theatre occupying the central portion of the area.

That was in 1928. A few months later the Wall Street crash, or, as the Americans prefer to call it, the 'Depres-

sion,' not only wiped out all ideas of a new Opera House but there was difficulty in persuading people like the Vanderbilts to rent their usual boxes in the old Opera House. Mr. Rockefeller thus found himself in the uncomfortable position of having to find approximately £660,000 a year in rents, to say nothing of taxes. Grasping the nettle firmly, he called together a group of experts consisting of five of the ablest real estate men in America, and seven architects of international repute. This brain trust, under the guidance of Mr. Rockefeller, set to work to plan the city within a city which is now known as Rockefeller Center. The cost of that undertaking, with much building still to be completed, has already amounted to £20,000,000.

Looking up at the seventy-story main building, and the group of lesser giants which surround it, one is surprised that the total cost did not amount to twice that figure. In area it is the largest office building in the world. But it is not so much the size, or the height, that impresses, but the simplicity and the bold clean lines, devoid of fussy ornamentation. The daily population of the Center is 20,000 persons, to which must be added another 80,000 persons who visit the place on business and pleasure every day throughout the year. I could quote, at the risk of exhausting your patience, a number of other statistics of a baffling character, but the unbelievable quality of the 850 feet concrete shaft, suggestive more of Cleopatra's Needle than anything else I can think of, can really only be described in terms of Walt Disney. Above all else it is a monument to the vision, energy, and patriotism of one man—and that man, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., is waiting for us in his office on the 56th floor.

Let us therefore pass through the main entrance in Rockefeller Plaza and beneath a vast stone carving which bears some obscure and lofty message from the Gods, but looks, at first sight, rather like Mr. Bernard Shaw *en negligé* toying with a gigantic pair of compasses. In the main hall the walls are covered to the ceiling with frescoes by Frank Brangwyn and Jose Maria Sert, symbolizing man's mastery of the material universe. Over the reception desks, in alphabetically descending order, the names of the tenants cover

an entire wall, and looking under 'R' we find 'Rockefeller, Office of the Messrs., 5600.' At that moment, before stepping into the elevator which shoots like a rocket from the ground to the 56th floor in thirty seconds, I felt that there was something fitting about meeting the Richest Man in the World on a physical plane far above that occupied by the lower orders of millionaires. To have met Mr. Rockefeller for the first time on the ground floor would have seemed too mundane an affair altogether. The 56th floor, approximately 750 feet above the level where the rest of mankind crawl about like ants, seemed exactly the right height from which the man who had placed an order for £10,000,000 while Wall Street rocked, and overcame economic problems that would have drained the resources of a hundred lesser men, should direct the affairs of his Empire.

There was—if I may digress for a moment—another and more personal reason why I looked forward to meeting Mr. Rockefeller. Some years ago I had occasion to visit the Rockefeller Hospital in Peking. That visit probably saved my life. A tight pair of shoes, bought in Australia, necessitated an operation in Hong Kong. Further treatment in Peking demanded a change of plan for the rest of my journey through Korea and Japan, with the result that I escaped the Japanese earthquake by a margin of ten days.

And now, having considered the less important aspects of Mr. Rockefeller, let us see the man as he really is. Will he resemble the accepted pattern one meets in the books of the late Mr. Arnold Bennett, or perhaps display an eccentric lack of taste in his personal attire and, like a certain deceased Irish peer of fabulous wealth, show a distaste for soap and water? Would the bulge under his waistcoat denote that he walked around, like all the best Hollywood millionaires, in a bullet-proof vest? These and other fascinating uncertainties were passing through my mind when, in a small and exquisitely panelled room in Office No. 5600, I found my hand being warmly clasped by a man below middle height, with kindly, deep-set eyes, and whose general bearing and appearance conformed to none of the patterns I have considered above. In short, I was shaking hands with a

human being, and, as I learned in the course of our meeting, a man of simple everyday tastes whose first and most absorbing interest is not in the number of millions he has accumulated, or even in the millions he has given away, but in his family. 'The business of being a father,' he once remarked to a group of Princeton fathers and sons, 'is a responsibility and privilege which none of us can shirk. At times it may cramp our style, but there is no alternative.' The highest compliment Mr. Rockefeller can pay to a new acquaintance is to say : 'I want you to meet my boys.'

The fact that Mr. Junior (as he is known to his associates) prefers to be known as and always signs himself 'John D. Rockefeller, jun.,' is out of reverence to his father's memory. In recognition of the dynasty founded by his grandfather, the eldest son of Mr. Junior signs himself, in turn, John D. Rockefeller, III. The five Rockefeller boys, two of whom, John D. III, whose speciality is industrial relations, and Laurence, the family lawyer, were present that day at lunch, have all been 'through the mill' and have given good account of their stewardship. For each of the sons Mr. Junior has established a separate trust into which, one day, a large part of the Rockefeller fortune will be distributed. There are no stipulations as to how the money is to be spent, but each son knows that he must give proof of his ability to handle money wisely and to lead a useful life. In this connection it might be well for me to add that the Rockefellers have never been 'good copy' in the newspaper sense in the way that certain other American families have been, for the simple reason that they refuse to stoop to those picturesque absurdities which make vast wealth a laughing stock on both sides of the Atlantic.

Taking my arm, Mr. Junior led me to the window and we surveyed the map of New York. The *Queen Mary* looked even more toylike than a boat on the Round Pond. 'My father lived in the house down there, next to the one they are pulling down,' he remarked. 'Father's will be the next one to come down, but we are saving some of the old fireplaces and fittings.' His gaze travelled across the green expanse of Central Park to a tower which reminded me of Boston Stump in Lincolnshire. 'That is Dr. Fosdick's

Riverside Church. I built the tower in memory of my mother.' He did not add, nor did I expect him to, that the Rockefeller benefaction to that church alone amounted to over half a million pounds. 'The other tower, a little to the right,' he continued, 'is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. They have been nearly fifty years building it. When it is finished it will look rather like your Canterbury Cathedral.' Mr. Junior might have added that he had contributed another £100,000 to that building too . . . but again he didn't. In any direction we might have looked there would have been outward and visible signs of the mammoth Rockefeller benefactions. People have ignorantly spoken of Mr. Junior's narrow Baptist upbringing, but a casual glance at the list of his contributions towards every branch of the Christian Church is proof of his breadth of religious belief. Over £100,000 went towards the restoration of Rheims Cathedral. Substantial sums have been given to Jewish charities. To the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. his contributions have amounted to hundreds of thousands of pounds. In addition to these gifts there have been many private benefactions which have never been catalogued.

Later, at lunch in the Rainbow Room, on the roof of Rockefeller Center, Mr. Junior spoke of his childhood days. 'Father always taught me the lesson of thrift and I have never forgotten it. As a boy, I was made to rake leaves and cut wood for fifteen cents an hour. And out of every fifteen cents I earned I was expected to give away ten. When I had saved ten dollars Father added another ten to encourage me to save. Father, when he was a young man, kept careful account of every cent he earned and every cent he gave away. The little book in which he kept that record is known in our family as Ledger A and is one of our cherished possessions. When we were children . . . I had three sisters . . . Father used to read aloud at the dinner-table all the letters he received each day asking for loans and subscriptions. We were each allowed to make our individual comments and suggestions, but it was invariably my mother's word which decided whether any money was to be sent. There was always one guiding principle about Father's gifts. They had to be useful. He never allowed

his heart to dictate to his head. And he never let us forget that he was only the steward for his lifetime of a great trust and the day would come when he, and those who followed, would have to give an account of that stewardship.'

Mr. Junior talks in slow, easy conversational tones with no idea of impressing, choosing his words carefully, and only occasionally does he give you a glimpse of a quiet sense of humour. 'The boys will tell you,' he says, 'how I have tried to pass on to them the early lessons Father taught me. When we used to go on educational trips to Europe one acted as my secretary, another paid the bills, another looked after the luggage, and the youngest ran the errands. Some of our English friends thought we were a queer family, but I am convinced by the results that we were right. I have always been a firm believer in travel, and I have never understood why we Americans rush all over Europe while there is so much to be seen here in our own country.'

I asked Mr. Junior which of his gifts for the betterment of mankind had given him the most lasting pleasure. It was a delicate, almost a personal, question which I realized afterwards I had no business to ask. But Mr. Junior had probably been asked that same question a score of times before and there was no hesitation in his reply. 'I have always said that Father's gifts have been greater, but mine have given me a more personal satisfaction. Father spent his life building up a great industry, bringing prosperity and happiness to millions. It has been my life's work to supervise the distribution of a great fortune for the well-being of mankind throughout the world. Science, art, medicine, religion . . . they have all had their share. It is not easy to judge in which direction the most good has been done, but I have hopes that Colonial Williamsburg, our latest venture to promote a better understanding between England and America, will prove to yield good results not only at this critical stage in history but long after I have gone. It was not my idea merely to reconstruct the old capital city of Virginia as a museum commemorating something that is dead and forgotten. It was to remind us Americans, as well as our English friends, that there are bonds between our two

countries which must not be allowed to slacken. That is one reason why you will see the old Great Union flying once more over the Capitol in the restored City.'

I had not thought of Mr. Junior quite in that light before. To spend one's entire life in giving, not hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands, but millions, was the reverse of the usual order of things. In Mr. Junior's case there was no precedent to guide him in the intelligent distribution of his father's fortune. During the War the elder Rockefeller began to unload his wealth in a manner that was spectacular even for America. Mr. Junior was then in his middle forties and was practically unknown to the general public. But he had already served a difficult apprenticeship in the art of giving and he had shown his qualifications for the job by his establishment of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, and the International Education Board, both of which organizations having shown a healthy dividend. His great knowledge of antiquities, whether they be paintings, tapestries, Chinese porcelain or Gothic Cathedrals, has naturally led Mr. Junior to turn back the pages of history in many of his greatest benefactions. In 1932, during a tour of Europe with his family, he was distressed to see the crumbling walls of Rheims Cathedral, the leaky roof at Versailles and the faded and fast disappearing glories of Fontainebleau. The result of that trip was that Mr. Junior sent a substantial cheque to the Comité France-Américain pour la Restauration des Monuments and shortly afterwards he was made an honorary citizen of Versailles and a street was named after him. So great is Mr. Junior's love of architecture and of building that they say he is never without a four-foot rule in his pocket and he can read a blue print as quickly as most millionaires can sum up a balance sheet.

Mr. Junior's affection for the American landscape is reflected in the fact that he is personally familiar with many of the twenty-four national parks and almost all the sixty-eight national monuments. His gifts in this field alone total over £5,000,000. Turning to religion, a subject very close to his heart, it is not surprising to find that Mr. Junior's dividend to the various Christian denominations is in the neighbourhood of £6,000,000. The grand total to date of

Mr. Junior's gifts, is over £35,000,000, and, if those of Mr. Senior's are added to this, the total amount of the Rockefeller benefactions passes the £150,000,000 mark. It is difficult to grasp the magnitude of such giving as this and while history can afford no parallel for the Rockefeller munificence it is fairly certain that nothing of the kind will happen again.

Only once has a Rockefeller gift been declined. 'That was when I offered £2,000,000 to the Egyptian Government for building a museum at Cairo,' Mr. Junior told me. 'I stipulated that the Board of Directors should consist of archaeologists of international repute but the Egyptians wanted only Egyptians.'

There is one other side to Mr. Junior's character which puts him on a different plane to almost every other great philanthropist, and makes him quite unlike the millionaires of fiction and the films. He likes opposition, and he prefers listening to other people's opinions to ventilating his own. On the Boards of Mr. Senior's Foundations he has only one vote and time and again his opinions have been overruled. It takes a very big man to stand that. There are no 'Yes, men' in Mr. Junior's entourage.

I am well aware that this sketch of Mr. Junior is fragmentary and far too full of superficial facts and figures that tend to obscure the man himself. He would have preferred, I believe, that I had said nothing about him at all. My only excuse for having done so, and I very much hope that the excuse will be accepted, is that I consider Mr. Junior one of the greatest (in the real sense of that abused word) and most likeable personalities I have had the good fortune to meet.

CHAPTER FIVE

NEWS-STAND

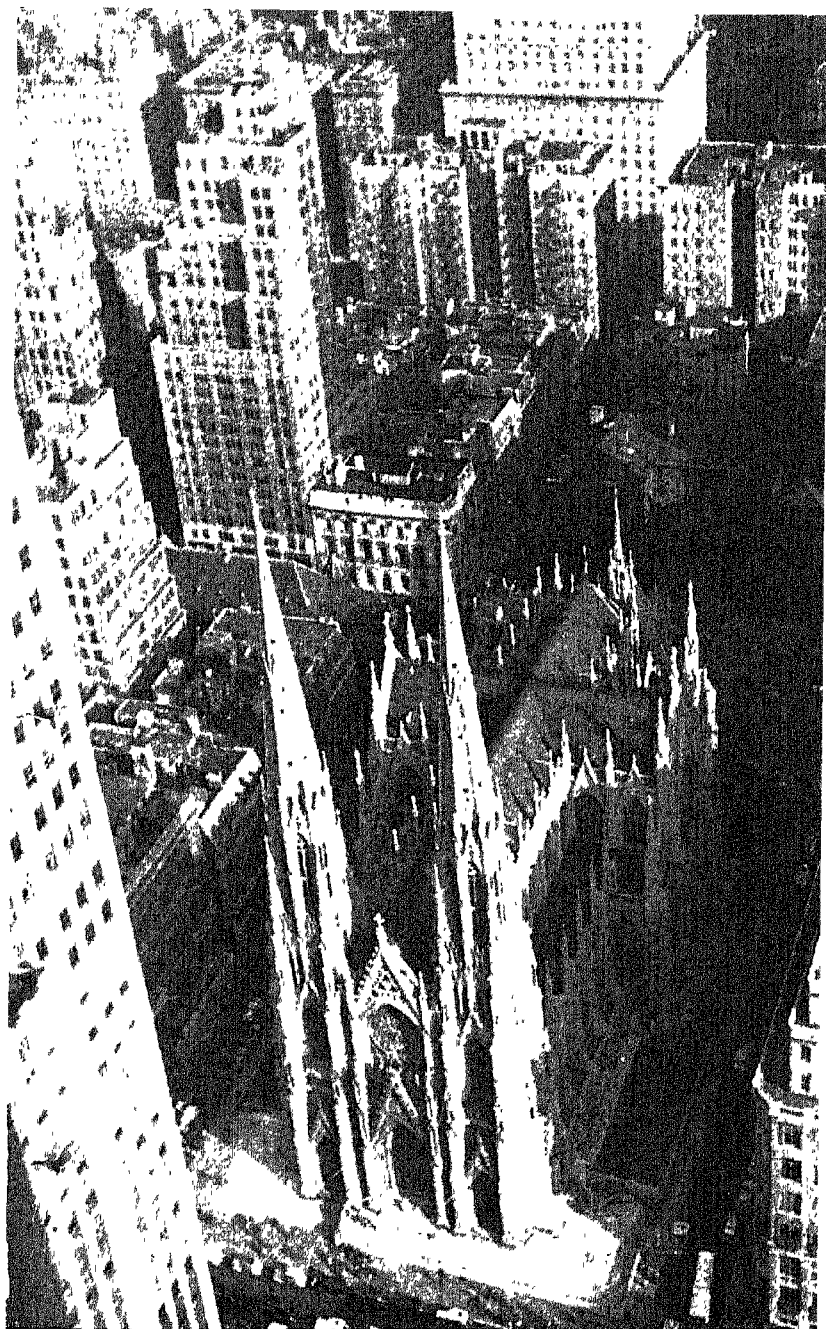
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN WITH A Big Idea. It was not his first Big Idea, as you will recognize when I tell you his name. He took the Idea to America because people in England still had conservative theories, even about newspapers, and Americans were ready to try everything once . . . and sometimes, as we shall see, even twice. On Tuesday, January 1st, 1901, the readers of the *New York World* were astonished to find that their favourite morning newspaper had shrunk in size to approximately nine inches by twelve inches and from eight pages had swollen to thirty-two. There were four columns to the page, each column two inches wide, and on either side of the familiar title heading, showing the Statue of Liberty poised between two globes on a bank of cotton-wool clouds, were boxed announcements reading, on the left, 'All the news in Sixty Seconds,' and on the right, 'The Busy Man's Paper.' A ribbon announcement in italics underneath the date, issue number and price (one cent) read: *I ask for an impartial verdict on this twentieth-century newspaper.*—*Alfred Harmsworth.*

The Young Man with the Big Idea was, of course, the future Lord Northcliffe. At the invitation of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer he had taken entire charge of the *New York World* for one day in order to illustrate his idea of what the twentieth-century newspaper should be like. The result was the world's first example of tabloid journalism, or, as Alfred Harmsworth called it, the 'Daily Time Saver.' The 'talking points' of the tabloid newspaper were its convenient shape for car and chair reading, neatness for carrying in the pocket, saving of the reader's time and advantage to advertisers in having their announcements under classified

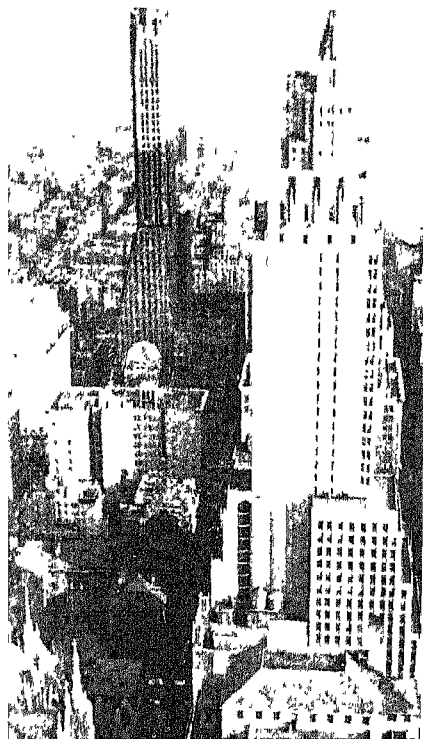
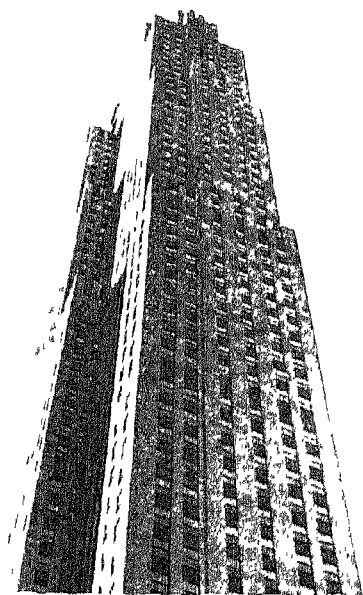
headings. 'I would employ a staff of competent editors,' Alfred Harmsworth wrote in an editorial, 'whose business it would be to examine all the books that are given to the world each year by the greatest authors of all countries.' On four or five days each week I should provide the business man with an exact and careful condensation of every new book worth reading. By this means the twentieth-century newspaper would put its readers in a position of getting more than an acquaintance with a library of at least 200 volumes per annum.'

But why, you may well ask, are we worrying about what happened in 1901, when Queen Victoria had still three weeks to reign and the world was not yet engaged in thinking out new and villainous ways of making life as uncomfortable as possible? What has all this to do with a trip through America in the year of gas masks, nineteen hundred and thirty-eight? An explanation is clearly needed, or else you will conclude that the champagne quality of the New York air has gone suddenly to my head and I have temporarily taken leave of my senses. Let me assure you, before you throw this book under the sofa, that nothing quite so picturesque as that has happened at all. We are merely standing in front of the news-stand in the foyer of the Waldorf-Astoria, selecting suitable literature for the train journey to Richmond, Va. And the persuasive young man behind the dazzling array of magazines and periodicals has just induced us to part with the sum of two cents in return for which he has handed us a copy of the *Daily News*.

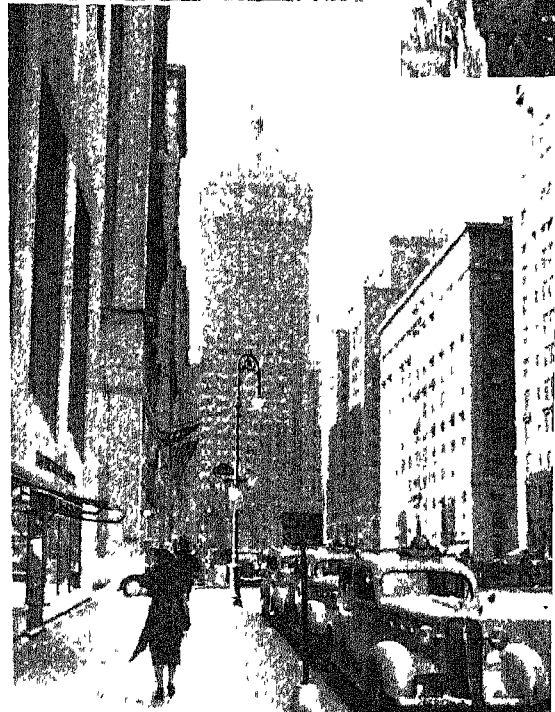
But what has all this got to do with Northcliffe? Exactly. That is just what we are coming to. At the risk of my distinguished Uncle turning in his grave (and there have been ample reasons for him to do so in the past seventeen years) I venture to think that the New York *Daily News* has quite a lot to do with the events I have outlined at the beginning of this chapter. The day following the publication of Alfred Harmsworth's experimental tabloid newspaper the columns of the *World* were filled with letters of congratulation and quite a few of abuse. The entire Press of America had watched the experiment with amused interest and the consensus of editorial opinion was to the effect that the young



| St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, from the 56th



Manhattan from the
RCA Building



The RCA Building from
Rockefeller Plaza

Park Avenue.

Mr. Harmsworth's idea was at least fifty years ahead of the times. The American editors were wrong in their calculation by about thirty years. In 1903 . . . if you will allow me to return to that golden era for a minute . . . Alfred Harmsworth tried out his tabloid idea in Fleet Street. The *Daily Mirror* was intended to be a paper for women conducted by women. If that blousy and eminently respectable dowager could watch the saucy caperings of her high-kicking granddaughter to-day she would have every reason to blush, and, like her creator, turn in her grave. But the unsuccessful woman's paper conducted by women, was turned overnight into the highly successful picture paper conducted by men for both sexes. I have never quite understood why Pulitzer, in whose *World* office the term 'yellow journalism' was first coined, did not seize on the success of the London *Daily Mirror* to turn it to similar good account in America. Even Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who burst upon New York in 1895 as the *enfant terrible* of the journalistic world (and whom we shall have the pleasure of meeting presently in California) failed to see the immense possibilities of the illustrated tabloid.

It was left to one Joseph Medill Patterson, grandson of the founder of the *Chicago Tribune*, a young man born, like Hearst, with a golden spoon in his mouth, to put the Harmsworth idea to its second test. While serving in Europe with the American Expeditionary Force he observed the remarkable popularity of the *Daily Mirror*. Returning to America he decided to launch the *Daily News* in New York. Its success was instantaneous. Hearst followed with the *Daily Mirror* and Bernarr Macfadden with the now defunct *Graphic*. But Patterson has led the field throughout and within its first four years the *Daily News* enjoyed the largest circulation of any newspaper in America, and to-day sells a million more copies daily than the *Mirror*. There is nothing mysterious about the success of the *News*. It was launched at that exact psychological moment when post-War New York society was indulging in its most grotesque exhibitions of bad taste. The Dollar Princesses were eloping with Pop's chauffeur and torch murders were the order of the day. The visits of the Prince of Wales put a million copies a day

on the circulation. Early in the 1930's there were signs that the *News* had sown most of its wild oats. A note of respectability was creeping into its columns. As its proprietor shrewdly observed: 'The *Daily News* was built on legs, but when we got enough circulation we draped them.'

At the risk of boring you, I am now going to examine the copy of the *Daily News*, for which we have just handed over our two cents, and then, if your patience is not entirely exhausted, we will compare it with the contents of the *Daily Mirror*. The first thing we observe is that the *News* consists of seventy-six pages. Quite a handful, you will admit. Out of curiosity let us see how many of these pages are devoted to what, for lack of a better word, we will call 'news.' If we include pictures, sport, films, comic strips, radio, fiction, cookery hints (Nancy's Daily Dish), and Doris Blake's Love Answers, the total number of 'news' pages is fifteen. The remaining sixty-one pages consist of two- and four-page announcements of sales. Let us examine what the news of the day is under the heading, on page two, 'The News in Tabloid':

Armoured car arrests promised.
Doyle caged by \$10,000 demand.
Envelope ambush death clue.
Freddie to be an American.
Mack Brooklyn prober report.
'Phantom' attacks, slays girl.
Strachey barred as a Red.

Under the heading 'Foreign,' the following items appear:

China honours La Guardia.
Veterans demand united front (Paris).
Vatican demands damages (Berlin).
Hungary takes two Czech towns (Praha).
Christ's birthplace a fort (Jerusalem).

You will note that there is no news from England at all, although at that time there were political happenings of the first magnitude. To make up for this unfortunate oversight considerable space is devoted to the romantic escapades of Jack Doyle. Under a double-column heading 'The

'Thrush Is Caged' (the term 'thrush' alludes to Doyle's reputed gifts as a vocalist) in a splash position on page three, a star reporter tells the sad tale of how Doyle's valet 'was out trying to make a ten-grand touch for his mawster—the amount needed to get the Irish Thrush out of hock' Alongside appears a photograph of Doyle in a horizontal position with the caption: 'Jack, who doesn't stand up much in the ring, is shown below in fighting pose.' In another part of the *News* a photograph of two glamorous 'cuties' in their nightdresses appears beneath the heading '... And So I Ups To Him' The caption underneath reads: 'Hit Jack Doyle Elinor Troy, former bubble dancer, shows sister Ruth her hefty muscle. Elinor smacked the much-besmacked face of Jack Doyle, prize-fighter (?) in a Broadway night spot.'

So much for Jack Doyle. Let us turn to the rest of the news. On page four we read that 'Ecuador Seeks Pact With Peru,' and 'Mate Swappers Warned To Behave, Released On Bond.' A salubrious sub-heading to the latter story adds: 'Both Are Pregnant.' From page five to page thirty-five the *News* devotes itself entirely to advertisements, but amongst the mattresses, pyjamas, moth-killers, Russian squirrel coats, and two-way girdles, you will find a few elevating half-columns given over to important news items such as: 'Bulgar Slayer's 2nd Victim Dies,' 'Dietitian President Votes For Steak,' 'Crash On Honeymoon Tour Kills Three,' 'Alienists Clear Slayer Of Wife,' 'Good Provider Sheds Her Hubby,' and 'Newly Wed Preacher Tarred, Feathered.' In the leading article on page thirty-seven (when for no very clear reason the paper takes on a pinkish tint) the Editor (or perhaps it is the office boy) makes the astounding discovery that 'Columbus was a great man, one of the world's immortals,' and in an adjoining column headed 'Voice of the People,' a correspondent who prefers to sign himself 'Dumb Sucker,' writes: 'Manhattan: To whom it may concern: If I ever get up to give a lady a seat in a subway again, may I drop dead on the spot. I did this the other night, and this lady, if she is one, just sat right down without thanking me or even giving me a smile. Never again!' Dumb Sucker, you have my sympathy.

The two centre pages of the *News* are given over to pictures calculated to appeal to more catholic tastes. The First Lady of America is seen enjoying a canter along the Virginian shore of the Potomac River on her fifty-fourth birthday. A shapely debutante in a satin bathing suit carries this verse as a footnote : ' Mother, may I go out to swim ? Yes, my darling daughter—Put on your strapless bathing suit, but don't go near the water.' At the bottom of the page there is a picture which also tells its own story. The caption reads : ' Body of John Bird, 6. The boy was struck by a brewery truck yesterday as he roller skated on the pavement.' There is one other picture we must note before we turn to the next page. It is entitled : ' The Correct Thing,' by Elinor Ames. This is a daily, illustrated feature in the *News* and is intended to explain the finer points of etiquette. The photograph shows a young man and woman emerging from an elevator. Alongside, Miss Ames explains that ' gentlemen do not remove their hats in elevators in business buildings. If the elevator is not crowded, a gentleman who meets a lady may remove his hat, but this is not necessary.' In this particular instance the young man apparently decided that it was *not* necessary to remove his Anthony Eden.

But these are not the only baffling problems that the *News* experts solve for their countless readers. On page forty-eight (we can skip the intervening pages) Doris Blake opens up her heart to those who find Cupid's darts too painful to endure. Take the case of ' Brokenhearted ' who writes that ' a boy made a date with me and wanted to kiss me good night. I said no. He got mad, was I right ? ' To which Miss Blake stoutly replies : ' You did exactly right. If that's the kind of boy he is, forget him.' In the Dress Advice Department we glean from Miss Bettina Bedwell that she had been vacationing in Cannes where she sat ' in the swanky Hotel Carlton bar next to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. He was sketchily dressed in a yellow sweater, white shorts with a rope tied round them instead of a belt. The Duchess was impeccable in white tailored sports dress with a white hat.' Then there is Miss Antoinette Donnerly to answer your health and beauty

inquiries To O.F. she says: 'Not enough roughage in your diet may be the cause of your constipation difficulties.'

The only remaining features we need stop to consider are the Broadway and Hollywood gossip columns by Danton Walker and Ed Sullivan. The inventor of this type of journalism is ex-actor, ex-sailor Walt Winchell, whom we shall encounter very shortly in Mr. Hearst's *Daily Mirror*. The only explanation I can think of to account for this remarkable manner of writing is that Mr. Winchell and his copyists suffer from constant and incurable attacks of hiccups. And the reader who is unaccustomed to such literary fare is best advised to wear dark glasses and swallow two soda-mint tablets *before* reading these columns.

Now let us look at Mr Hearst's *Daily Mirror*. Instead of the seventy-six pages of the *News*, we have only forty to cope with, so our task should be simple. Across page one we are introduced to an unusually pretty girl, described in the caption as '17 and Devout,' and an arrow directs our attention to a back garden where her mutilated body had been found the previous night. On page three, to save us the trouble of using our imagination any further, we are given a close-up of the girl's dead body, and alongside, a picture of the distressed mother. The rival attraction on this page, as you have already guessed, is our friend Jack Doyle. The story, which is headed 'Stripper Slugs Doyle and She Isn't Teasing,' describes Jack as the 'Mild Irish Rose of Pugilism,' 'The Ring Adonis,' 'The Crooning Slugger,' 'Dapper Doyle,' and 'Handsome Jack.' A footnote draws our attention to the back page where the story of how Jack had his face slapped by a girl in a restaurant is told in a series of pictures specially posed for the *Mirror*.

It is on page ten that we meet Mr. Walter Winchell. With the usual acknowledgments, I quote a typical paragraph in the best Winchellese manner:

Broadway Confucius Speaks: Girl Who Get Sugar Daddy
Usually Not So Sweet . . . Word 'Love' Should Touch
Wisdom Teeth On Way Out Of Mouth . . . Woman Who
Walk On Subway Grating Should Hold Tight To Skirt . . .
Fellow With Big Heart Have Less Room For Gas On
Stomach . . . Man Who Get Wish to Be In Other Man

Shoes Sometimes Get No Kick Out Of It . . . Spats on Big Cheese Often Hide Holes On Sox . . . When Wife Wears Pants In House Improper For Husband To Go Outside . . . Better For Fellow To First Get Something In Eye And Wink Than Wink And Get Something In Eye . . . Beware Of Baby Stare Who Need Rent. Sometimes Need Quick Touch For Dying Mother, Too . . . Or Fare to Seattle.

Do you need another soda mint? If not you will require something stronger to steady your nerve when I tell you that Mr. Winchell receives £18,000 a year for his gossip columns syndicated in 140 papers, to which must be added a modest £38,000 a year for radio newscasting. Not a bad income, even for a columnist. I have not worked out how much it comes to per word, but it must come quite near to Mr. Lloyd George's journalistic earnings. The late Arthur Brisbane, chief lieutenant and close friend of Mr. Hearst for many years, received a salary estimated to be over £60,000 a year. But although there are half a dozen columnists earning a five-figure salary in America, the scale of pay for the humble free lance (unless he is an ex-King, a Balkan foreign minister, or related to a gangster) is very low.

The Hollywood column in the *Daily Mirror*, conducted by Sidney Skolsky, has a slightly different tempo. It is made up of fifteen short paragraphs from which the following three are selected at random. 'Dorothy Lamour sleeps in a nightgown and uses a fresh nightgown every night. The nightgown is generally of shell-pink satin and is tailored. Dorothy Lamour is a gal who looks overdressed in a nightgown.' 'Mae West rides about town in a big limousine and when she parks her car to go into a restaurant she believes that no one knows it is her car, even though she has her name printed on the inside of her car.' And of John Barrymore. 'I like to be introduced as America's foremost actor. It obviates the necessity of further effort.'

I am inclined to think that if a vote was taken on the most popular columnist in America, the palm would go to Mrs. Franklyn Roosevelt, the energetic First Lady of the Land. Her column, *My Day*, appears in 75 American newspapers

reaching more than 4,000,000 readers. For over three years she has been writing her daily diary for the world to read and for which she receives, by the side of Winchell, the niggardly sum of £2,000 a year. There is a homeliness and simplicity about Mrs. Roosevelt's writings which comes like a cool breeze after the fierce heat of Mr. Winchell's wise-crackings. She makes her readers feel that the affairs of the White House are really much the same and just as humdrum as those of the meanest home in the land. 'The White House' she writes, 'is crowded with guests these days, and we never go in or out without finding groups of people examining the portraits in the corridor or walking through looking into the rooms. It is astounding what an amount of cleaning the house needs when so many people visit us !'

There is another feature of American journalism, which has spread like a disease over the face of the whole continent, and already shows signs of breaking out in pimples in Fleet Street. I refer to the comic strip, or, if you like, the 'funnies.' In an ordinary issue of the *Daily News* you will find as many as ten comic strips, and two whole pages in the *Daily Mirror*. A considerable portion of Mr. Walt Disney's income comes from this source, and the daily adventures of Tarzan, Popeye the Sailor, Little Orphan Annie, Smilin' Jack, Winnie Winkle and the Katzenjammer Kids, are followed by grown-ups and children alike with the same zest as the matrimonial merry-go-round of Hollywood. On Sundays, when American newspapers give every appearance of being in 'an interesting condition,' the comics come out in a blaze of colour running to eighteen and twenty pages. The idea has also crept into the advertising pages and you may be enjoying the hair-raising escapades of Ol' Judge Robbins, Joan and Betty and the Girl who Couldn't be Choosey, only to find that they have an axe to grind for Camel Cigarettes, Bad Breath or Middle Age Skin.

With 116 other pages devoted to sport, fiction, society and the home, it is no mean feat, on a Sunday morning, to wade through this avalanche of newsprint and still retain one's reason. When I am confronted with that vast wad of literature which appears with breakfast I am reminded of an

eccentric Lincolnshire parson who was killed on the railway line a few years ago. He had a special liking for reading his newspaper as he walked along the line and as he came to the end of each page he threw it away, littering fen and marsh with pages of *The Times* (or it may have been the *Daily Mail*). I have calculated that he could have walked along the line from London to Lincoln with a New York Sunday newspaper and still have had quite a quantity of unread paper by the time he reached his journey's end.

There is very little else in the New York tabloids which calls for any comment here. I seem to have devoted far too much space as it is to a subject which, like the skyscrapers, you may prefer to take for granted. But the fact remains that nearly 2,000,000 people buy the *Daily News* every day (and over 3,000,000 on Sunday). And another 1,000,000 readers buy the *Daily Mirror*. Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson does not believe that you can educate the masses. He says that all a newspaper can do is to make people's lives as pleasant as possible . . . a happy philosophy for any newspaper proprietor and, judging by the thirty-six-story £2,000,000 *Daily News* Building on East Forty Second Street, a reasonably profitable one.

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At the beginning of this chapter (you will forgive me for reminding you of the fact) we were standing in front of the news-stand in the foyer of the Waldorf-Astoria. The young man behind the counter, who through long experience can quickly gauge the taste and mentality of his customers, had handed us the latest issue of the *Daily News*. But it might be as well if we linger a little longer (there is an hour before the train for Richmond leaves the Grand Central Station) and take stock of the fascinating array of magazines and periodicals which rise in serried ranks before our bewildered eyes. I have always derived a keen æsthetic pleasure from the contemplation of rows of magazines in their gleaming colours fresh from the press with the stimulating smell of printers' ink still exuding from between their covers. I have always liked the 'touch' of new print. In just the same way I find the smell of a very old book much the most

enjoyable part of it. Undoubtedly, these strange likes could be explained away by the disciples of Freud with dark and sinister interpretations, but having made this dreary confession I propose to leave the matter there and continue our investigations.

Starting at the top, in that exclusive and rarefied atmosphere known as 'plush' journalism, there are three magazines, one of which, if you want to be 'swank,' you must certainly include amongst your rail travel literature. Foremost, and most expensive, is *Verve*, a quarterly devoted to the arts and wrapped in a cardboard container. Printed in Paris it ranks in the beauty of its production with the Christmas number of *L'Illustration*. *Esquire*, which belongs to the same group as *Coronet* and *Verve*, and appears once a month, describes itself as, 'The Magazine for Men,' and costs fifty cents. Claiming a circulation of 500,000 copies a month, its 200 glossy pages are calculated to appeal to the young *elegentsia* whose names appear in the Social Register of America. Ernest Hemingway and George Jean Nathan are regular contributors and a considerable amount of space is devoted to explaining what should be worn and what should not. (Viz. a bowler hat should never be worn with a dinner jacket.) The jokes are definitely of the Bachelors Club variety and the Art Editor appears to have a peculiar faculty for discovering painters whose works, in my opinion, would have been better left in the attic. A popular feature, which is to be found in a number of other American periodicals, is the questionnaire. These are usually on the sex theme and the questions asked are aimed at settling grave national issues, such as 'Do Ladies Prefer Brunets?'

The third magazine in the plush triumvirate is *Fortune*. Like *Verve* it is a quarterly, and sells at a dollar a copy. Larger in area but a little smaller in bulk than *Esquire*, its chief appeal is to big business. Founded in 1930 it enjoys a subscription circulation in the neighbourhood of 150,000 copies. The brain behind *Fortune* is Henry Luce, who also directs *Time* and *Life*. Although *Fortune* appeals to Big Business, you would not describe it as a trade or technical journal. It has made a speciality of stressing the romantic side of the industries of America and its editor has been

known to spend £2400 on research for a single story. In his own words, Luce intended *Fortune* to 'reflect industrial life as faithfully in ink and paper and word and picture as the finest skyscraper reflects it in stone and steel and architecture.' The first issue appeared at the beginning of the 1929 Depression, but in spite of that, and the amateurish character of its contents (How To Slaughter Hogs, How To Raise Orchids and How To Live In Chicago On £5000 A Year) it survived the cold plunge and within two years had its head well above water.

Time, which supplied the £32,000 for the launching of *Fortune*, was founded in 1923 and incorporates the much lamented *Literary Digest* and *Review of Reviews*. *Time* claims a weekly circulation of over 700,000 copies and one reason for its phenomenal popularity is that it can say what it likes with little fear of being sued for libel. Not least among its distinctions is a form of caption writing which has been copied rather badly in certain English magazines. Under the photographs you may read: 'Sir Miles and Lady Lampson, *the pipe is mightier than the stick*,' 'Economics Minister Funk, *cached in on Kudos*,' 'Lutheran's President, *he wants an omelet made with care*.' *Time*, like *Fortune*, carries out periodical 'subscriber surveys,' which are the means of unearthing all manner of obscure facts, i.e. six out of ten men subscribers have a special fondness for sea-food, 38·4 per cent subscribers plan to buy a new car next year, 24 per cent plan to buy or build their own homes within three years. The idea from the point of view of the advertising manager appears to be a good one.

Life, once the weakling of the Luce trio, now sells over 2,000,000 copies a week, and has a weekly subscription list of 700,000 readers. Selling at ten cents it is the best value for money on the news-stand. It is also the most sane and original contribution to post-War American journalism. It is more than a good collection of photographs of events in different parts of the world, arranged in clever lay-outs. The camera of *Life* not only has an eye, but a brain. It explains, at the same time as it records, the many important things that are happening every week in Europe, America, and the Far East. Mr. Luce is said to have paid £20,000

for the title of *Life*, and he has proved beyond doubt that it was worth it.

The *Saturday Evening Post*, now in its 211th year, claims in all modesty to be an 'American Institution.' It has managed to keep its youthful looks through all the years of wear and strain, and its front covers and illustrated short stories and its low cost (five cents) give it a news-stand appeal second only to *Life*. The size of its circulation can be guessed from the fact that its weekly consumption of wood pulp denudes twenty-four acres of forest land. The *Ladies Home Journal*, sister publication of the *Saturday Evening Post*, is the *grande dame* of American periodicals, and in spite of the success of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, magazines of chic, is still to be seen in the drawing-rooms of all the best houses. Some of the old faces, however, are missing, or have undergone plastic operations so that they are no longer recognizable. *Scribner's*, now in its 104th volume, has lost weight, but the waist measurements have increased while the skirts are noticeably shorter. Like its rivals, *Scribner's* has got the questionnaire habit and, apart from general knowledge tests, readers are invited to submit their lists of the twenty most over-rated people in America. The *American Mercury* has become tabloid in size, borrowing the highly successful idea of the *Readers' Digest*, and other pocket-size magazines which include *Current Digest*, *Digest and Review*, and *Coronet*. *Readers' Digest* claims to be read by 5500 public school teachers and 1500 inmates of Uncle Sam's penitentiaries. (Later, at Alcatraz, we will see a number of prisoners lying in their cots deep in their *Readers' Digest*.)

Inspired by the success of *Life*, and with one eye on the gruesome popularity of the French *Vu* and *Voila*, the news-stand offers *Click*, *Look*, *Pic*, and *Focus*, four magazines which cater largely for those who, like the Abyssinians, prefer their meat raw. For ten cents the all-revealing camera tells you the inside story of strip-tease, murder, and how horses have their teeth extracted. *Ken*, published once a month at twenty-five cents and a comparative new-comer to this all-star variety show, professes a hatred of Fascism, Communism, and every other danger that 'threatens this our democracy from without and within.' Amongst the latter the editor

includes 'the weasel Chamberlain who made a world war virtually inevitable.' The *New Yorker*, bright, chirpy, and facetious, is the magazine in which the Smart Set laugh at jokes about themselves. (Thus Peter Arno: 'By Gad, officer, you'll answer for this!' wiathfully cried the plutocrat's youngster when the policeman pointed to the 'keep off the grass sign.') Prince Matchavelli finds it an excellent medium for making known that he can 'translate lilacs into heart-beats in the tenderest perfume of our time!' Letters from Paris, Vienna, and Saltburg give you the touch of 'culture,' and the Men's Fashion Notes direct your attention 'if you are feeling extravagant, to a belt of finely braided kangaroo hide for £3 10s.'

I could continue this catalogue almost indefinitely. I have said nothing about the Movie Mags, the Radio Mags, the Physical Culture Mags, and, most lurid of all, the True Detective Mags with their close-ups of crooks and corpses. Before we leave the news-stand—and if we don't hurry we really shall miss the train to Richmond—I might as well mention, merely as a postscript, that although the magazines do an enormous business you hardly ever see an American reading one. In spite of the little sub-headings stating how long it should take you to read such and such a story or article the average American reads no further than page one. It only remains for television to be perfected and mass-produced, and Americans, who have already forgotten how to walk, will forget how to read too. It may be quite a good thing.

A LITTLE HISTORY

HAVING DELIVERED MYSELF OF A FEW HIGHLY IMPERTINENT utterances about the way Americans do things, and the way they don't do things, let us now contemplate something which should cause every Englishman's heart to swell. You have concluded, no doubt, that I am about to devote the next three pages to a subject which has provided unlimited 'copy' for journalists and authors visiting New York since the days before the War. At the risk of disappointing you I propose to say nothing about the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania Railway Stations, for the simple reason that all that can be said about these remarkable edifices, likening them to Olympia or St. Paul's Cathedral, or a cross between the two, has already been said a score of times in language far more moving and majestic than my pen can command. It is sufficient for me to say that every small city in the Middle West has a railway station (known in America as a 'depot') which would make any of our best London termini blush with shame, and the sooner our Railway Magnates awaken to that and several other significant facts the more likely are the railways to receive their Square Deal.

Before we proceed to stir up any more hornets' nests (and there will probably be quite a few before we return to New York in three weeks' time) I must tell you about a dream. No ordinary dream as you will see, but one that has involved, so far, the expenditure of £3,500,000. The man who had this spectacular dream, and who has devoted the declining years of his life to its realization, was Vicar of a small town in Virginia. To-day, the name of Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin is known from one end of America to another because this humble American priest has fired the imagination of all

English-speaking people. He dreamed that he saw the ancient capital of Virginia restored to its original beauty and importance. Dr. Goodwin knew and loved every brick in Williamsburg that had survived the neglect and spoliation of three centuries, and though it seemed fantastic at the time he there and then dedicated his whole life's purpose to carrying out what he deemed to be a sign from his Master.

About the time that Dr. Goodwin dreamed his dream, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., made one of his rare appearances at a public dinner in New York. The occasion afforded him an opportunity to hear an address by Dr. Goodwin on the College of William and Mary at Williamsburg, the second oldest College in America, having been founded by Royal Charter in 1693. Mr. Junior was deeply impressed by what he heard and resolved to visit and see for himself the only building in America which had been reputedly built from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. At Williamsburg Mr. Junior again met Dr. Goodwin, who had been personally responsible for the restoration of Old Bruton Parish Church, a mellowed red brick building which had been built at the time when the seat of government was moved from Jamestown to Williamsburg. At that now historic meeting, only ten years ago, Dr. Goodwin told Mr. Junior about his dream. As far as I know there was nobody present at the time who could have made a note of the effect of this remarkable story upon Mr. Junior. One thing, however, is fairly clear. Mr. Junior, so far from dismissing the matter as impossible, both from the point of view of the expenditure and the problem of gathering together all the necessary data and documents, decided to make a beginning by authorizing the preparation of plans for restoring the Wren building of the College.

That was in 1928. Let us now move the clock forward to September, 1938, and, for the guidance of future historians, to the morning of the 7th of that month. I have a particular reason for being exact about the date because it was on that morning that the guests at the Williamsburg Inn were surprised to see that the room register above the Reception Desk recorded the arrival of 'Raleigh, Sir

Walter, and Mrs., London.' Surprise amounted to astonishment when, hurriedly turning up their history books, they learned that Sir Walter Raleigh had been executed by an ungrateful Sovereign in the year 1618. Inquiry at the desk confirmed the fact that the visitor was indeed the great Sir Walter Raleigh, and that he was dressed in a suit of armour such as was worn by all illustrious persons in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that the lady, who looked sad and not unlike Queen Elizabeth herself, was attired in the elaborate costume of the period. On the door of Sir Walter's room hung the usual little notice DO NOT DISTURB, and it remained there until about 7 p.m.

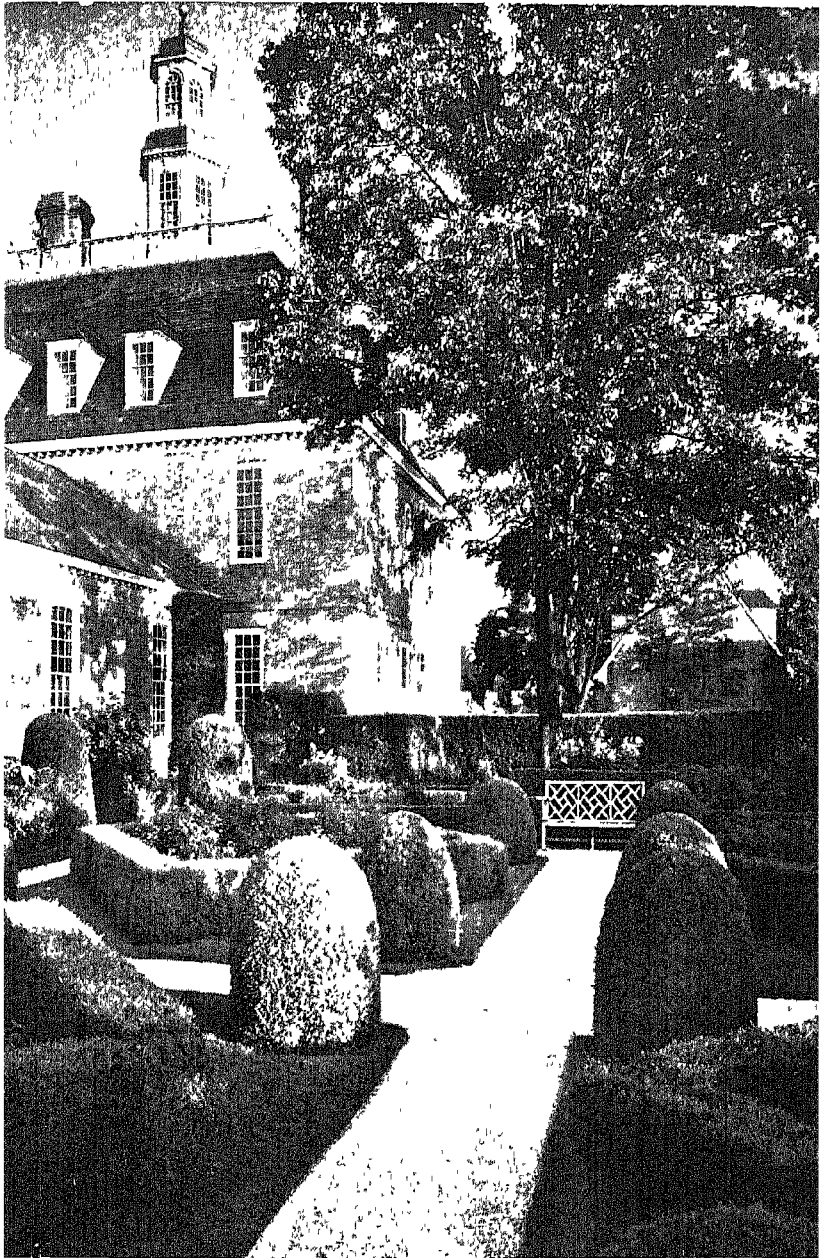
At that hour a number of specially invited guests were arriving at the inn to celebrate the arrival of the two distinguished visitors. It would have been in keeping with that evening's event and would have undoubtedly added a period note to the party had they been dressed in Elizabethan costume, but the invitations sent out had merely said 'White Tie.' Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh did not make their appearance until after the dinner. In a setting befitting the occasion toasts were honoured and cordial expressions exchanged between representatives of England and America. The President of Colonial Williamsburg, spokesman for Mr. Junior, emphasized the auspicious character of that evening's event. The speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates referred to the ancient bond with the Mother Country. Four negro singers sang old plantation songs. Telegrams were read from important personages. Menus were autographed and faces were photographed. In short it was a great day for Williamsburg and for two bewildered Englishmen, my brother and myself, who were responsible for taking Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh to America.

If this appears an ambitious statement let me make it quite clear that this was a 'second coming,' as far as Sir Walter was concerned, but it was Lady Raleigh's first sight of the New World. The two portraits . . . you will have concluded by now that they *were* portraits . . . like so many other good things of the past, came from Knole, where they had looked down from the panelled walls at succeeding

generations of the Sackville family for over two hundred and fifty years. They had been brought there by Lady Frances Cranfield, wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset. Elizabeth Throckmorton, who became Lady Raleigh, was related to Lady Frances Cranfield, thus explaining the presence of these two historic portraits at Knole. Raleigh was about thirty-four when the Knole portrait was painted by Marc Gheerhardts the younger. That of Lady Raleigh, by the same artist, was probably painted at a later date. The only other known portrait of Elizabeth Throckmorton hangs in the National Gallery of Ireland. The two pictures were acquired by my Father many years ago and after his death they came into the possession of my brother Harold. The main object of our visit to America was to hand these important relics to Colonial Williamsburg, not only as a token of gratitude for what Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., had done to restore the ancient capital to the beauty of Dutch William's times, but also as an expression of our sincere regard for a great nation.

I have already alluded to the trouble at the customs. The two packages . . . if I may be pardoned for referring to Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh so flippantly . . . looked highly suspicious, and it was not until Mr. Rockefeller's agents had intervened and substantial security had been lodged that Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh were allowed to proceed to their future home.

I began this chapter with a dream. And the dream led to a dinner. But before we set out on a short tour of the city which was built as a result of Dr. Goodwin's dream and Mr. Junior's courage and generosity, let us briefly consider the historical background of old Williamsburg, without which a proper appreciation of the gigantic task which has been accomplished would be impossible. In December 1606, fourteen years before the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, three small ships, the *Susan Constant*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Discovery*, with a hundred men, under the leadership of that splendid adventurer Captain John Smith (whose *alma mater* at Louth is within view of the window at which I am writing), left England to found a colony in Virginia, that vast, unexplored territory, so named by Sir Walter



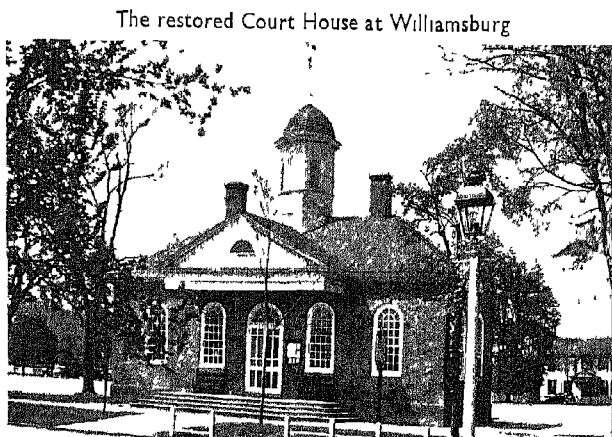
The restored Governor's Palace at Williamsburg
The formal gardens have been laid out in exact
accordance with original documents.



Sir Harold Harmsworth handing over the portraits of Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh to Mr. Kenneth Chorley at Williamsburg



The restored Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg.



The restored Court House at Williamsburg

Raleigh in honour of Edmund Spenser's 'Most High Mightie, and Magnificent Empresse, Renowned for Pietie, Vertue and All Gracious Government, Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queene of England, Fraunce and Ireland, and of Virginia.' When Edmund Spenser dedicated his *Faerie Queene* to Queen Elizabeth in these high-sounding phrases the 'Kingdom' of Virginia covered the whole of North America, but there was not one Englishman living in the colony.

The three shiploads of Virginia's first colonisers sailed up the muddy waters of the James River almost exactly six months after they left England. The privations and suffering they endured on the voyage can be fully appreciated by trans-Atlantic travellers of to-day who complain in loud voices to trembling stewards if the caviare has been taken off the ice too soon. The first settlement, in honour of their sovereign, they named Jamestown. But instead of gold and silver and pearls, which they hoped to find in barrel-loads, the grim spectre of famine visited and reduced their number, and two years later only a score or two of living skeletons were left. Illness had forced Captain John Smith to return to England, never to see Virginia again.

The timely arrival of Lord Delaware's relief ship prevented the settlement from being finally abandoned, and, after a slow recovery, the first legislative assembly in America was held in the State House of Jamestown in 1619. That momentous event in America's history was quickly overshadowed by another, the full significance of which needs no enlarging upon here. A Dutch man-of-war put in to Jamestown to land what its log recorded as '20 Negars.' It was said that this batch of slaves had been stolen from Spanish plantations in the West Indies. Nearly two hundred and fifty years later, in 1863, President Lincoln theoretically freed the negroes from their slavery. The original twenty had swollen to 4,000,000 blacks in America. To-day they number 14,000,000.

Three years after the introduction of slavery into America Jamestown suffered another of those series of reverses which brought about the removal of the settlement to what is now known as Williamsburg. The Indians, resenting the

encroachment of the whites on their lands, fell upon the English colony and massacred three hundred and fifty out of the total population of twelve hundred and fifty-eight. Strife and rebellion, mosquitoes, typhoid, and fires continued to lay waste the first capital until the year 1699, when it was decided to remove the seat of government to Middle Plantation six miles away, where 'clear and crystal springs burst from champagne soils' and the first settlers had built a stockade as a defence against the Indians. The name of the new capital was changed to Williamsburg in honour of William III, who, with his gracious consort Queen Mary, had given a Royal Charter for the founding of the College of William and Mary in that city five years before Jamestown was abandoned. For over eighty years Williamsburg was the centre of Virginia's social, political, and educational life, and many historic figures in American history came there, including Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler, and strolled along Duke of Gloucester Street, which, thanks to 'Mr. Rock,' as the negroes call the 'Head Boss,' now looks much the same again as it did in the far-off eighteenth century.

In December 1779 the seat of government was again removed, to Richmond, and then began that steady decline which has come to be known as 'the drab hundred and fifty years.' By the beginning of the twentieth century Williamsburg had sunk so deep in slumber that, so the story goes, the sexton rang the bells of Bruton Church on Friday morning thinking it must be Sunday, and the rector and congregation, sharing the same idea, duly appeared and the services were held. By 1910, Duke of Gloucester Street had become 'a dismal track of dust, ankle-deep, or mud much deeper, with a more or less grassy plot between, in which was stuck a long row of telegraph poles. On each side were abominable frame shops with false fronts.'

This was much the kind of scene, with a few embellishments in the shape of filling stations, movie-houses, billboards, and other eyesores that herald the dawn of 'progress,' that greeted the æsthetic eye of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., when he first visited Williamsburg in 1926. The Governor's Palace had been destroyed by fire and its

ruins covered since 1781. The Capitol, first building to be so named in America, had suffered two grievous fires and only a few traces of the foundations remained. The Wren Building of the College of William and Mary, the oldest academic building in America, was damaged by no less than three fires so that the original design by Sir Christopher Wren was practically lost. The Raleigh Tavern, where George Washington frequently dined and Thomas Jefferson danced with his 'fair Belinda,' suffered the same fate as the other historic buildings of the old capital. Bruton Parish Church escaped the quicker and kinder death by fire, only to share in the nineteenth-century mania for 'modernizing,' which, in polite language, meant that it was stripped of all its interior period fittings. The crowning touch in this scene of desolation and decay was added by the arrival of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway which temporarily laid its ties on the sacred dust of Duke of Gloucester Street. It was a mystery to the inhabitants why the railway came at all, because there was no conceivable reason why anyone should want to go to Williamsburg, while those who were condemned to live there had not the wherewithal, let alone the initiative, to try to leave it.

And now, having crammed your heads with far too many facts and figures, some of which may appear rather irrelevant, in an endeavour to reassemble the historic background, let us examine the even more exciting story of what Mr. Junior has done at Williamsburg since that first and very expensive visit he paid in 1926. We have already noted that Mr. Junior authorized the preparation of plans for the faithful restoration of the Wren building. This was supplemented by further authority to prepare plans for the restoration of the entire town. In a few words it meant that one man was prepared to undertake the purchase, property by property, of an entire town the size of Stamford, demolish it completely, remove the inhabitants, the roads, and the railways while this was being done, and then reconstruct the town to its exact appearance of two hundred and fifty years ago. And when I use the word 'exact' I mean the American and not the 'that's near enough' interpretation of that word so often encountered on this side of the Atlantic.

On the face of it, the idea sounded ridiculous. It far eclipsed Mr. Ford's strange whim of acquiring historic birth-places and setting them down in a row at Greenfield village, and even Mr. Hearst, who knew all about removing churches and monasteries from Spain and reassembling them in California, must have wondered whether Mr. Junior was suffering from a mild attack of *folie de grandeur*.

One thing was quite clear from the outset. Mr. Junior informed his associates at a private conference in a New York hotel on November 21st, 1927, that he intended to go ahead with his plan regardless of cost and the difficulties that might be encountered. Everyone was sworn to secrecy. Preliminary plans were made from measurements of the streets and properties taken in the still hours before dawn. Aerial photographs were taken and pieced together and compared with a detailed map made by an unknown Frenchman in 1782. Then Dr. Goodwin set about the unusual task of acquiring the town of Williamsburg piecemeal, much, no doubt, to the amazement of his flock. It was obviously essential to preserve the greatest secrecy about the identity of the real purchaser and the fact that this was accomplished without the smallest hitch speaks well for Dr. Goodwin's tact and business sense. In a number of cases the occupants had not only been born in and lived in their houses all their lives, but their fathers and grandfathers had done so before them. In order to overcome sentimental obstacles of this kind a system of life tenures was adopted. The property was bought for an agreed price in cash and re-conveyed to the seller in the form of a life interest without further payment. It meant that the owner could live rent free for the rest of his or her life and the all-bountiful Mr. Junior paid the taxes, insurance, and repairs. While the restoration of these properties was in progress (and in most cases every modern convenience has been installed in such a way as not to interfere with period character) the occupants were housed in temporary quarters in other parts of the town.

The result of Dr. Goodwin's work was that 326 properties were acquired and 514 modern buildings were torn down. The railway had already been removed to a discreet distance,

but near enough for the inhabitants to hear the mournful tolling of the engine's bell to remind them of the greater world outside. By-pass roads were constructed and two entire blocks of business buildings, containing thirty-three shops, were erected in the colonial style.

One of the most important steps in the early stages of the work . . . one indeed upon which the success of the restoration wholly depended . . . was the establishment of the Research Department. It would have been easy enough to have drafted a scheme that would have approximated to the original lay-out and architects could have been found to design the style of colonial building of the early eighteenth century. But this was not the way of Mr. Junior. He insisted, from the beginning, that accuracy must be the keynote of the work, for without that the whole purpose of the restoration would be lost. Accordingly, experts were sent to all the great libraries and museums of Europe and America in search of data, no matter how insignificant, that would contribute towards the faithful reconstruction of the past. The map made by an unknown Frenchman in 1782, known as the 'Williamsburg Bible,' proved an invaluable guide in the early excavations. In a number of cases where no trace of a building appeared above the surface of the ground foundations were found exactly corresponding to the positions on the Frenchman's map.

The greatest find of all came to light in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. An old copper plate engraved to scale by an unknown hand in 1740 provided the only known views of the Governor's Palace and the first Capitol building. It also gave front and rear elevations of the Wren building, as well as views of the two buildings which made up the central group of the College of William and Mary. The panel at the bottom of the plate represented the English idea of various flora and fauna found in the New World. The plate is believed to have been intended to illustrate a work on Virginia which was never published. So great was the excitement on the discovery of the plate that a picture of it was radioed immediately to America. At a later date the Trustees of the Bodleian Library fittingly recognized Mr. Rockefeller's great work for humanity and for a closer

understanding between the two English speaking peoples, by presenting the original copper plate to Williamsburg.

A child's scrap-book of the colonial period, containing a pen sketch of the rear of the Wren Building, was found in a cottage a few hundred yards from the original building. The Huntington Library in California yielded a floor plan of the main college building drawn by Thomas Jefferson. Another floor plan by Jefferson of the Palace was found at Boston. From all parts of the world came books and prints and plans which contributed towards the completion of this gigantic jig-saw puzzle, and while certain known theories were established as actual facts, others, sometimes of a romantic order, which had been handed down from one generation to another, did not survive the ruthless examination of the experts.

An unforeseen problem arose when it came to the selection of suitable bricks for the restoration. The early builders of Williamsburg had used glazed-end bricks of a greenish blue colour, made in the colony (for fourteen shillings a thousand bricks), and which had a pleasing decorative effect. Exhaustive inquiries were made in England, Holland, and Germany in an endeavour to rediscover the secret of this lost art. Eventually experiments were made at Williamsburg, utilizing local clay, and the process was rediscovered. Similar problems presented themselves when the question of glass and interior paintwork had to be considered, and again the local craftsmen were left to experiment until they found the secret. The interior decorators had an easier task. The Williamsburg records included inventories of the contents and the exact positions of certain pieces of furniture, curtains, carpets, and pictures in the more important buildings, and as far as possible suitable antique furnishings have been acquired and placed in position.

We can now put away our history books, close the filing cabinets, and roll up the blue prints. With Mr. Kenneth Chorley, President of Colonial Williamsburg, and Dr Goodwin, whose dream has now become an actuality, as our guides, let us set out on a brief tour. Our first call, in order to justify the opening paragraph of this chapter,

must be at the spick and span Capitol, over which proudly flutters a flag that nine out of ten Englishmen will only dimly recognize. It is the 'Great Union' which came into existence in the reign of James I, and, except for the interval of the Commonwealth, remained in use until 1801. Thereafter, for some reason that, in the light of recent events, is a little difficult to understand, the Cross of St. Patrick was added, making the Union Jack. On the front of the Capitol is a small plaque in cut brick showing the sun, moon, and the planet Jupiter, with an inscription, *Her Majesty Queen Anne Her Royall Capitoll*. The rounded ends of the building have the Dutch look, characteristic of the reign in which the original building was commenced, and the bull's-eye windows recall Wren's work at Hampton Court.

In 1724—if I may be excused for quoting a few more dates—a Professor of Mathematics at the College described the Capitol as 'the best and most commodious Pile of its kind that I have seen or heard of.' Immediately on entering the building our eye is caught by a spectacle, which for one minute causes us to wonder whether Mr. Junior, to whom all things are seemingly possible, has succeeded not only in reconstructing the past, but also in resurrecting the dead. A lady in mid-eighteenth century costume with vast side-hoops is standing in the centre of a little group of admiring tourists. Mr. Chorley, scenting our surprise, explains that these are the 'hostesses,' whom we shall have the pleasure of meeting in all but one of the exhibition buildings. The costume is exactly correct to the 1748 period, but had it been a little later we should have liked them much better in their tall head-dresses and round hoop skirts. Every day, excepting Friday and Sunday, these beauteous creatures are picked up at their home in a period coach and set down at the various exhibition buildings. At six, the coach, drawn by two bays with jingling harness, calls for the ladies and, trotting slowly up Duke of Gloucester Street, takes them to their homes. The coachman himself is a negro in sky blue coat, black silk knee breeches, buckled shoes, and cocked hat. All the gardeners and groundsmen of the restoration buildings are dressed in period costumes, and while wandering around Williamsburg one occasionally has the unusual experience

of seeing a negro gardener in eighteenth-century silks and satins cycling hurriedly and rather furtively home.

The idea of dressing guides and gardeners in period costume sounds, on the face of it, as if the 'restoration' was being carried too far. Stratford-on-Avon attired in Shakespearean fashion, would undoubtedly be a big 'draw' for American tourists, but here at Williamsburg, in a perfect period setting, it is the modern clothes of Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt that look ugly and out of place. Even the motor car strikes a discordant note in these leisurely surroundings, and although drivers are at present requested to slow down to fifteen miles an hour, one would prefer to see the elegant chariots and sedan chairs of the eighteenth century restored to their rightful setting. Looking down the green mile of Duke of Gloucester Street to the Wren building of the College, I looked in vain for some small concession, other than motor cars, to remind me that this was really the twentieth century. But there were no telegraph poles, parking signs or letter-boxes, and the surface of the roadway itself was made to look like an old dirt road, with hitching-posts and mounting blocks.

It was in the second Capitol building, which replaced the earlier house of assembly, destroyed by fire in 1747, that George Washington, after being thanked 'for his brave and steady Behaviour, from the first Encroachments and Hostilities of the French and their Indians, to his Resignation, after the happy Reduction of Fort Du Quesne,' stood up, stammering, blushing, and trembling, until the Speaker intervened, saying: 'Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty is equal to your valour; and that surpasses the power of any language I possess.' It was in this same building, seven years later, that Patrick Henry, destined to become the first Governor of the new Commonwealth, made his famous indictment of the Stamp Act of 1765: 'Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third——' then being interrupted by cries of 'Treason'—concluded 'and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason make the most of it.'

So detailed were the contemporary accounts and descriptions of the first Capitol building and its furnishings that

one can feel that this 'commodious pile' is just as it was in Queen Anne's day. In thanking Her Majesty for the gift of her portrait the humble Burgesses wrote expressing their 'most grateful acknowledgements for your Majesty's favour in bestowing your Royall Picture upon this your poor colony, by the pleasing prospect whereof (altho' it be a faint resemblance far short of the incomparable Original) we conceive the most noble Ideas of yor Majests, Sacred person.' They also referred to her 'most admirable perfection of body' and her 'most inimitable virtues of mind,' which no doubt occasioned the Royal recipient as much surprise as pleasure, and, incidentally, brought Mr. Kneller a few repeat orders.

Within a few hundred yards of the Capitol are two notable buildings, the Raleigh Tavern and the Public Gaol. The former enjoyed the patronage of the highest in the land for some hundred and fifty years, and thanks to two detailed inventories left by two innkeepers of the eighteenth century, the restoration has been made perfect down to the hand-wrought nails in the floor. One of the last great functions held there was a dinner given by the Ladies of Williamsburg and which was graced by the presence of ex-President John Tyler. All went well until the ex-President 'suffered a grievous blow on the head from a champagne bottle when two negro waiters collided'

It is not surprising to read that a month or two later the Tavern was burned to the ground. At the old Public Gaol the visitor is greeted by a kindly disposed gaoler in a wig and three-cornered hat, with one enormous key hanging from his belt. Like the Raleigh Tavern, the gaol enjoyed an exclusive clientele in its day, numbering amongst its guests at least two English Colonial Governors, but not, as far as the guide books tell us, any ex-Presidents of the United States. The fare was simple, 'salt beef damaged and Indian meal,' but prisoners of means were allowed to send out for wine and roast turkey from the 'Raleigh' and nearby taverns. One celebrated gaoler augmented his annual salary of forty pounds by teaching young ladies to play the harpsichord and spinet.

Returning to Duke of Gloucester Street, our tour calls for

one short stop before we approach Palace Green and the most splendid part of the restoration, the Governor's Palace itself. Ludwell-Paradise House, a brick residence of the early eighteenth century, is remarkable for having been the home of Lucy Ludwell Paradise, widow of one John Paradise, an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson. This good lady is said to have enlivened the declining years of the once gay city by pouring boiling water over the heads of those of her husband's friends she didn't like when they came to tea. Another odd whim of hers was to invite guests to sit in her coach which had been brought from London and was built in to a back part of the hall. Negro servants then rocked the coach backwards and forwards, a movement calculated to produce the nearest thing to *mal de mer* which the inhabitants of the sleepy little town had ever known. It was also her custom to walk abroad followed by a diminutive black page carrying her bonnet on a cushion. In the end poor Mrs. Paradise was taken down the road to the *Maison des Fous* where she ended her days. To-day Mrs. Paradise's drawing-room and parlour are given over to a display of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, jun.'s collection of American Folk Art, the most complete array of nineteenth-century amateur art and handicraft in the United States.

Close by is Dr. Blair's apothecary shop, with its mortars, pestles, scales and phials, and where you can buy, according to the advertisements, 'all sorts of balsams, decoctions, electuaries, elixirs, emplaisters, infusions, liquors, magisteries, oils, and ointments.' Across the Palace Green, close to Bruton Parish Church, is a snug little red-brick house, which escaped the fate of so many of its fellows, and looks much the same to-day as when George Wythe, first professor of Law in America, was visited there by his pupils, two of whom, Jefferson and Monroe, were destined to become Presidents of the United States. Washington knew the house well, too, and made it his headquarters before the seige of Yorktown.

The Governor's Palace, approached by a noble expanse of velvety green, carefully planned and proportioned to set off the symmetrical lines of the city's most important building, has all the repose and serenity of a portrait of good Queen

Anne herself. A few years ago the pilgrim's gaze would have alighted on quite a different scene. There was no trace of the Palace above ground. Instead, a factory of unspeakably ugly mien, a large and menacing high school building, and the tracks of the Chesapeake-Ohio Railway, as complete a picture of desecration as the hands of man are capable of, filled the eye. It was particularly fortunate that the files of the Research Department were unusually rich in data about the exact appearance of the Palace and the contents of each one of its twenty-five rooms. Thus the 'front parlour' is noted in an inventory as containing :

- 2 Leather Smoking Chairs.
- 2 Card Tables Mahogany.
- 1 Couch Mahogany frame covered with checks.
- 2 Small Looking Glass.
- Fry Jefferson's maps of Virga.
- Bowen's and Mitchell's Map of N. America.
- 1 pr Tongs, shovel, poker, Fender and hearth broom.
- 11 Chelsea China figures. 2 Venetian blinds.

A list in the Public Records Office, dated February 25th, 1784, gives details of 'valuable pictures by Sir Peter Lely . . . prints . . . thirteen hundred volumes . . . three organs . . . harpsichord and pianoforte . . . other instruments.' The scale on which the Royal Governors entertained is indicated by the fact that the cellars contained some thirty-two hundred gallons of assorted wines, liquors, and spirits. Lord Botecourt states in a letter : ' Fifty-two dined with me yesterday and I expect at least that number to-day.' Another Governor wrote home to say that ' the gent^m and ladies here are perfectly well bred, not an ill dancer in the Govm^t.' Furthermore when His Excellency went out to open the Assembly he drove in a coach ' drawn by six milk white horses.'

To-day there is nothing to show that a fire laid waste this superb building and the march of progress did the rest. Mr. Junior's magic wand has put everything back exactly as it was. Not only are there finely proportioned rooms with panelled walls painted in the vivid blue-greens, mulberry, and even mustard and grey of the period, but all the

elegant fittings, marble fireplaces, crystal chandeliers, Chinese wallpaper, Spanish leather, Burgundy damask curtains, which make a perfect background for the furniture that was made when that art was at its zenith, have been returned to their place. Some of the silver and furniture was bought by Mr. Junior from Mr. Hearst (whom he has never met) for £20,000.

From the tall windows of the cupola which sits at the top of the steep pitched roofs of the Palace like a pepper pot, another aspect of the Williamsburg miracle presents itself. Mr. Junior's wand has not stopped at palaces, prisons, and taverns. The scene below reminds one of an eighteenth-century bird's-eye print, showing the geometrical lay-out of a great garden in the days when a 'riot of colour' was not considered the first and only essential of horticulture. Here is the maze, the gazebo (politely described on the plan as 'Necessary Houses'), the bowling green, the terrace garden, the holly garden, the fruit and vine garden, and at a discreet distance, screened from view by the laundry and kitchen buildings, the kitchen garden itself. The steps and stone path leading from the ball-room to the north gate are flanked by twelve apostles of trimmed red cedar. Squares, spheres, and cylinders of clipped cedar, each in its appointed place according to the original documents, have the feeling of having always been there. Even in the smaller cottage gardens in Williamsburg the most careful attention to 'period' has been insisted upon by the Research Department. Box-bordered paths, native holly hedges, Crape Myrtle shrubs, moss and Scotch roses, sweet-william and English daisies, are the general order of things, and if your garden is to be cared for by the Restoration, only those flowers known to the colony during the eighteenth century may be grown.

There is one more building we must visit before we return to the Inn and pack our bags for Washington. It was the William and Mary College, as we have already noted, that first brought Mr. Junior to Williamsburg. The Wren Society accept the original building as having been designed by the builder of St. Paul's, but the only written record in support of this attribution is that of the Rev. Hugh Jones, who was a professor of mathematics at the College in 1722. He wrote

that, 'The building is beautiful and commodious, being first modelled by Sir Christopher Wren and adapted to the nature of the country by the gentlemen there.' So pleased were the Royal patrons after whom the College was named that they granted to the Rev. Dr. James Blair, its Founder, a special reward in the form of a penny in the pound on all the tobacco exported to British colonies from Virginia, which, even in those days, must have amounted to a tidy sum. At no time in the College history did the total enrolment exceed a hundred and forty students, and yet, of this number three became Presidents of the United States and four were signers of the Declaration of Independence.

It is strange to find that Thomas Jefferson, whose fame in Virginia still rests more on his achievements as an architect than as author of the Declaration of Independence, wrote of the College of William and Mary that its buildings 'are rude, misshapen piles, which, but they have roofs, would be taken for brick kilns.' And one wonders what Mr. Junior thinks of Jefferson's condemnation of the private dwellings of Williamsburg: 'They are very rarely constructed of brick or stone, much the greatest portion being of scantling and boards, plastered with lime. It is impossible to devise things more ugly, uncomfortable, and happily more perishable.' For all that one suspects that Mr. Jefferson would have much enjoyed the spectacle of nineteenth-century Williamsburg with its tin shacks, concrete side-walks and sham shop fronts, being torn limb from limb by Mr. Junior's lieutenants, and the brand new eighteenth-century city like the one he knew, arising from its ashes.

Wren's building has served other purposes than those of learning during its chequered story of two hundred and fifty years. During the Yorktown campaign it was used as a hospital for the sick and wounded of the French and American armies. In the war of 1812 it served as barracks for the militia. Fifty years later it was occupied by both the Confederate and Federal armies. But the darkest period of all was from 1880 to 1888 when, according to a plaque on the college walls 'the college bell, rung by Colonel Benjamin S. Ewell, then President, echoed through the silent halls deserted save for several students whose solicited attendance

kept alive the Royal Charter.' To-day, the small institution that was founded so that 'the youth may be properly educated in good letters and manners' has become a thriving college of co-eds, and the laughter of pretty girls and athletic young men fills the campus.

And here our tour must end. I had meant this chapter to convey some slight impression of a great achievement, which has been made possible by something far stronger and enduring than mere dollars can command. I had intended, too, that it should be in the nature of a letter of thanks, however inadequately expressed, to a very great American from a very ordinary Englishman. If I have crowded too many figures into the canvas, crammed your head with date after date, wearied you with guide-book statistics, you must excuse me. But you must not let that deter you from visiting this remarkable place. It is not a museum. Nor is it a Hollywood 'epic.' It is a living city, and the actors are men and women of flesh and blood, nearer akin to our own than any other people in the world.

If you go there . . . and I very much hope you will . . . you may encounter on your walks a solitary figure, a man of medium height with kindly, deep-set eyes, who hangs back a little on the edge of the groups of tourists who listen attentively to the guides in their period costumes. From his breast pocket you may see a four-foot rule protruding and in his hand he will probably be holding a blue print. As you follow his gaze you will see his lips move, but there will be no sound. He seems to be saying: 'Father's gifts have been greater but mine have given me a more personal satisfaction.'

CHAPTER SEVEN

FIRST FOLIOS

THERE ARE SEVERAL PROFITABLE AND EXTREMELY EXHAUSTING ways in which a visit to Washington, the capital city of the United States, can be spent by the English visitor. This observation, I admit, is about as original as saying to an American that there are quite a number of ways in which he can wile away an hour or two in London. But seeing that we have some fourteen thousand miles to cover in a little over five weeks, it is essential that we keep as strictly as possible to our schedule, which says :

Arrive Washington from Williamsburg 8.30 p.m. Saturday.
Leave ,, for New Orleans 6.45 p.m. Monday.

Fortunately there are a number of brightly coloured little pamphlets which set out in miles, hours, and dollars, the best way to spend forty-eight hours in this, the most important and least American of all American cities. We can, for a modest payment of 2 dollars and 5 cents, make a tour of all the important public buildings of Washington, lasting about four hours and a half and involving a walk of anything up to twenty-five miles along cold marble corridors, including those of the White House, where a uniformed guide will show us 'the diplomatic rooms, portraits of the wives of the Presidents, the famous East room, containing magnificent chandeliers, priceless vases presented by foreign countries, and the beautiful gold-lined piano.' At the old National Museum we can see, in the inclusive fee already mentioned, 'gowns worn by former Presidents' wives.' In the Congressional Library we can scan the newly completed shrine which contains the original draft of the Declaration of Independence. Then there is the Lincoln Memorial,

which has a breath-taking quality about it, although nine out of ten visitors prefer to climb the nine hundred steps to the top of George Washington's needle. And, of course, there is Mount Vernon and the coach in which Washington—rode to New York to be inaugurated President of the United States.

The gold-lined piano and the clothes of former Presidents' wives must, I regret to say, wait (moths permitting) until my next visit to Washington because, amongst a pile of letters of introduction we have brought with us, there is one addressed to 'Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Federal Bureau of Investigation.' A few years ago a letter addressed to Mr. Hoover in Washington would have been delivered at the White House. To-day a letter addressed to Mr. Hoover, America, would find its way to the fifth floor of the Department of Justice Building, where this other Mr. Hoover presides over the most powerful organization for combating crime in the world. Mr. Herbert Hoover, on the other hand, has almost entirely disappeared from public view and interest. We caught a glimpse of him driving his car out of a parking ground at Hollywood a week or two later, but nobody even recognized the former President, proving that Presidents, like film stars, have short lives.

A telephone message to Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's office brought disappointing news. The Chief had been summoned to Chicago on important business but he had left instructions with his principal aide-de-camp that we were to be shown through each department of the Bureau, and ask any questions we liked. The appointment was fixed for Monday morning at 10 a.m. What should be done about Sunday? Perhaps, after all, there would be time to see the gold-lined piano and the clothes of former Presidents' wives? There was something a little indelicate, we felt, about inspecting the garments, perhaps rather intimate ones, of former First Ladies of the Land, on a Sunday. We asked the Clerk at the Information Desk of our hotel and he settled the matter without further argument. The clothes would definitely *not* be on view on Sunday, but had we seen the great Shakespearean collections at the Folger Library? We had not. And at the risk of straying further than I should



THE WILLIAMSBURG INN

'Guests were surprised to see that the room register recorded the arrival of "Raleigh, Sir Walter, and Mrs., London".'

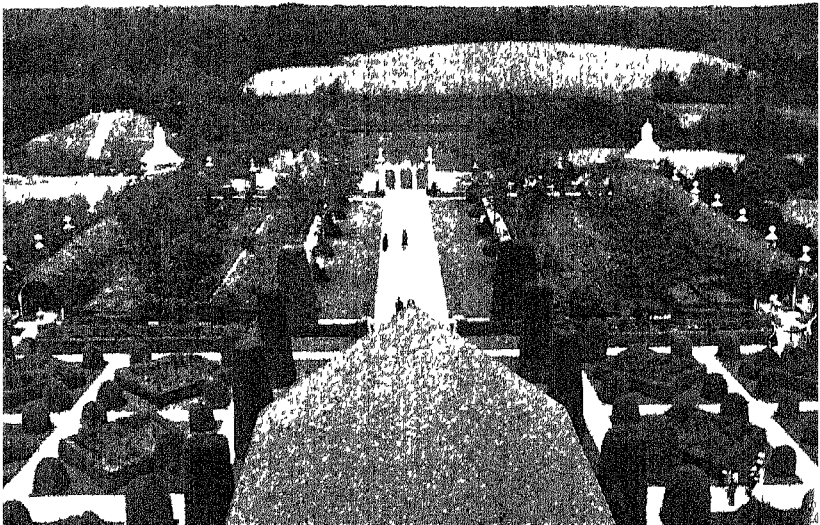


Mr. Kenneth Chorley pilloried
at Williamsburg.



A negro 'mammy' in the kitchen of
the Governor's Palace, Williamsburg.

The formal gardens of the Governor's Palace, Williamsburg.



from the main theme of this book, I propose to ask you to accompany me to this remarkable museum, because that visit to the Folger Library helped me to make up my mind about a subject which has caused quite a lot of ink to flow on both sides of the Atlantic.

I doubt if one person in every thousand who visits the British Museum has ever heard of the Folger Library in Washington. And even if he had, it is quite certain that he would be unaware of the fact that its vaults contain no less than seventy-nine First Folios of Shakespeare's works. Moreover, on being told this rather startling fact his reaction would not be one of interest but of resentment. 'Why should those d——d Yanks' . . . I already hear him hissing . . . 'be allowed to buy up all our best books and pictures, and even transport our old houses, brick by brick, across the Atlantic?' I realize that I am likely to tread on quite a number of hard but well-meaning toes belonging to the more pompous readers of *The Times* when, in answer to the above, I say: 'Why shouldn't the Americans buy these things if we are prepared to sell them?' Let us look at it in the clear light of day, and nowhere is the light clearer or more sparkling than here in Washington.

Take the case of Mr. Henry Clay Folger who died a few years ago and who occupied the important position of Chairman of the Standard Oil Company of New York. He aspired to that high office through sheer hard work and outstanding ability. During his few daily hours of leisure he devoted his thoughts and attention to the building up of a great collection of Shakespeareana. With ample means at his disposal he was able to compete in the world market and many unique treasures crossed the Atlantic to his library in Washington. After his retirement from business in 1928, and with only two years of life left to him, Mr. Folger gave his entire time to the arrangement of his library and the construction of the splendid building which was to house it. He did not live to see the work completed, but his widow, who shared his enthusiasm for all things associated with Shakespeare, spent the remaining years of her life in seeing that Mr. Folger's intentions in regard to the library were fulfilled.

To-day the Folger Library is admittedly unique amongst collections of Shakspeariana. Apart from the seventy-five first folios there are over ninety thousand volumes of Shakespeare's works in every tongue and literature associated with the poet, together with a vast assemblage of contemporary documents (including over seventy letters bearing the signature of Queen Elizabeth and two or three believed to be that of Shakespeare himself), as well as paintings, busts, and museum exhibits. Although the exterior of the library building conforms to the Classic style of the Capitol and the other administrative buildings, the interior is panelled and decorated in the manner of Elizabethan England. In addition to the exhibition galleries, and reading rooms for students, there is a small theatre which reproduces, as near as it is possible, the atmosphere and setting of a playhouse in Shakespeare's time. The choicest treasures of the library are kept in air-conditioned vaults where an even temperature is always maintained, and a hidden ray reveals to the watchman when unauthorized persons cross the sacred portals.

It was on entering one of these vaults, with Dr. Joseph Q. Adams, an eminent Shakspearcan scholar himself and Director of the Library, that I received one of those sudden shocks which leave a lasting impression upon the mind. At the end of a corridor, both sides of which were lined with metal fireproof shelves, was a framed enlargement of a photograph I knew very well. It was of my late Father, and underneath, in large block letters, was written : 'The Harmsworth Collection.' The shelves were closely packed with slender volumes, bound in red, blue, and green morocco, with the titles stamped in gold on the spines. I had seen those books many times. I had grown up with them and had handled them with reverence, not only because of their age and value, but because my Father had spent much of his leisure in his last years collecting and assembling this section of a great library. The younger members of his family sometimes wondered what he could find of interest in poring over what we considered dull and indecipherable catalogues which arrived each day from every corner of the globe, some quaintly addressed, such as : 'Mr Sir Leicester-

shire Harmsworth' and 'Mr Manor House.' Then, after his death, the iniquitous burden of death duties made it imperative for his trustees to consider the disposal of portions of the great collection.

Dr. Adams made a special visit to England to examine that part of the library consisting of English works printed before 1640, which was especially rich in the rarest issues from the press of Caxton's successor, Wynkyn De Worde. Dr. Adams found many other things calculated to cause the heart of a bibliophile to beat a little faster. There was a little psalter, beautifully illuminated with biblical scenes, humbly inscribed to Henry VIII: 'I beseche your grace . . . when ye loke on this remember me. Yo' graces assured Anne the dowgthier of Cleves.' A thick, squat volume of tracts formerly stood on the bookshelves of Queen Elizabeth. Another book of exceptional interest to Americans was Captain John Smith's *Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles*, printed in 1624. This was James I's own copy, but some later owner had indulged his vanity by over-stamping the Royal arms with his own. The rarity of this volume was enhanced by the fact that an early owner had entered opposite the names of the Adventurers the amounts of their respective investments.

In due course this unique section of the library found its way to the shelves of the Folger Library. Had the transaction been a public one there would have been the usual outcry in the Press. And yet, during my Father's lifetime, when the library was available to any students who cared to visit it, by far the greatest number of inquiries for information concerning particular books and manuscripts came from America. 'Few private libraries in England were so easy of access, and scholars, particularly those from this side of the Atlantic'—I quote the words of a famous American bibliophile—'had reason to be grateful to the owner.'

It is not only the interest Americans show in the treasures of our Western culture—and here, at last, I am coming to the point—but the care they lavish upon them when they have been able to take them back to the United States. I referred just now to the shock I received when Dr. Adams opened the door of the vault containing the books that once belonged

to my Father. But it was a shock of pleasant surprise that these things which had become part and parcel of our everyday life should be guarded so jealously by their new owners, while every device of modern science was being employed to ensure their remaining unharmed for posterity. And with that fine sense of what is fitting and appropriate, characteristic of many Americans, each of the volumes will have its bookplate, identifying it for ever as a Harmsworth book. I am perfectly assured in my own mind that nothing would have given my Father (who always held America and Americans in warm regard) greater satisfaction than to know that so many of his treasures should find a permanent resting-place in the capital city of America.

The Folger Library is no isolated instance of the way Americans treat their treasures. At San Marino, California, we were privileged to see the great Huntington collection. The library contains some two hundred thousand printed books and over eight hundred thousand autographed letters and documents. The art gallery is remarkable for the number and quality of the painters of the English school it contains. There are no fewer than ten portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, including the famous 'Tragic Muse'; ten by Gainsborough, including 'The Blue Boy,' reputed to have cost Mr. Huntington the sum of £200,000; eleven by Romney, four by Lawrence, two by Raeburn, and thirty-eight miniatures by Richard Cosway. The housing of these treasures has been the subject of the same scrupulous care and attention as we had seen at Washington, and with the Frick and Bache collections in New York. When Mr. Huntington removed his collection from New York to the Californian coast, there was much criticism, both in England and America. But the fact that 1,250,000 people visited the library and art gallery during the first ten years was ample proof that Mr. Huntington's confidence in the intellectual future of the West was not to be doubted.

There is a kind of dog-in-the-manger attitude about certain Englishmen who resent the way Americans come and buy our books and pictures so that they can be placed in public libraries and galleries in the United States. They are usually the kind of people who live within a ten-minute

bus ride of the National Gallery or the British Museum but have never set foot inside either of those formidable if excellent institutions. The same dog-in-the-manger attitude showed itself a few years ago, when Americans who had a preference for an older architecture than their own came to our shores and took home with them those of our ancient buildings which we were far too lazy or selfish to save from complete collapse. And yet not a voice is raised in protest when an enlightened town council proposes to remove a Queen Anne or Georgian house to make way for an 'improvement scheme.' It would be an excellent thing if some of these dog-in-the-manger-minded Englishmen, instead of making their annual excursions to Bognor and Littlehampton, undertook one of the less expensive trips to the United States and saw things for themselves. They would find out quite a lot of things which they have read about but, owing to the peculiar thickness of their skulls, have not been able to grasp. They would discover that the average American is not a kind of cross between Al Capone and the Missing Link, perpetually chewing a rank cigar and sizing up the world through a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. The best types of Americans are not given to either of these picturesque vices. Our friends would also learn something about the enthusiasm (amounting in some cases almost to a mania) which the average American has for his home town, whether it is Washington, D.C., or Tucuman, N.M. If it did not awaken a similar enthusiasm when our friends returned to England it would surely convince them that those bits of old England, whether they are houses, books, or pictures, which have found their way to America, are in good keeping . . . and, in the present state of things, are likely to survive much longer than if they remained in Europe.

CHAPTER EIGHT

GET HIM, G-MEN

WE MUST NOW TURN FROM THE ABSORBING SUBJECT OF FIRST editions and the American millionaires who acquire them to another and even more engrossing topic, the nature of which I have indicated in the heading to this chapter. A few years ago I had the unusual privilege of peering into a dark and cavernous basement, not far from the House of Commons, which is known to every London policeman as the 'Black Museum.' Before I was admitted to those sacred precincts I had to produce an authority signed by no less a person than the Home Secretary, as well as Lord Trenchard, and a number of other exceedingly important personages. I also had to sign a declaration that I would in no way divulge what I saw in the Black Museum, a promise that I have had no difficulty in keeping because what little I could see in that ill-lit and forbidding chamber happened to be of an extremely dull and far from gruesome character. The very name Black Museum suggested, to my pulp-magazine mind, blood-stained revolvers, slices of human flesh, and Crippen's mummified body. But the only grim things I could find out about Scotland Yard were that the site had been intended for an Opera House, and the granite of which it was built was cut by convicts on Dartmoor.

I forgot all about the Black Museum from the moment I emerged into the spring sunshine of Parliament Street until the morning after our visit to the Folger Library, when I found myself in a taxi which was conveying me with all possible speed to the Department of Justice Building, to keep the appointment with Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's deputy. I was wondering how America's Scotland Yard would compare with our own, and whether there would be a Black

Museum, and if so would it be necessary for me to go across to the White House to get President Roosevelt to sign a card of admittance. From my own scanty recollection of American crimes there should be, I calculated, sufficient exhibits to fill the Capitol itself.

My hopes reached a high level, when, a few minutes later, I was ushered into an ante-room on the 5th floor of the gleaming white building which houses America's complicated machinery for stamping out crime. In an exhibition case near to the door leading to Mr. Hoover's office the lifeless sockets of a white plaster head stared up at me. On closer inspection, it proved to be the death-mask of no less a person than John Dillinger, former Public Enemy No. One. My thoughts quickly flashed back to the memorable night when that master-crook was shot down by a rain of bullets as he left a cinema in Chicago. So far, so good. Grouped around the mask were other lurid souvenirs of that spectacular killing. The straw hat he was wearing at the time, the silver-rimmed glasses which he wore to heighten his disguise, the Corona cigar which was in his shirt pocket, still in its cellophane wrapping, a soiled snapshot of a pretty girl which was in his trousers pocket . . . everything was there under the glass case, near to the Director's door. There were other eloquent testimonies to the daring and skill of Mr. Hoover and his G-Men, in cases distributed around the room. A black hood and a part of a rope were those used for hanging a murderer named Carl Panzram. A red wig once adorned the head of a public enemy called Woolridge, but the G-Men spotted the disguise. A whole array of deadly weapons from Browning automatic rifles to machine-guns, revolvers, and knives taken from desperate criminals after thrilling hunts across the continent were silent witnesses of the courage of Federal Agents in every state of the Union.

I looked in vain for a photograph of the Director himself, because it is one of those picturesque little weaknesses of the great that they like to afford their visitors a pleasant half-hour in the ante-room studying informal snapshots of themselves taken in unsuspected moments, chatting perhaps with the ex-Kaiser or playing golf with the Duke of Windsor,

or even kissing the hand of the late Queen Marie of Roumania. But Mr. Hoover does not like to be photographed, even 'at the kill.' I gathered this fact from the stalwart lieutenant who presently made himself known to me with a bone-crushing handshake, and expressed once more the Director's regret that he could not welcome me in person. I gathered a number of other interesting facts about Mr. Hoover before the end of that morning, but these can wait until we have completed our tour of the Bureau.

The temptation to open the door of the Director's sanctum proved so strong that my guide, well schooled in the art of reading the thoughts of Mr. Hoover's visitors, anticipated my wish and motioned me forward. I have never had the uncomfortable honour of being summoned before Mussolini, but I have heard of the great distance (varying from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile) which has to be traversed from the door of his study to the desk, behind which the Duce stands, jaw outthrust and hands on hips, as the trembling visitor approaches across the marble floor. Mr. Hoover has considerably provided a red carpet in his den, but there is a walk of thirty-five feet from the door to the desk, on either side of which are two tall brass standards, capped with eagles with the stars and stripes beneath. At this desk, I learned, Mr. Hoover is known to remain for stretches of thirty-six hours, directing by telephone the movements of his agents scattered over an area of several thousand square miles.

Leaving the holy of holies, my guide led the way through a series of rooms, each of which was given over to trophies of the chase and large charts and diagrams which revealed with little winking lights and arrows the subtle methods employed by G-Men to trail down such notorious law-breakers as Baby Face Nelson, Machine-Gun Kelly, and Ma Barker, the she-wolf who taught her own foul brood to murder and died herself with a machine-gun clutched in her withered hands. It all looks so simple, and the tale is unfolded with such a fine sense of the dramatic, that one is left to wonder how any crook was crazy enough to think that he could evade the clutches of Mr. Hoover and his 600 G-Men. Even Hauptmann, the kidnapper of the Lindbergh

baby, thought he could outwit the Federal Agents by pointing out at his trial that he was a skilled carpenter and the crudely constructed ladder which was used for the kidnapping could only have been made by an amateur. Our G-Man guide, holding a miniature reproduction of the actual ladder, points out that although it was crudely made, it was contrived by an ingenious craftsman who made it in three pieces so that it was collapsible. There are statistics too in plenty, which bring home to the astonished visitor all too clearly the magnitude of the crime business in the United States. A murder takes place every forty-five minutes, a major crime is committed every twenty seconds, crime costs every American £24 a year. There are 3,500,000 active criminals in the United States, and a third of the crimes committed in America are put down to young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four. And then the guide calmly explains that Edgar Hoover has got the job well in hand, and that out of every hundred cases taken to court the G-Men obtain 95.6 convictions, whereas the police departments average only 35 per cent.

In the laboratory we saw experts in white overalls poring through microscopes as they examined bloodstained pieces of clothing and tiny wisps of human hair. No matter how thoroughly a piece of cloth has been washed and cleaned the tell-tale evidence of human blood reveals itself when certain chemicals are applied. A single hair is sufficient for the experts to place a murderer in the electric chair. Even a decomposed human face which has long since become unrecognizable can, with the aid of plastic surgery, be restored sufficiently to place identity beyond any doubt. Many a gruesome chapter of crime history could be written around the subject of plastic surgery. There was the case of Alvin Karpis, one of whose many aliases was 'Old Creepy.' He was a protégé of Ma Barker, and his record included fifteen bank robberies, three kidnappings, and complicity in a score of murders. In a desperate effort to evade the net which was slowly closing in upon him, Karpis consulted a plastic surgeon. Ugly gashes were carved in his temples and false lobes were added to his ears. The tips of his fingers were shaved down so as to remove the tell-tale

patterns. For months he suffered unspeakable agony, and he was unable to eat or dress without help. Like 'Machine-Gun' Kelly, he had sworn that he would not be taken alive. The G-Men were equally determined that it should be a bloodless victory. It was Edgar Hoover himself who led the party which put an end to Old Creepy's activities. He was sentenced to spend the rest of his days at Alcatraz.

The finger-print department of the F.B.I. is the star attraction of the G-Men's headquarters. Here the high-pressure crime-prevention salesmen invite the parties that are daily shepherded around the building to emulate the example of Colonel Lindberg and other famous citizens in having their finger-prints recorded and placed in a special file. It is neatly explained, of course, that this is only a little formality, in which the public can be of great assistance to the Bureau, and that these records are not placed in the criminal files. These files were contained in cabinets which occupied all the available space in a room over a hundred yards long. There are no less than ten million of these finger-prints, and seven thousand new ones arrive every day from all over America and some from Europe. An expert, we learned, can sort finger-prints into their different classifications in a few minutes, but it takes many months to learn the art of detecting the subtle lines and gradations which make no two person's finger-prints alike. I was shown an ingenious sorting machine which enables the Federal Agents in distant parts of America to send telephoto specimens of suspected finger-prints to Washington for comparison with those in the criminal files. In less than three minutes it is possible to ascertain whether it duplicates with any of the ten millions in the filing cabinets. If a duplicate is found, full particulars are wired to the Agent who has sent the inquiry, and these particulars include the many aliases under which certain criminals are known in the underworld.

My enthusiastic guide then led me to another room, furnished like the others, with rows of filing cabinets, but these contained a remarkable collection of 116,800 nicknames. Opening a drawer and turning over the cards at random, we read: Aggravating Papa, Am I Blue, Ant

Eater, Big Lip Louie, Charlie Kick The Door In, Clothes Line Slim, Diphtheria Jack, Human Pin Cushion, Painless Paul, Smoke Stack Joe, Tickle Breeches, Belching Blanche, Bowlegged Bessie, Cigar Kate, Iron Foot Florence, Lots O Mamma, Minnie the Moucher, and Shoe String Mary. There were other files which contained photographs of known and suspected criminals, constituting the most representative Rogues' Gallery in the world. Another, known as the Morgue, gave an index of those who had paid the penalty, either in the electric chair or with the help of a bullet from a G-Man's gun. Mr. Hoover takes an especial pride in what are known as the *modus operandi* files. They have a similar set of files at Scotland Yard. A careful record is kept of the special technique in law-breaking employed by particular gangs and gangsters. Working on the assumption that crooks rarely alter or vary their tactics, a small clue may reveal the personality or unusual technique of the criminal, and the *modus operandi* files narrow down the hunt to two or three suspected characters.

You may wonder, as I did, how Mr. Hoover has built up this astonishing machine, which has now reached such a pitch of perfection . . . as I hope I have made clear . . . that it is easier for a camel to pass through the proverbial needle's eye than for a gangster to escape the clutches of the G-Man. I think I saw the answer in a photograph of Mr. Hoover which was hanging in the office of my detective guide. It showed a rather bulky man in the early forties with that penetrating look about the eyes which is called 'dynamic.' Those eyes had the cold, piercing quality of steel, and the mouth and chin were firm and determined, suggesting immense drive and energy. They say that when he is aroused his voice cracks like a teamster's whip, and I can well believe it.

John Edgar Hoover was only twenty-nine when he was appointed to his present position, and the old hands promptly christened him the 'Boy Scout.' As a high-school pupil he sang in the choir and taught a Sunday school class at the local Presbyterian church. In those days he was so small that the football coach rejected him on sight, and when he joined the cadet corps he was placed in the rear rank of a

squad made up of the smallest cadets. At twenty-two he took his law degree and became a junior clerk in the Department of Justice at a salary of £240 a year. Seven years later President Coolidge appointed him Director. The 'Boy Scout' lost no time in bringing his Big Axe into action. At that time the administration of the Bureau had sunk so low that quite a few special agents were ex-convicts and characters known to the police, one of them having served time for murder. One of Hoover's first steps was to insist that special agents should have some form of legal training before they could qualify for the post. To-day 66 per cent have had this training, but when Hoover took over the figure was 16.5 per cent. Hoover knew very well that in America it is one thing to make an arrest and it is quite another to obtain a conviction.

In those early days the Special Agent was purely an investigator, with no power to arrest or authority to carry fire-arms. When he had located his quarry he was expected to inform the police or the local authorities. This frequently led to jealousy and delays, and by jumping the fence from one State to another the gangster could cock a snook at his pursuers. The new Director took stock of the situation, realizing that crime was being put on a business basis, and formulated a plan that would prepare his department for the time, not far distant, when he would be called upon to strike. His first step, after the clean-up, was to establish the finger-print department. Hitherto there was no centralized repository where the police or special agents could consult criminal records or compare finger-prints, and much time was wasted in fruitless searches through the files of a dozen different states. The new department changed all that. Hoover next turned his attention to science and chemistry, and gathered knowledge of X-rays and chemical dyes for his crime laboratory. The present Technical Laboratory, as it is called, is the outcome of those far off days, when Hoover, with little money to spend, burnt the midnight oil in a dingy room in the old Department of Justice, with one assistant and a few test tubes. Hoover also insisted that his officers should be in the pink of physical condition, and the G-Men teams soon became famous in every branch of sport.

Each one is required to take forty-five minutes' exercise a day in the well-equipped gymnasium on the roof of the Bureau, and the Director himself counteracts the effects of long hours at his desk by daily rides on the electric horse, lifting weights and swinging on parallel bars.

All was going well, quietly behind the scenes of the Division of Investigation, until one fine morning in March, 1932, when the American public was flabbergasted to read that Colonel Lindbergh's baby son had been kidnapped. Colonel Lindbergh was the American Prince of Wales, and the passing of the years has not dimmed his popularity. An outraged public demanded immediate and drastic action. President Hoover's administration passed the Lindbergh Law, making 'snatching' a Federal offence. Another statute applied to the sending of a ransom demand or kidnapping threat through the post. The extent to which this particular form of crime had grown was revealed by the Police Chief of St. Louis, who informed the authorities that two hundred and eighty-two kidnappings had been reported in the previous year. In spite of the new laws the Federal Agent was still handicapped by being forbidden the power of arrest, and in the case of kidnapping he could only participate in the hunt if the victim had been moved from one State to another. More often than not the odds were further loaded against him when he came face to face with his quarry who levelled a machine-gun at his unarmed pursuer. Much more was needed before Hoover could prove that his G-Men were a match for these roving hordes of bank robbers, murderers, and kidnappers.

With the coming of President Roosevelt's administration into office, the post of Attorney General was filled by a man who saw things very much in the same light as the young Director of the F.B.I. His name was Homer Cummings and, realizing the gravity of the crime situation, he made it his business to collect all the available statistics of law-breaking in every shape and form. Hoover was able to supply most of the information he required. With all the facts and figures before him . . . it must have been an appalling array too . . . the Attorney General privately drafted laws in readiness for the moment, not far distant, when congress

would demand action. Those new laws were designed to give Hoover the opportunities for which he had been waiting and preparing. In the meantime the orgy of bank robberies and wholesale shootings grew to alarming proportions. On every street corner small boys played at rival bands of gangsters. Hollywood, which had discovered the box-office appeal of crime pictures as early as 1903, produced no fewer than fifty gangster pictures in 1931. The hero, usually played by Edward G. Robinson or James Cagney, was always, of course, the gangster.

The public, impatient at the delay in solving the Lindbergh mystery, clamoured for measures that would put a stop to this reign of banditry and bloodshed. Hoover knew, and Homer Cummings knew, that all that was needed now was a spark . . . another Lindbergh incident . . . to set the public temper ablaze and Congress would be compelled to act. The spark came in June, 1933, when the newspapers announced that three policemen and a special agent had been mown down by gangsters' machine-guns in Kansas City. Congress turned to the Attorney-General. The Attorney-General unlocked a drawer in his desk and invited his colleagues to study the sheaf of bills that he had drafted. They contained measures that would empower Edgar Hoover and his special agents to make arrests and to carry fire-arms. The penalty for kidnapping would be the electric chair, and bank hold-ups, 'jumping the fence' to escape State laws and transporting stolen property across the State borders became Federal offences punishable with long terms of imprisonment. In short, it meant that Hoover and his squad of picked detectives would become man-hunters with power to shoot, and if necessary to shoot to kill. Congress passed the new laws within a matter of months. Hoover called a conference of his chiefs and prepared a plan. A new department was opened, which included a shooting-range where Federal Agents learned the use of every deadly weapon known to gangsters. Outside Washington a 'raiding field' was established where G-Men were trained in surrounding gangster lairs and in overtaking speeding cars. Crime detection, like crime itself, was at last being put on a business basis.

Within the first twelve months of the new order of things, Hoover had accounted for three of the most dangerous public enemies, John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, and Baby Face Nelson. The last-named fought desperately to evade capture, shooting down three of Hoover's best men in cold blood. His nude and shot-riddled body was found outside a cemetery near Chicago. Machine-Gun Kelly, whose wife used to hand round empty cartridge-cases from her husband's machine-gun for her friends to keep as souvenirs, was taken in his Memphis hideout by surprise and has now gone on a long visit to Alcatraz. His chief claim to fame lies in the remark he made when the Federal Agents burst into his room: 'Don't shoot, G-Men.' It was the first time the civilized world heard the expression, which is the underworld abbreviation for Government men. The name has stuck ever since.

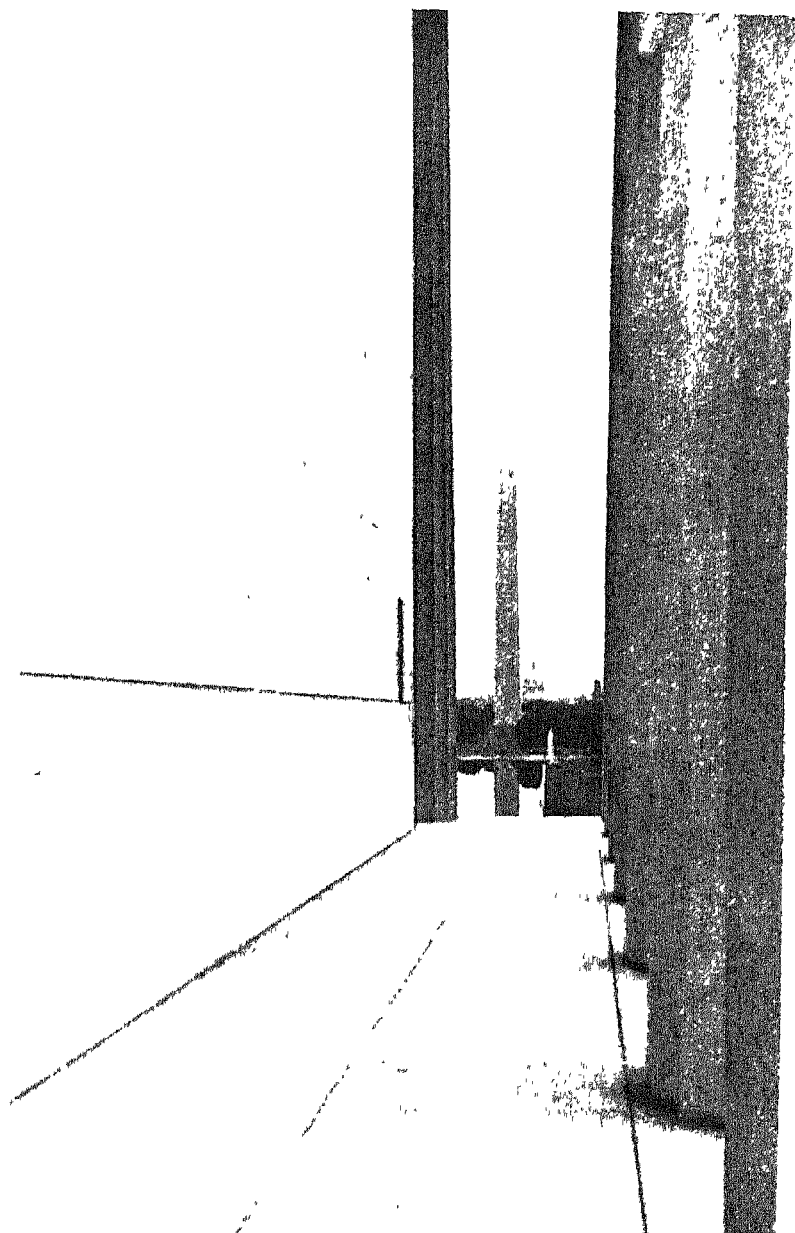
Early in 1935 the G-Men made their most important capture, that of Ma Barker and her son Fred. This old witch was, in many ways, the most sinister and powerful figure that the G-Men had to tackle. Of her four sons, one was a mail-robber, another a hold-up man, and the other two were kidnappers and wholesale murderers. An arch-criminal herself, her home became open house for every kind of vicious character who sought protection from the law and the wicked counsel she so liberally dispensed. Barely able to read or write, there was no angle of the subject of crime with which she was unacquainted. At one minute she would be directing the activities of her gang, calmly ordering the murder of someone who had recently enjoyed her hospitality, and the next she would be humming a familiar hymn tune. So great was her cunning that she was not once arrested in spite of the fact that she was mixed up in scores of crimes.

The final scene surpassed anything in the world of Sexton Blake or Sherlock Holmes. Ma had established herself in an expensively furnished house on the shores of Lake Weir, Florida, where she had planned to end her days in luxury . . . and in peace. Of her four sons, Dock had gone to Alcatraz for life, Lloyd was in Leavenworth Penitentiary, and Herman died in a shooting affair in Kansas. Only

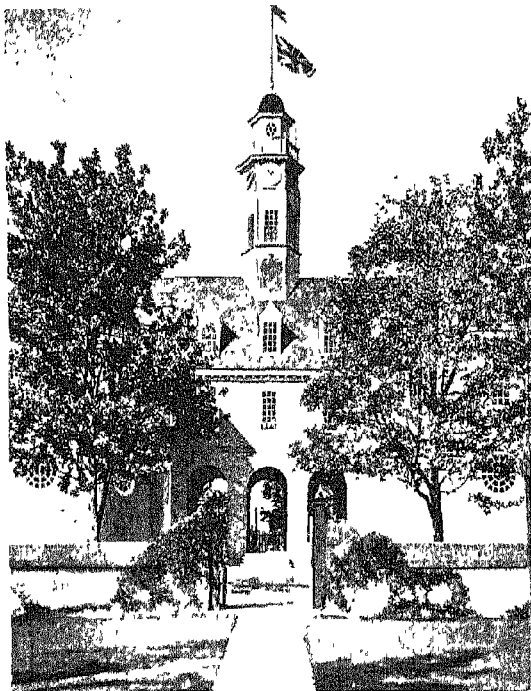
Fred was left to console his mother's declining years. Here, at last, Ma felt she had found the ideal hide-out, but Fred still spent a good deal of his time listening anxiously for police broadcasts to warn them of approaching danger. Then, early one morning with the dew still wet on the grass, thirteen officers of the Special Squad surrounded the big white house, set back comfortably amongst a clump of tall palm trees. A voice called out: 'Freddie! Ma Barker! We are Federal Officers of the United States Department of Justice. We want you to come out one at a time. If you refuse we will have to use tear gas to force you out!'

For answer Ma Barker let fire a hail of machine-gun bullets which she directed herself from an upstairs window. Freddie opened fire with a rifle from a window downstairs. A battle royal ensued, awakening the peaceful neighbourhood to a stern reality of the type of woman who had so recently settled in their midst. At first the G-Men made no attempt to hit their mark, hoping that lack of ammunition would compel the she-wolf and her son to surrender. But the bursts of flame and rat-tat-tat of the machine-gun continued. Ma Barker was not the kind of woman to surrender to any G-Man, although, of course, she would have put it more expressively than that. Then the Federal Agents resorted to marksmanship and directed their fire to those points where they calculated Ma Barker and Freddie were concealing themselves. Presently the firing from the house ceased. There were still no signs of surrender. Tear gas was sent through the windows, and after a further silence the G-Men entered the house and cautiously made their way upstairs. Freddie Barker, with his gun clutched in his hands, lay dead on a bedroom floor. Ma Barker, a warrior to the last, lay with a machine-gun across her body, a bullet wound through her heart. In her pocket-book the G-Men found £2000 in notes. Concealed about the house they also found two machine-guns with hundred-shot drums, two shot guns, three automatic pistols, quantities of ammunition, a rifle, and five bullet-proof vests.

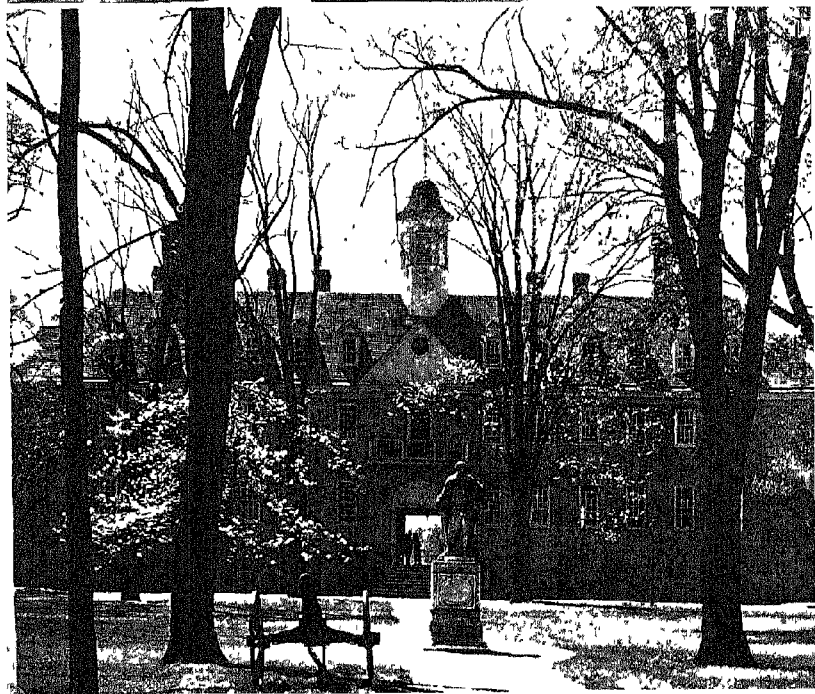
The Ma Barker story caught the public imagination as no other G-Man triumph had, before or since. The psychological effect upon the American mind was startling, even



The Washington Monument and the dome of the Capitol from the Lincoln Memorial at Washington.



The 'Great Union' flies
above the restored
Capitol at Williamsburg



The College of William
and Mary, designed by
Sir Christopher Wren.

to Edgar Hoover himself. Hollywood, which had hitherto glorified the gangster in such films as *Little Caesar*, *Scarface*, and *Public Enemy*, suddenly came out on the side of law and order in *Dead End* and Dewey-inspired *Racket Buster*. The revolvers and machine-guns were still there, but the hand that pulled the trigger belonged to a G-Man or District-Attorney. Boys on street corners, supporting the theory that children's minds are moulded by the movies, began to play at G-Men pursuing Al Capones and Dillingers. Newspapers and magazines took up the crusade with characteristic American vigour and enterprise. Editors offered Hoover four figure sums for short propaganda articles. The builder of a popular motor car offered him £10,000 to give a weekly talk for six months on the radio. A cigarette manufacturer waved a cheque for £500 in front of him for the use of his name. In spite of his modest salary of £2000 a year (Sir Philip Game receives £3000 a year) the Director refused to commercialize his work or position. He has turned down posts commanding three times his present salary.

'My only ambition,' he says, 'is to feel when I am through that I have made some small contribution to law enforcement.'

CHAPTER NINE

A SPOT OF N.O.

OUR ARRIVAL IN LOUISIANA WAS HERALDED BY THE NEW Orleans *Item* (Orleans is pronounced Or-leens) with a double-column announcement: TWO BRITISH PUBLISHERS POP IN FOR A SPOT OF N.O. The sub-heading stated that 'Noted British Pair Talk World Politics, England's Position.' A photograph across the centre of the page showed the noted pair *en déshabillé*, taken at 7 a.m. on the morning of their arrival, while sandwiched into a neighbouring column the latest news of Europe was summed up in the heading 'Czechs and Nazis at War.' The rival and centenarian *Times-Picayune* (a picayune is a small silver coin now out of currency, valued at six cents and usually to be seen dangling from the watch-chains of local Big Bosses) contented itself with a more restrained half column headed: 'Praise American Newspapers as Most Accurate.' The adjective we had used, of course, was 'enterprising' not 'accurate.' The American reporter, strange as it may sound, never uses shorthand. To an English reporter this is a little bewildering. The American theory is that a reporter should not waste pencils and note-paper taking down verbatim accounts of speeches and interviews, unless they happen to be of a particularly dull official character. His news instinct should teach him to sort out the wheat from the chaff and to carry in his head the 'high-spots' which make entertaining reading. The idea is an excellent one providing that the reporter has a good memory and a poor imagination. The reverse being usually the case, the interviewee opens his next morning's newspapers to find quite alarming statements attributed to him. The seasoned traveller, however, takes this kind of thing in his stride . . . and hopes for the best.

The *Item* account of our arrival is fairly typical of the American interview. 'A nephew of the celebrated Lord Northcliffe,' wrote Harnett T. Kane, 'received the Press in shirt, pants, suspenders, and tousled hair, and his younger brother Geoffrey . . . who is something of a card . . . did the honours in shorts and bath-robe.' I am not quite sure of the American definition of the term 'something of a card,' but I think it is an inquiry we had better not pursue. The resourceful Mr. Kane had also noted in the Hotel Roosevelt register that our party included one W. Jones, of Moretonhampstead, Devon, who sustained the difficult roles of Lord High Trouser Presser, Keeper (and once the Loser) of the Tickets, and Payer of the Bills, with considerable distinction throughout our hurried American tour. The arrival of Mr. Jones was accordingly given due prominence on Page One. Let me present the scene in Mr. Kane's own words :

" 'Jones,' called Sir Harold, 'bring us something to drink for our picture.' And when Jones appeared, he came with a tray, as a proper valet should, but with glasses of water on it. 'Ho, ho,' cried Sir Harold, 'don't let on what it really is !' " 'Paint the picture so it will look like rye whiskey,' urged Geoffrey."

And having received the Press in our pants, and painted the iced water to look like Mount Vernon Brand Straight Rye Whiskey (or, if you prefer the label, Old Grand-Dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon), let us indulge in 'a spot' of what our friend calls 'N.O.' It will have to be rather a hurried spot because Jones will be packing our bags for Houston in less than thirty-six hours. Looking in my diary (which had been kept with scrupulous honesty for the first ten days of our trip but had now dwindled to a word or two a day) I find, against the entry New Orleans, three words in the following order, Conditioned Air, Cemeteries, and Rassling. You will note that there is no reference to the Mississippi River, which, apart from the fact that it is 2500 miles long and there was a time, in the days of Alexander's Rag-Time Band, when everybody whistled about it, I found to be an extremely dull and depressing expanse of

water. My acquaintance with it, of course, was so slight that I am hardly entitled to any opinion about it at all.

It was the heat, no doubt, and the determination of our friends that not one minute of our thirty-six hours should be wasted, that made me feel like that. And that is why I wrote, in block letters, the words Conditioned Air in my diary. It is inconceivable to me how people existed at all in New Orleans in the days when there was no such thing as Conditioned Air. I have been in places where the temperature rises far higher than at New Orleans and I have no particular desire to return there. But at New Orleans (which for convenience sake we will, from now on, refer to as N.O.) the heat has a clinging, oppressive quality which makes any form of movement unbearable between the hours of midday and sunset. 'The beauty of Conditioned Air . . . you must excuse me if I am beginning to allow the high-pressure salesman manner to creep into these pages . . . the beauty of Conditioned Air is that it provides an even temperature day and night. It also ensures clean fresh air. The electric fan, which has long since become *démodé* in every American home, not only churns up stale used-up air but keeps up a monotonous drone like an impending air attack, making all thought of sleep impossible.

By 9 a.m. the thermometer in my 7th floor bedroom registered 70 degrees. But long before that hour N.O. was astir. Looking out of my window at 7.30 a.m. (having succeeded in getting only warm water out of the cold shower tap) I saw a wedding group arrive at the Roman Catholic Church opposite. 'To add to the agony of being married before breakfast the bride and her father were obliged to stand in the middle of the pavement for nearly ten minutes while the procession formed up inside. From 8 a.m. till 1 p.m. a large section of the 600,000 population of N.O. (60 per cent of whom are Roman Catholics) take their morning promenade along Canal Street, which claims to be the widest business street in the world. The Fall sales were in full swing at the time of our visit, and with the change given after paying for our bargains we were puzzled to find little tin coins with a hole punched in the middle. The wily Mr. Huey Long devised these tokens as

a means of raising his Public Welfare Tax, whereby on every purchase to the value of five shillings the public pays a halfpenny. The idea worked out so well that Mr. Huey Long was rewarded for his efforts, as you will remember, by being 'bumped off'

At 1 p.m. the thermometer registered 96 degrees, and by that time we had come to the conclusion that Canal Street was very much like Main Street in any other American city of its size, with its drug stores, used-car depots, auction rooms (Former Prices Disregarded: Everything Must Be Sold), Anniversary sales (Shop at Sears and Save), peanut machines, cafeterias, and here and there, above the sidewalks and sandwiched between the more modern buildings, the old wrought-iron balconies which have a nineteenth-century character all their own. On the corner of every block the newsboys were shouting 'War,' but nobody seemed to worry about that. We had talked to London a few hours earlier and the news had been a little more reassuring. Returning to the Roosevelt we planned to spend a quiet afternoon taking stock of the situation, debating whether we should catch the next boat home or leave things to fate and keep to our schedule. It was, of course, presumptuous of us to think that we could spend a quiet afternoon in a city the size of N.O. or, for that matter, in any other American city, great or small.

I have already referred to the enthusiasm of every American for his home town. That enthusiasm was more apparent at N.O. than in any other city we visited in the whole of our six-weeks' tour. But here it had a certain ghoulish flavour which, as we shall see, was summed up in that one word, 'Cemeteries,' in my diary. We had barely had time to swallow half a dozen of the local oysters and a gin fizz descended from those concocted fifty years ago by one Henry C. Ramos, described as 'the master mixologist of his time,' when a gentleman in a white drill suit presented himself. Before we had caught his name or the nature of his business we found ourselves being pushed into a sleek black roadster. In England this would have been an alarming experience. In America one takes it as a matter of course. Having exchanged names, we proceeded to make a

number of calls, our guide commenting on the 'high spots' of N.O. as we hustled from office to office. 'We're building a twenty-five million dollar hospital here, and it will accommodate two thousand patients. This is our cathedral built in 1794. There are some lovely old paintings on the ceiling. The little old building with a balcony is a negro convent. It used to be a notorious dance hall. That's the new *Times-Picayune* building. When it's finished it will be the finest newspaper office in America. Yes, *Sir* !'

We stopped at the bank to shake hands with the manager. He presided behind a glass screen and appeared to be in the habit of receiving unexpected visits of this kind. We called at the newspaper offices and shook hands with publishers, editors, sub-editors, art editors, camera men, and had our photographs taken sitting at the editor's table ('N.O. *States* gets Knighted City Editor'), examining cameras ('Publishers Debate Lens Merits'), and looking rather sheepishly at an extremely dishevelled-looking bust of George Washington. It was all good fun, of course, and not the least entertaining part of it was the collection of names we acquired during the afternoon, 'Sir Henry, Sir Charles, Mr. Northcliffe, Mr. Geffray of London,' and even 'Lord Harmst.'

The *pièce de résistance* of our tour, however, was reserved for the last. Heading for what is known as the Latin Quarter, we pulled up at a desolate spot, near the edge of the city, which looked as if it had been designed as a setting for a particularly gruesome murder. This, our guide proudly pointed out, was the old French Cemetery, long since dis-used. The ground being below the level of the river, the stone vaults, some of them twenty feet high, have cracked and broken open, the taller ones leaning at alarming angles, as if the dead themselves had rebelled and pushed their earthly prison aside. A wizened little man, whose appearance was in perfect keeping with his grisly surroundings, gloatingly showed us the interior of vaults which were crammed from end to end with human bones, punctuating his remarks about the departed with wisecracks that showed he was a regular reader of the works of Mr. Walt Winchell. Handing him a pocketful of Mr. Huey Long's tokens (which

would be no good to us in any other part of America), we suggested to our host that perhaps it would be as well to return to the Roosevelt, as there was much packing, etc., to be done in readiness for our next journey. Actually, we felt rather like swallowing half a dozen of the master mixologists' gin fizzes in quick succession to counteract the effect of seeing so many human remains. But no, we could not leave New Orleans without seeing the 'most beautiful thing of its kind in America,' and wondering very much whether we were going to see a chromium-plated cathedral or a statue of Mae West in ice cream, we set out on a drive which took us farther and farther from the cluster of tall business buildings at the top of Canal Street. Before we reached our destination we had to slow down to ten miles an hour and found ourselves bringing up the rear of a funeral procession. This is a depressing enough experience at any time, but when we overtook the long line of cars we noticed that the mourners themselves apparently regarded the occasion as one of rejoicing, a pleasant afternoon's run out of town, the women decked in flowery frocks and the men in their shirt-sleeves and straw hats. A few miles farther on our driver slowed down a second time so that no aspect of the 'most beautiful thing of its kind in America' should be missed or overlooked.

It was a huge cemetery. It was more than that because here the sheep were already sorted from the goats and special sections were set aside for different trades and professions, one part for firemen, another for policemen, freemasons, and so on. No doubt the idea is a good one, and is intended to save St. Peter a great deal of trouble on the other side. In every direction long ghostly avenues with their tall white sentinels stretched to the horizon, and judging by the number of cars we encountered the people of New Orleans take a morbid delight in lingering for long hours in this forest of broken pillars and drooping angels. It is a side of the American character, not peculiar to New Orleans alone, which we will have further occasion to consider when we reach Los Angeles and visit the famous Forest Lawn Cemetery. But before we leave N.O. I have one more scene to endeavour to recapture for you, again not because it is

characteristic of that city alone, but because it represents a very profitable industry, known in America as 'Rassling.' In England it is called 'All-in Wrestling.'

At a comparatively small stadium (though larger than either the Ring or Lane's Club, in London) on the outskirts of N.O., some four thousand fans are gathered around the brilliantly-lit arena, and the atmosphere is so thick with the smoke of cheap, home-grown cigars, that you could cut it with a knife. There are as many women present as there are men, but they are of a more homely variety than those usually seen at boxing and wrestling matches in England. They are out with the family for an evening's enjoyment, the finer points of the business being explained to them by Junior, who, in the intervals of cheering his hero on to victory, chews Wrigley's spearmint and sucks Coca-Cola incessantly through a cellophane straw.

Before the preliminary bouts and during the intervals an amplifier blares out familiar and rather faded tunes, dimly recognizable through a series of cracklings, fade-outs, and sudden increases of volume. The music, if I may be forgiven for calling it that, stops abruptly, and two antagonists, short and stocky, with singularly unintelligent faces, scramble through the ropes into their respective corners. Nobody appears to be much interested in the first bout, for the simple reason that the showman behind the scenes has carefully studied the art of working up his audience so that the main attraction, usually with an unsatisfactory conclusion, a foul or a scene with the referee, comes near to the end of the programme. There is nothing spectacular, no gouging, strangling, or throwing the other fellow on his head, in this first bout. The names of the rasslers themselves are not known to the audience unless they bother to look at their programmes. They are waiting for one, perhaps two, thrilling encounters later in the programme, between fellows with big names who draw the crowd. For sheer skill this first bout is probably the best on the programme, but the fans want something more than science for their money. Things start to warm up in the second bout and after the first two falls one of the rasslers gets dirty. The crowd, hitherto quiet and orderly, begins to whistle and shout.

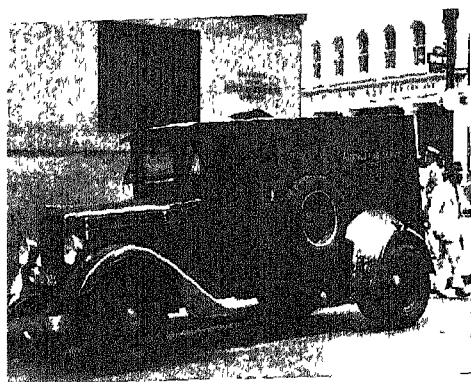


In the city and in the country you can't escape the hoardings.

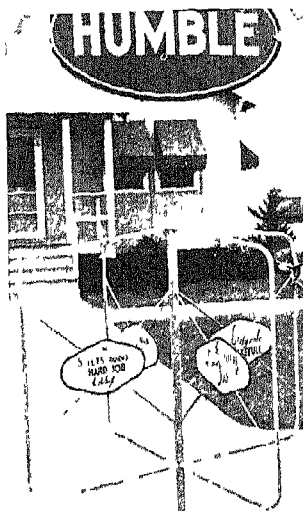




Canal Street, New Orleans.



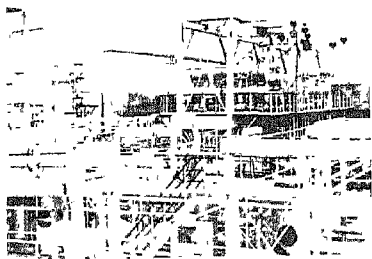
Armoured Car Service
at New Orleans.



Canal Street, New Orleans

An office of the
Humble Oil Co.
near Houston,
Texas.



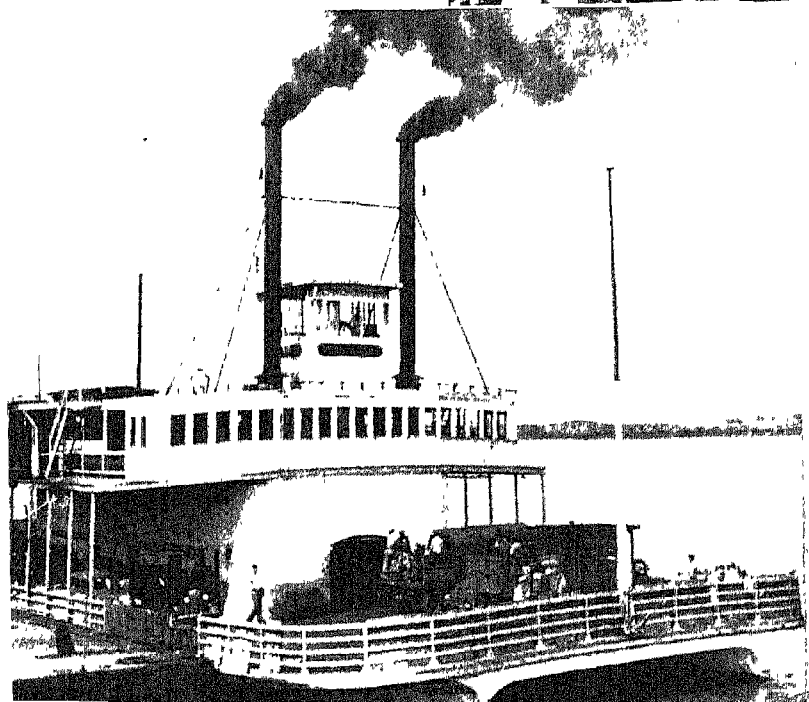
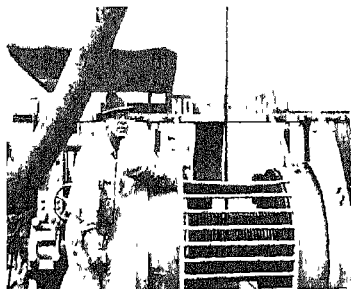


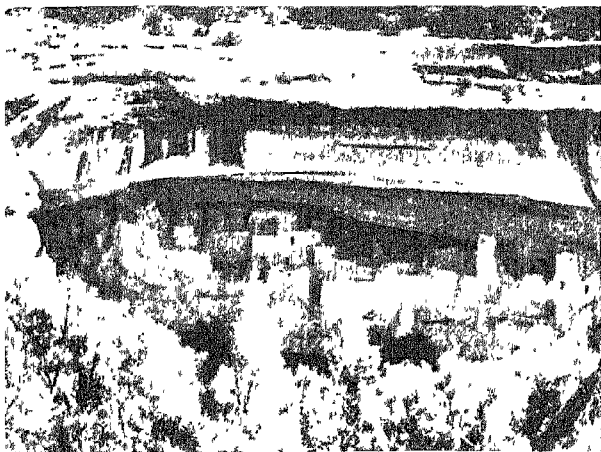
The refineries of the Humble Oil Co. near Houston, Texas.

An oil-well near Houston, Texas.

A SPOT OF N.O.

A ferry-boat on the Mississippi at
New Orleans.





The Cliff Palace at Mesa Verde dates back to A D. 1073.



Panda-worship at Chicago
takes place at the cage of
Mei-Mei.

Pueblo Indian women and children at Santa Fé.



Some of the comments are witty, all of them are sarcastic. 'Break it off.' . . . 'Does it hurt, dear?' . . . 'You big bully.' . . . 'Pull his hair.' But the bell rings before the fans have got properly into their stride, and the announcement of a draw is a signal for *prolonged boos, cat-calls and whistling* from the cheaper seats at the back.

The third bout has all the ingredients that the crowd like. A big bruiser, with the features and hairy chest of a gorilla, faces up to the clean-cut and much more lightly-built college boy. This is the villain versus hero bout, or, in the language of rasslers, the 'heel versus sweetheart.' The sympathy of the crowd is immediately with the hero, and when the villain starts to wipe the floor with him, tossing him about the ring, choking him when the referee isn't looking, kicking him, pulling his hair and eventually throwing him through the ropes, the fans rise as a man yelling for the referee to intervene and stop this brutal business. This, of course, is the psychological moment for which the impresario, as well as the accomplished actors themselves, have been waiting. The timekeeper shouts 'Six more minutes !'

In the twinkling of an eye . . . an eye which looked like being gouged out only a minute ago . . . the hero releases himself from the ape-like embrace of the villain and, leaping through the air with the grace of a ballet dancer, applies the deadly flying head-scissors. The fans roar their approval. The villain, sweat pouring from his back, writhes in agony, cries, groans, and thumps the mat with his fists. 'Give him the woiks' . . . 'Kill him' . . . 'Save a bit for me' . . . 'He's pretending' . . . 'What would his Mom say' . . . the fans are getting their money's worth now. But the hero, whose tactics are always clean, gives the villain just enough of this special type of torture and no more. Releasing the hairy giant from the cruel head-scissors, he lopes round the ring like a hungry panther waiting to spring on his prey. The villain pretends to be scared and backs into a corner of the ring. This is a signal for a fresh outcry from the fans, some of whom stand up in their seats, but are quickly ordered to sit down by shouts from the back. Measuring his man, the hero prepares for the last mad three minutes . . . three minutes in which he must reduce the villain to

senseless pulp. The gorilla, knowing what is coming to him, and what is expected of him, takes his cue at the perfectly-timed psychological moment, and with murder in his eye charges across the ring, intent on crushing and breaking every bone in the hero's body. A gasp goes through the crowd as they see what is going to happen. The gasp is immediately swamped by a shriek of delight. The villain has misjudged his distance and, crashing through the ropes, lies in a huddled heap at the feet of the ringside patrons. The referee starts to count, slowly, 'one, two three' . . . the vast mass of flesh stirs . . . 'four, five,' the brute is now on his feet . . . 'six, seven' . . . with apelike movements, and snarling defiance at the crowd, he ambles round to the far corner of the ring . . . 'eight, nine' . . . he climbs slowly through the ropes . . . 'ten,' but not a tenth of a second before, he is extending those powerful arms to give the clean-looking kid a final gruelling before the curtain falls. But he is just a second too late. The flat, metallic clang of the bell announces the end of the bout. The referee pats the hero's back, indicating the winner. But there is more yet to come. The villain turns appealingly to the crowd with a look of injured innocence in his animal eyes. The fans yell their derision, and the referee pushes the villain to his corner.

This is the signal for the big bully to set about the referee, and a new bout has begun. The referee is ready for this, and knowing more about the rassling business than any of the actors themselves, quickly throws his man on the floor, and applies the short-arm lock, which is followed by the excruciating body-scissors round the kidneys. The fans are thrilled at this fresh exhibition of the triumph of right over wrong and yell their approval. 'Beat him up, the big cheese.' . . . 'Kick him in the guts.' . . . 'I'll give the blank something if he comes near me.' But the referee has given enough, and with a last cruel shudder releases the brute from the iron grip of the scissors. A second throws a dressing-gown with two garish initials emblazoned on the pocket across the mountainous back of the defeated giant. As he walks slowly up the aisle to the dressing-room the fans boo and hurl parting taunts at the fellow who has merely done what was expected of him, both by the impresario and the audience.

Back in the dressing-room villain and hero are just as good pals as when they entered the ring. And why should the villain worry, because it is he who gets the big money?

The referee, who has survived the ordeal without displacing a single glossy hair, calls for the fans' kind attention for one minute so that the promoter can announce that there will be a return bout next week. More yells . . . and then the interval for Coca-Cola and peanuts. Bout No. 4 is tamer and just as unscientific as anything that has gone before. This is a case of villain versus villain, and the fans don't mind who gets the worst, providing there is plenty of the dirty business. Sometimes the two tumble through the ropes and fall on the floor with a dull thud. One will then feign unconsciousness, an ambulance man rushes forward and the crowd registers horror. As the body is removed the remaining villain pretends to pick a grudge with a member of the audience, and a shout of fury nearly lifts the roof off the hall. A little man in spectacles raises a chair as if to hurl it at the bearded giant, but his friends quickly push him back into his seat.

The bout which winds up the programme is the battle of Big Names. They are splendid-sounding names, too, like Joe Smallinski, Ivan Rasputin, Dude Chick, Jumping Joe Savoldi, Maurice Zaranoff ('The Angel'), and a classy-sounding chap who calls himself Lord Lansdowne. The two Big Names make their entrance in gleaming silk dressing-gowns of peacock hue, and there are many picturesque little preliminaries before they get down to the business. For twenty minutes they indulge in an exhibition of devilish cunning, running through the whole repertoire of the rassling game, tying and untying themselves in impossible knots, but always keeping their speciality tackle for the last few minutes. The lesser name gains the first fall with his world-famous neck swivel, and the bigger name retaliates with his dreaded Irish whip and drop kick and thus the falls are equalized. The third and deciding fall goes usually to the Big Name, the winner butting his opponent into insensibility.

As a variation for the Big Name wind-up, the promoter will serve up a novel attraction such as a 'gang match' in which four rasslers do battle until only one is left in

the ring. To keep the crowd worked up all four rasslers will chase one another around the building, and, to show how deadly serious it all is the police are sent for to protect a member of the audience who has picked a personal quarrel with one of the team. Another gag is to introduce a rassler as 'The Masked Marvel.' This gentleman succeeds in beating all comers, and the story goes round that he is really Jack Dempsey in disguise. Actually he is an old hand at the game whose popularity is starting to wane, and behind a mask he stages a come-back.

In England they call the rassling business a 'carve up.' In America it is called 'phoney.' The management, to be on the safe side, call it an 'exhibition.' Whether it is faked or not the fans turn up week by week and follow the activities of hero and villain with the same zest as the average Englishman studies his football pools. The big fellows are said to earn as much as £200 a week. Even the unknowns at the bottom of the bill can earn £20 a week, working six nights a week, hero in one town, villain in the next. The successful rassler is not, of course, the man with a lot of science in his fist. It is the fellow with personality, who knows what the fans like and gives it to them, who makes the big money. If he knows how to rassle, but can't please the crowd, he must look for another job. And if that fails he has yet another way out . . . the kind of way out chosen by a rassler a day or two before we arrived at New Orleans. He jumped from a tenth-story window on to a concrete sidewalk. There were no fans present with blood-lust in their eyes, to yell and scream . . . and the bell that sounded was not the time-keeper's at the end of the bout, but the ambulance coming to collect the pieces.

BLACK ENERGY

AND NOW THERE IS THE SOUND OF ANOTHER BELL, A BELL that we shall listen to through the long hours of the day and in the darkness of the night, a bell with a placid, ageless note, and just a hint of sadness. To every American that bell, perched high up on the front of their immense engines, spells home. It is a sound that they hear in no other part of the world, and I for one cherish the hope that nothing will take its place. It is so essentially American that, to change it for something else, would be like altering the Stars and Stripes.

There is a sense of adventure, of embarking upon the unknown, immediately one climbs aboard an American train. Your smiling negro car attendant in his spotless white jacket looks genuinely pleased to see you, and recognizing an Englishman, conducts you immediately to a drawing-room compartment which, if you have learned anything of the gentle art of train reservations, you will have booked well in advance. The term 'drawing-room' suggests, of course, one of those luxurious affairs in which Presidents, ex-Kings, and film magnates move about the continent. In actual fact it consists of a cabin measuring some six feet square, with a toilet closet for your personal use. If you are travelling ordinary Pullman you will have to content yourself with an upper or lower berth sleeper. This is the humble way that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., travels when he goes down to see how the work is progressing at Williamsburg. Mr. Hearst, on the other hand, not only has his own private coach in which he travels all over America, but in California, as we shall see, he has his own private railway, too. These Pullman sleepers are arranged on either side of a central corridor, with green curtains to screen you from the gaze

of your fellow travellers. People who make frequent use of this form of travel are said to be developing a permanently bent back, because the business of dressing and undressing, if one is to observe the proprieties, must be executed in a doubled-up position. In addition to minor discomfitures of this kind, there is also the grim ceremonial of queueing up for your shave in the morning. In the pre-streamline trains which travel west . . . and our next destination is Houston, Texas . . . only two basins and mirrors are provided for a couple of dozen passengers. These old trains have an unpleasant habit of stopping and starting with an alarming jolt, and if a change of engines is made, usually just as you have succeeded in getting to sleep, you must prepare yourself for a series of thuds, bangs, and crashes, which last for several minutes. In one's annoyance, one forgets that the average American train is three or four times the weight of an English train, and smoothness in starting and stopping is almost impossible.

Our friends in New York had suggested that it would be easier and less fatiguing, and we would see more of America, if we travelled by air. In a way that is true. Thirty-six hours in a slow American train can be more than fatiguing. And we had several journeys as long as that before we completed the circuit of America. But I am convinced that in this way we saw more of the country . . . in all its incredible vastness . . . than we could have seen in a quarter of the time from the cabin of an air liner. Experience of flying over many parts of the earth's surface has long since taught me that most countries of the world look the same from a height of 3000 feet. There is the sense of exhilaration, a feeling that the tiny specks of humanity below belong to some primitive period of history, but flying does not improve one's geography.

On the more Northerly routes, between San Francisco and Chicago and Chicago and New York train travel touches the highest peak of luxury, all the crack expresses being air conditioned. The stream-lined City of Los Angeles has a top speed of 116 m.p.h. The Forty Niners and Twentieth Century Ltd. average a mile a minute and run on roller bearings with tight-lock couples to prevent the jars

and shocks to which I have already alluded. Every bed measures 6 ft. 5 in. in length and you can travel in a drawing-room—which really *is* a drawing-room—or in a bridal suite. A club car and scenic lounge provide easy chairs, card tables, writing desks, the latest magazines, and, of course, the radio. Above the cracklings and atmospheric, the crooning of Al Jolson and the wisecracks of Eddie Cantor (Camel Cigarettes) can be faintly heard, but nobody, except the attendant, attempts to make out what it is all about. A barber, typist, stewardess, and telegraph boy are at your constant beck and call . . . but when the bell rings it is usually for the stewardess. Besides attending to the interminable requirements of lonely bachelors, she is also a trained nurse, and good-looking as well. Her pay is £9 a week, but the reason why so many girls apply for the job is not for the money, but the chance of finding a rich husband. In the restaurant cars of these crack expresses you can get as good a meal as in any of the more expensive West End restaurants, but on the slower, more southerly routes the menus and cooking approximate more nearly to train travel in England. And before ordering your drinks it is advisable to consult the little map of the route which is handed to each passenger, because the State you are travelling through may be a dry one.

One of the problems of making reservations for a round trip of America is that you need a small trunk to carry the tickets. In addition to a book of sleeper tickets you carry a long printed ribbon which measures some five feet in length at the commencement of the trip. The inspector disappears with the ribbon just before you reach your destination at the end of each 'hop' of your journey and you are in constant terror that he will forget to return it. The luggage question is scientifically handled and there are no frantic searchings for a missing suit-case, with one harassed porter to sort out and carry the trunks of half a dozen screaming passengers. A system of checking and double checking, which, on the face of it, would call for the mind of a mathematical genius to unravel, has made things so easy that you do not see your baggage from the moment you leave your hotel until you arrive at your next destination.

Last year some fifty thousand trunks and bags were checked out of the Grand Central Terminus in New York and each one arrived safely at the other end.

There are quite a number of other interesting statistics that I could quote proving what admirable institutions the American railways have become, but the bell has started to toll and the skyline has become dotted with miniature Eiffel Towers. We are approaching Houston. And if that means nothing to you let me explain that this is a city with a population of half a million, which doubles itself every ten years, and at the present moment in the world's history happens to be more important to European eyes than that much more famous city called Hollywood. In the ordinary way you don't often read anything about Houston in the English Press. I doubt if one person in a thousand could even say in which State it is. The reason for this is obvious. In the first place Houston does not lend itself to that type of news-interest provided so generously by Hollywood, Chicago, and Reno. Nobody particularly minds who marries or who divorces who in Houston, and apart from a few 'tough guys' in big Mexican hats lounging at street corners I saw nobody who even faintly resembled a gangster in that very new, shiny, and optimistic city. But there is another and more significant reason why nobody reads about Houston. It is part and parcel of that scornful attitude of the average Englishman towards American civilization. The Press, as I have remarked already, is largely responsible for this attitude. *America and Americans are judged by the activities of those people living in the three cities I have just mentioned.* The English reader knows nothing about the average American who lives in cities the equivalent of Manchester, Leeds or Sheffield. He knows very little about the significance of events and the rapidity of the changes in that remarkable civilization. This was not the case in the days of Lord Northcliffe, who, because of his unique grasp of the part America was destined to play in world affairs, was appointed Head of the British War Mission to the United States in May, 1917. One of the tasks of that mission, incidentally, was the purchase and shipment of oil supplies from the United States for the British Army and Navy.

It might be as well, in view of the fact that we are about to make a brief tour of one of the biggest oil-fields in America, to consider for a moment the significance of oil in the world. In this year of grace, crisis or whatever the fates may have in store, oil is the source of the greatest power known to man. It dominates modern transportation, on land, by sea, and in the air. It lubricates the wheels of modern high-speed production. As a fuel it supplies industry with more than a third of the energy it requires. In the big city and down on the farm it is equally indispensable. But it has another and far greater sphere of influence. It controls the peace of the world and dictates the rules of war. It is the key to all good and evil.

The ironical position to-day is that the 'Haves' don't need as much as they have got, and the 'Have Nots' can't get all they require. In 1937, the total world production of oil amounted to 2,000,000,000 barrels. Sixty per cent of this total came from the United States. Russia and Venezuela each produced more than 180,000,000 barrels. Sixth on the list comes Roumania and nearly at the bottom is Germany, which produced 10,000,000 barrels in 1937, mainly synthetically. Her consumption was four times that amount. To-day Hitler looks for a large part of his supply to Mexico, to those oil-fields, which, a little over a year ago, were operated by English and American companies. France is in an even worse position because her production in 1937 amounted to only 500,000 barrels, as compared with her consumption of 50,000,000 barrels. England used 85,000,000 barrels, all of which had to be brought from a distance. These, it must be remembered, are peace-time figures. In the event of a major war in Europe it is calculated that the consumption would be trebled.

It is hardly necessary for me to emphasize the position of the 'Have Nots,' in the event of a European conflagration. Synthetic production would be hopelessly inadequate. Fleets of tankers coming from the Near East or across the Atlantic would be at the mercy of bombers and submarines. The only precaution in peace time is to lay in vast supplies against future emergencies, and undoubtedly that is what is being done in Europe to-day. But the question arises, is

the supply inexhaustible? The prophets of gloom say that there is only twelve years' supply, at the peace-time rate of consumption, left in the United States. They say that another world war would exhaust that supply. The geologists, on the other hand, say that there is much more oil beneath the earth than has ever come out of it.

I wonder what 'Uncle Billy' Smith, who made the first drill which pumped the precious fluid to the surface on August 20th, 1859, nearly eighty years ago, would say if he had seen some of the results of his discovery at Drake's Folly, in the hills of Pennsylvania? With the aid of a little six horse-power engine he had drilled through the rock for nearly three weeks. The rate of progress was then 3 feet a day. At a depth of 69 feet he was considering giving up the attempt. But one of his boys looked down the tubing, from which the drill had been withdrawn, and he saw something black about a foot from the top. The shout of 'Hle, Hle!' went through the land, a cry that has stirred the blood of men even more than that of 'Gold! Gold!' which had swept across California ten years earlier.

The excitement soon spread to Cleveland, where a tall, raw-boned young man of twenty in a small produce business trading under the name of Clark and Rockefeller, looked up from his ledgers to see what all the commotion was about. A devout Baptist, young John D. Senior, was already regarded as a man with a big future. Contemporary observers commented upon his tremendous earnestness and concentration. He made no secret of the fact that he was determined to be rich. Nobody was surprised, therefore, when they heard that young Rockefeller had left on a visit to the little creek which, in the space of three months, had become a forest of derricks, engine-houses, and tall thin smokestacks with black smoke pouring from the once green fields.

The shrewd young man quickly summed up the situation. There was drilling, refining, and transportation, and the methods employed were very crude. The raw mineral cost from two to twelve dollars a barrel. The cost of refining it was only thirty cents. An endless stream of waggons crawled along the muddy highroad to the nearest railroad, sixteen

miles away. How long would the supply of oil last out? Young Rockefeller decided there and then that it was best to keep away from the business of drilling for and producing crude oil. And as for refining . . . it was too early yet to arrive at any considered opinion.

A year or two later, a genial young Scotchman arrived at the creek. He, too, made no secret of the fact that he was determined to be rich. With two or three partners he bought a farm and began drilling for oil. Not long afterwards the farm was yielding a million dollars cash dividends in a year, and later came to be worth five million dollars. The young man was Andrew Carnegie.

After two years of cautious examination, watching the successes and failures of men who came half across the earth in this feverish search for wealth, the other young man decided to make the plunge. In 1862 John D. Rockefeller invested several thousand dollars in a new firm called Clark and Andrews. By this time the European trade was growing apace. From eleven million gallons in 1862, the figure had increased to twenty-seven million gallons in 1864. Young John D. decided to sell his interest in the produce business. In 1865 he made up his mind to devote himself entirely to oil. The firm of Clark and Andrews was renamed Rockefeller and Andrews, but not before Rockefeller had written out a cheque for £15,000 to buy out the interests of Clark. In this simple way began the romantic story of John D.'s rise to a position of unparalleled power and wealth, but this is not the time or place to trace it further. Let us therefore return to Houston, Texas, where, through the courtesy of old John D.'s grandson, Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller, we are to see some of the workings of a great oil centre.

It happened to be a Saturday when we were in Houston, and on a Saturday afternoon all Houston takes to the road. We saw cars parked along the streets by the score, while the congestion leading out of town reminded one of the London to Brighton queues in high summer. Every household has not one, but two or three, cars. The cook arrives in her smart roadster at 7 a.m. and the house-parlour-man takes his girl friend out in his Ford V 8. People at Houston use their cars just for crossing a road to post a letter, which,

from a safety first point of view, is the obvious thing to do. At night-time rows of cars are parked outside their owners' homes. Cars are so plentiful in Texas that no one bothers to steal them. There are skyscrapers here too, but they are only symbols . . . symbols of the power of the Great God Oil. Instead of the old-time tracks of mud lined with dance-halls, gambling joints, beer saloons, shacks hurriedly thrown together and called 'hotels,' banks, schools, and churches, all jostling one another in the mad race for a place in the sun, Houston has a cultured, spacious air, with its university, its wide boulevards two miles long, its handsome churches and distinguished looking private houses.

We commenced our tour at the offices of the Humble Oil and Refining Company, a thirty-story skyscraper with gleaming marble corridors and an air of two hundred per cent efficiency. In the same way that town-proud Americans like to show the English visitor their superb new Town Hall, their world-famous park, and their eighty miles of tramlines, so the American business man delights in showing his maps and charts, his infallible filing-systems, and . . . his beautiful typist. The Humble Headquarters, we discovered, had a plentiful supply of all these excellent commodities and we came away with our heads reeling with facts and figures of vast significance. We learned that the State of Texas produces about a quarter of all the petroleum in the world, and 40 per cent of the total production of the United States. We learned that most of the world's supply of Helium gas comes from Amarillo, in that part of Texas known as the Panhandle . . . a spot on the map on which Dr. Eckener has cast covetous eyes, and where the greatest supply of natural gas in the United States is found. We learned that eminent geologists have traced the history of Texas throughout the last 250,000,000 years, and that they can tell exactly where oil is still to be found.

Every foot of ground around the Gulf of Mexico has been minutely worked out with the aid of aerial photographs, and small red flags on large sectional maps denoted where wells had been emptied and sealed up, and yellow flags indicated positions where boring will one day commence. I had always supposed that oil was located in huge lakes in

the bowels of the earth, and was surprised to learn that it was found in seams. And so exact are the geologists' calculations that it is unnecessary for a prospector to wander about with a twig like a water-diviner. There is no such thing, we gathered, as an oil speculator nowadays. The 'small man' has little chance of making a fortune in Texas in the way of the Oil Creek giants of '59. He may buy or lease his land from the State and set up his machinery, which will cost him anything from £5000 to £20,000. If and when he strikes oil the big companies reduce the price of their products and the 'small man' is compelled to sell out . . . at the big fellow's price. We learned that £30,000,000 per annum is spent in wages by the oil companies in Texas alone. We learned . . . but this catalogue must cease because a drive of thirty miles, accomplished in a fewer number of minutes, has brought us to the refineries of Baytown.

I was immediately impressed by the smell, a clean, healthy, stimulating kind of smell. They say that people who live near an oil refinery lose all sense of smell after a few years. I can well believe it. Another and even more impressive feature is the absence of human life in the immediate vicinity of this great network of gleaming aluminium tanks and pipes, wheels and pistons, each small part performing some specially appointed task. The cold, calculating efficiency of it all seemed to suggest that somewhere out of sight some monstrous robot, a Frankenstein, presided at hidden controls. We peered through plate-glass windows into white-hot furnaces where crude oil was being split up into one of its many by-products. Through smaller port-holes we watched huge drums that revolved, throwing off layers of wax with each revolution. We climbed ladders, crawled through low steel doorways, walked miles, and listened intelligently to entirely inaudible explanations of what was happening until, in sheer exasperation, I inquired if any human touch was necessary to keep the machinery in motion. It was then that we were taken to one of the control rooms, where we saw oldish-looking young men in grey overalls earnestly studying and recording in their log-books the sensitive movement of needles on a score of dials. It was like the nerve centre of a giant battleship, but to a

mind which experiences considerable difficulty in grasping the ordinary mysteries concealed beneath the bonnet of a motor car, all this, of course, was a little bewildering.

From the refinery we were whisked with devilish speed to one of the wells twenty miles away, where we were met by Mr. H. C. Weiss, President of the Humble Oil and Refining Company. Mr. Weiss is one of the outstanding figures in the oil world, and he told us that he had not been absent from his job for more than twenty-eight days at a time since he began his career thirty-five years ago. The miniature Eiffel Towers which we had seen from the train proved, on closer inspection, to be some 150 feet tall. They seemed altogether too fragile to bear the strain of directing the drill pipe far down into the bowels of the earth. Unlike the crude wooden structures of '59, with the word 'Hell or China' splashed on a nearby hoarding, the modern oil derrick is a thing of exquisite beauty and grace, with its gleaming coat of aluminium paint, and, at its foot, a 'birth certificate' stating the name and number of the well, and the date when operations commenced. Standing on a raised wooden platform tower we watched 'roughnecks' in blue overalls and aluminium helmets joining fresh lengths of drill pipe as the great iron tube pounded its way deeper into the earth's crust. As the drilling-pipe descends into the rock, mud is pumped from a nearby storage tank through the drilling-pipe and lubricates the drilling-bit thousands of feet below. The mud then returns to the surface, washing up the bit cuttings which are inspected for any indications of the nearness of oil. Drilling continues day and night Saturdays and Sundays included, at a cost of £3 an hour. Sometimes oil is discovered only a few hundred feet down. Sometimes it is three miles down. In the Gulf of Mexico, and off the coast of California, you see derricks out in the sea. Once the precious black fluid is found, pipe-lines carry it in some cases half across the continent to the refinery. From the refinery it is conveyed in tank-cars to the fleets of tankers which carry the troubler of world waters from the land of its birth to the people who use it. So it goes on year in year out . . . 400,000,000 barrels of crude oil per annum from Texas alone.

What will be the final summing-up ? A thousand thoughts passed through our minds as we hurtled back to Houston, tired, dusty, and the clean, stimulating smell clinging to our clothes. The newspaper boys were again crying ' War ! ' The streets of the city were ablaze with neon lights, red, green, and gold. Another voice, the voice of Frankenstein at the refinery, seemed to thunder : ' Oil and aeroplanes, death and destruction ! ' But this was Saturday night, and Houston, the city which doubles its population every ten years, was out to enjoy itself.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE BIG DITCH

IT WAS LONG PAST MIDNIGHT WHEN WE ARRIVED AT SANTA Fé or, to give it its full title, La Villa Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco de Assisi. The journey from Houston was one of the less pleasant memories of our long trail. With three minutes to spare we found that we were climbing into the wrong train at the wrong station at the beginning of our journey. I am still wondering how we succeeded in transferring ourselves, with an incredible amount of luggage, to the other station and aboard the right train, within that three minutes. The fact remains that we accomplished this extraordinary feat and for the next twenty-four hours we endured the minor discomforts of travelling ordinary Pullman, no drawing-room compartments being available.

The great wide-open spaces of Texas seemed to stretch on for ever, and as we travelled farther west signs of life grew fewer and fewer. We halted at a little place called Clovis, where the entire train-load of passengers stampeded to a snack counter and, in spite of our efforts to look like a couple of American dude tourists, we were waylaid by the inevitable young man with his Leica and note-book. Like the trans-Atlantic liners the American railways have a system of advance publicity so that camera men and reporters are ready to mop up the so-called celebrities and the 'chescake' as soon as they step off the train. By the time we had returned to New York we had evolved a special technique whereby we were able to dodge the camera and the note-book. Jones would alight with the main stream of passengers, followed by the negro porter with our luggage. The camera man and reporters would quickly single him out as an Englishman, and while Jones was giving his opinion of the European situation and the possibility or otherwise of war,

my brother and I had emerged from a distant part of the train and effected our escape.

At Belen, in the heart of the Rio Grande country, we were met by an officer of the National Parks Service who had driven over a hundred miles from Santa Fé in order to make the latter part of our journey as comfortable as possible. After twenty-four hours in a very uncomfortable train it was a relief to complete the last hundred miles by car. When we expressed our gratitude to our host for making a journey of two hundred miles to Belen and back to Santa Fé, he said that people living in those parts thought nothing of driving a hundred miles to dinner with friends. The Santa Fé railway actually by-passes Santa Fé itself, but the roads are excellent, and every few miles the motorist is invited to stop off for the night at 'Motels' and 'Auto Courts.' Some of the latter are very comfortable, each guest or party occupying a separate cottage, complete with bathroom and kitchenette. There are others, however, which have a more ramshackle appearance and advertise their amenities in such words as these: 'Overnight Cottages. Mother Won't Know. Father Won't Care.' The road-side cafeteria is another prominent feature of the highway, and I recall one that specialized in fish suppers. The neon lights over the entrance stated that: 'If It Swims You Can Get It Here.' These snack-bars are known in the south as Bar-B-Qs. The filling stations belong to the various oil companies and some of them supply a light meal to customers while the petrol and oil is being checked. A tray is clipped to the window of the car and you can consume 'Oyster Any Style,' while an army of mechanics in white overalls swarm over your car and polish your windscreen, check your tyre pressure, fill your radiator, supply you with maps for the rest of your journey, and in a hundred other ways make motoring a pleasant business altogether. A large percentage of owner-drivers depend upon this free 'wash and brush-up' to keep their cars in a moderate state of cleanliness, because it is less trouble to buy a new or second-hand car than to clean your old one.

The fact that petrol is only ninepence a gallon (a shilling a gallon is the top price) accounts for the great popularity

of motoring in America. Last autumn there were 28,000,000 cars in commission in the United States . . . or approximately one car to every four people. In the British Isles the ratio is one car to every twenty people, but owing to the fact that America can boast 3,000,000 miles of highways, the congestion of cars is far less than in England. In the cities of America, however, there is an endless procession of cars, morning, noon, and night. One gets the impression that the whole world is on wheels, and that there is nobody out of work, and that most people have lost the use of their legs. The needs of this vast floating population are met by 197,000 filling stations and some 10,000 'Auto Courts' and 'Motels.' In addition to those who patronize these bed-and-breakfast establishments there are, according to the latest available figures, no fewer than a million persons who live permanently in their trailers. Recently there has been a boom in trailers (or caravans, as they are still called in England), and some of these are the last word in luxury and cost as much as £500.

It was long past midnight . . . as I have already observed . . . when we arrived at Santa Fé. The last part of our journey had been over the Sangre de Cristo mountains, but the darkness kept us in suspense until the next morning before we could take stock of our surroundings. That first night at the La Fonda Hotel we very nearly slept the clock round. After days and nights in the train, snatching odd moments of sleep in dark corners when our hosts (and the Press photographers) weren't looking, it was strange to walk up one flight of stairs to find yourself at your bedroom level. You can take the elevator, if you like, at Santa Fé, but it will not whirl you higher than the third floor. There are two reasons for this. One is that there is no 'big business,' therefore there are no skyscrapers at Santa Fé. The other reason is that at 7000 feet you don't have to climb to the level of the stars to be able to sleep because they appear to be suspended from the dome of heaven almost within reach of your hand. There are disadvantages, of course, in living at 7000 feet. Climbing a flight of stairs calls for a Herculean effort and tying one's shoe-laces brings on an attack of dizziness which lasts for several minutes.

But now, after our first night's rest in three weeks, let us draw back the curtains, throw open the windows and take our first look at Santa Fé. After Houston, with its prosperous, shiny look, there is a remarkable contrast in the scene that unfolds below. A shady patio, with vivid green and scarlet umbrellas, deep cushioned chairs, and yellow stucco walls, suggests that we have suddenly arrived in a peaceful corner of Spain, or is it just a Hollywood set awaiting the entrance of Miss Dolores del Rio in a tall mantilla, to the tune of distant castanets? At last we had found a spot where there was no sound of traffic. Nestling high on the slopes of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains (so called because they change their colour from green and blue to blood red under the rays of the setting sun) one could see little clusters of square stucco houses with small, deeply-set windows and flat roofs. Somewhere nearby a bell of mellowed note reminded one that it was of Santa Fé Willa Cather wrote in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. My little room was simply furnished in the Mexican style with Indian paintings, goatskin lampshades, and hand-tufted counterpanes. All these things, unimportant in their way, were good to look upon after the mass-production *décor* of the other American hotels and even Room Service was a little more human, a little less coldly efficient, here at Santa Fé.

Life in this quiet little city revolves . . . and revolves very lazily . . . about the Plaza. There is a comfortable solidity about the buildings which surround it, the Palace of the Governors, the Cathedral of St. Francis and the pueblo-style gallery of Art. 'Pueblo' is the name given to a style of architecture peculiar to Santa Fé. The buildings are usually one-story in height and made of mud bricks of large size. Heavy cedar beams are laid across the walls to support the flat roofs, and the ends of the beams . . . known as *vigars* . . . extend beyond the walls at the side of the house. Not only does this style of architecture admirably suit the landscape, but the great thickness of the walls ensures coolness in summer . . . 90 degrees is an exceptional temperature . . . and warmth in winter. The narrow streets of the city abound in curio shops where you can buy white rawhide cocktail cabinets, eighteenth-century images of saints,

Navajo Indian jewellery, pottery from the Pueblos, native brickwork and hand-woven ties. At a Mexican café we had the traditional dinner consisting of lettuce, olives, chili con carne, enchiladas, hot tamales, chili sauce, fried beans, Spanish rice, tostadas, bread and butter and piña. The fact that we survived the experience is still a source of wonderment to me.

Our schedule did not permit of more than two days and three nights at Santa Fé and the blanks in my diary suggest that we spent most of our time in making up for lost sleep and in preparing for the hectic days and nights ahead. We visited the Indian villages and the long-deserted cliff dwellings hollowed out of the soft volcanic cliffs of the canyon. In some of these primitive habitations the plaster still hangs to the walls, and the floors and ceilings are blackened with the smoke of fires a thousand years ago. Across the face of the cliffs traces are still visible of grotesque birds, fish, and animals carved by the early Indians. In the present day Indian villages, or pueblos, the visitor is given a riotous welcome and a still more riotous farewell if he does not dip deeply into his pockets. The women, who are gentle rather than comely in appearance, adorn their persons with brightly coloured blankets and wear white moccasin boots. The swastika is still regarded as a sacred symbol amongst the Navajo and Pueblo tribes and remains a relic of the oldest civilization in America. We saw a number of these emblems of long life and good fortune hanging in the quaint mud houses of the Indians, but it is good to know that the children, in spite of their sophistication, have not yet learnt to yell: 'Heil Hitler!'

Nearly half of the state of New Mexico is under the protection of the National Parks Service and President Roosevelt has found one solution for the unemployment problem by drafting units of the Civilian Conservation Corps to these centres for building roads, preparing camp sites, and developing the resources of the parks. Within a few weeks of taking office in March, 1933, Roosevelt formulated and put into effect the C.C.C. plan for 'the relief of unemployment through the performance of useful public works and other purposes.' The first C.C.C. camp was manned

by young men from the big cities between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three. After the plan had been in operation for a few weeks the enrolment figures had jumped to 250,000 young men. Roosevelt then authorized the addition of two further classes of unemployed men, i.e. war veterans and locally experienced men. By the summer of 1933, 1330 camps had been established in the National Parks, and at the end of the first year's working the reports revealed the construction of 25,000 miles of rough roadways, 15,000 miles of telephone lines, and the planting of 98,000,000 seedlings. In addition to the actual work accomplished it was noted that the members of the C.C.C. showed a marked physical improvement and mental outlook. The men received . . . and are receiving to-day . . . good food, wear comfortable clothing, have opportunity for education and recreation . . . and are in the habit of sending from £4 to £5 home each month.

In the six years that it has been in existence the C.C.C. has provided employment for over 2,000,000 men, and at the present time its authorized strength is 300,000. These figures are sufficiently impressive to indicate what can be done in a democratic country to cope with a problem which, for some unexplainable reason, every British Government prefers to ignore. We saw many of these young men at work near Santa Fé, and it was clear enough that they were not only doing excellent work but enjoying it. The daily routine commences at 8 a.m. and, with short breaks, continues until 4 p.m. From that hour until supper, and from supper until ten o'clock the men's time is their own to study, attend classes, read in the library or engage in recreational pursuits of their own choice. The educational value of the C.C.C. is proved by the fact that 65,000 illiterates have been taught to read and write, and a further 350,000 have taken high-school courses.

From Santa Fé our trail led north to Mesa Verde . . . 'the green table' . . . a flat tableland of rock some fifteen miles long, eight miles wide, and rising 2000 feet from the surrounding desert. Through the courtesy of the Director of the National Park Service, who placed a car at our disposal, we were able to make the two hundred miles

journey by road, and no words of mine can do justice to the superb scenery which unfolded before our eyes at every bend of the precipitous road through the mountains. For those who develop 'phobias' when they look over ledges with sheer drops of 3000 feet to the valley below, or when they find themselves hedged in by solid masses of rock which threaten to topple down at the slightest provocation, I do not recommend a journey by road from Santa Fé to Mesa Verde. But Mesa Verde itself is a land of weird beauty which gives the visitor a foretaste of the silent splendour of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, a day's journey nearer the Pacific Coast. When the map makers worked out the geometrical sections which constitute the forty-eight States of the Union they must have allowed their rulers to slip, because there is only one point at which four States meet. These four States are Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona, and the point where they meet is Mesa Verde.

It is only within the last eighty years that this flat table-land has been explored and the existence of Indian villages suspended, like eagles' nests, on perilous cliff-sides, was discovered by accident as recently as 1888. Cattle grazers had been mystified for years at the steady disappearance of their herds in the neighbourhood of the mesa. Eventually they decided to seek a way of climbing to the 2000 feet level of Mesa Verde to see if any form of human or animal life existed on the plateau. As they scrambled through the dense scrub which blocked the approaches to the cliffs they were astonished to see habitations hewn out of the rock, tier upon tier, in the face of the cliff, with no visible approach from above or below. They noticed that these cliff villages appeared to be in ruins, but when they reached the summit of the plateau itself they discovered that it was the stronghold of the warlike Ute Indians.

It has now been established that the cliff dwellings were occupied by the Pueblo Indians, a quiet, peace-loving race, who built their strongholds as defences against the warlike tribes as far back as A.D. 700. The villages are so constructed under overlapping ledges of rock that attack from above is impossible and the precipitous face of the cliffs prevents access from the canyon below. The largest of these cliff

villages, is known as Cliff Palace, and is over 300 feet long and 100 feet deep. It contains two hundred living-rooms arranged on four floors, and experts maintain that it housed a population of six hundred Pueblo Indians. A feature of all these cliff villages is the *Kiva*, a circular subterranean room which was set aside for ceremonial occasions. In the centre of the floor of the *Kiva* there is a small hole about three inches in diameter, which is believed by Pueblo Indians to be the symbolic entrance to the underworld. In the Cliff Palace there are twenty-two *Kivas*. The entrances to these cliff villages are so cunningly contrived that one armed man could keep a whole horde of invaders at bay, and in spite of ladders and other convenient aids introduced by the National Park Service only the most nimble dude tourist can hope to squeeze through the holes in the rock which give access to the Pueblo citadels. The dating of these ruins has been worked out by the system of tree-ring chronology. By examining the number of rings in a piece of timber removed from one of the ruins it is possible to calculate the exact year when it was cut down, allowing a thick ring for a wet year and a narrow one for a year of drought. In this way the experts have decided that the Cliff Palace was commenced in A.D. 1073, and was being added to for a further two hundred years. The dry atmosphere of the Mesa Verde region, together with its remoteness from other civilizations, accounts for the good state of preservation of most of the cliff villages, and where restoration has been necessary this has been undertaken with due regard to history and Pueblo tradition.

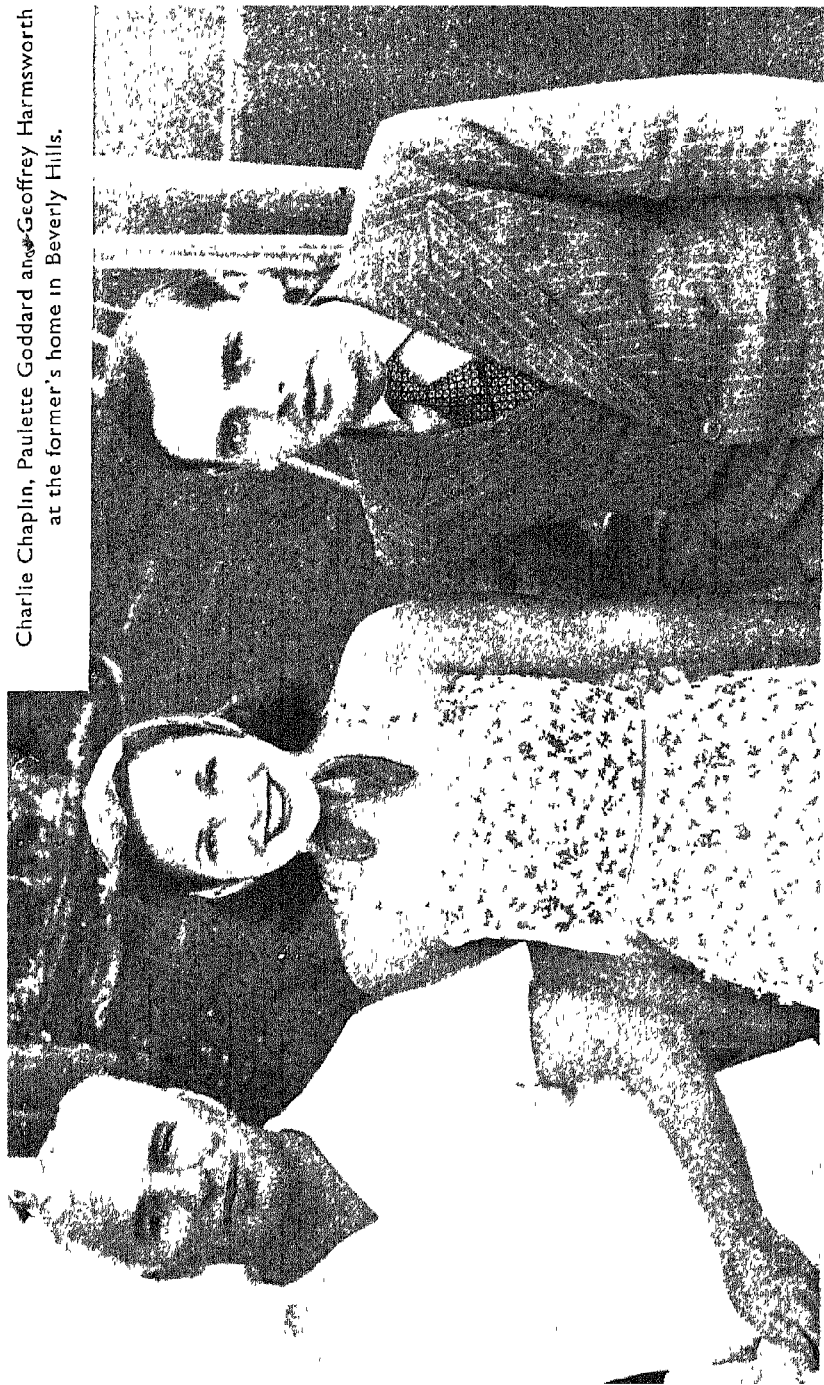
A drive of ninety miles from Mesa Verde brought us to Gallup, where we boarded the Santa Fé Limited for the Grand Canyon and Los Angeles. I shall always remember that drive. When we had spiralled down to the level of the plain from the 'green table,' our road followed a straight course for nearly sixty miles. The surrounding country took on the semblance of a great inland sea, because here there was no vegetation. The distances seemed infinite, and mountains, which appeared to be thirty or forty miles away were, in reality, a hundred miles distant. In the middle of this great desert rises a jagged shaft of rock 1860 feet high,

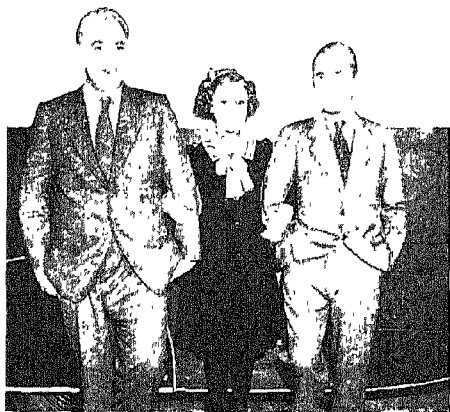
and in the fading light of the sun it created the illusion of a galleon in full sail. Most impressive of all, however, was the ageless silence of this huge expanse of dust. It gave one the impression that here alone nothing changes, and that a million years is only a day in the life of the desert. When we reached Gallup our host, who had accompanied us all the way from Belen, had driven us some five hundred miles in four days, and by the time he had returned to Santa Fé his mileage would be in the neighbourhood of seven hundred miles. As I lay awake listening to the melancholy tolling of the engine bell, I wondered, as I have often wondered since, how many Englishmen would bother to give up so much of their valuable time to showing two ordinary American visitors some of the sights of England.

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For no reason that I can remember I had omitted to include the Grand Canyon in my previous sight-seeing trips in America, although more than once I had been within a day's journey of that extraordinary freak of nature. If this remark should suggest a state of mind bordering on boredom, let me make it quite clear that I have braved many a dawn in remote corners of the earth in order to watch the first rays of the sun alight on some far-famed and much-publicized object of natural or architectural beauty. I have experienced indescribable tortures on the backs of obstreperous mules for the scant satisfaction of telling people at home that I had seen such and such a volcano preparing to erupt . . . and invariably the volcano in question developed an attack of the vapours and postponed the happy event for another dawn. The Grand Canyon, however . . . if I could believe the pile of literature which I had studied on the subject . . . was no such creature of moods, and although it might change its colouring a dozen times between dawn and sunset it could be digested in comfort from the terrace of the El Tovar Hotel. The pile of literature to which I have referred included a small booklet of considerable scholarship entitled *Golly ! What a Gully !* As the Santa Fé Ltd. trundled up the last few thousand feet to the level of the plateau above the Canyon I settled down to read about

Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard and Geoffrey Harmsworth
at the former's home in Beverly Hills.





Sir Harold Harmsworth,
Shirley Temple and Geoffrey
Harmsworth at the
Twentieth Century-Fox
Studios.



Miss Anita Loos, Sir Harold
Harmsworth and Geoffrey
Harmsworth at the Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

and prepare myself for the great gully. Before I reached the bottom of the first page I came across the following paragraph :

'They tell of one chap who started a twenty-three mile hike around the Tonto Loop Trail to Hermit Camp. He wore a flimsy little yeddo straw hat and paid no attention to advice given him by the old timers. When he failed to arrive at Hermit Camp a search was organized. The guides found him next day, sitting in the trail, naked, sifting sand through his straw hat. His skin was the colour of a Texaco Gas Pump and the Doc from Williams was a week deciding whether the lad would remain among those present.'

In the next paragraph I read that 'should you choose Grand Canyon for an appendectomy or other luxury go right ahead and enjoy yourself in the new modern hospital.' As I had no intention of indulging in twenty-three mile hikes or suddenly developing appendicitis I skimmed the next page until my attention was arrested by the words EIGHT MILLION YEARS in large block letters. I gathered that this was the estimated age of the Grand Canyon, a thought which prompted the author to remark that this 'is longer than we would wait on any corner, even for the wife.' Fascinated, I read on. Following the careful directions of the author I found myself standing on the edge of a thousand-foot precipice. It was here, I read, that a man wearing a new pair of rubber boots fell over the Rim and 'the poor fellow bounced up and down for two days and nights, and a Ranger had to shoot him to stop him from starving to death.' I glanced nervously down at my feet and was reassured to see that I had put on my new moccasin bounce-proof shoes which would spare the necessity of my being put out of my misery by one of the Canyon Rangers. As I turned the pages, eager that no unsuspected feature of the great 'scenic wonder' which we were slowly approaching should escape me, my eye alighted on many startling facts, several of which, for your enlightenment, I append herewith :

'This bridge (at Grand View Point) leads out on a gigantic rock, balanced on the edge of a thousand-foot cliff.

This place is often called "Poison Point"—*one drop always kills.*

'Near Lipan Point you can see prehistoric cliff dwellings—unfurnished and no steam heat.'

'After breakfast a quiet stroll along the Rim, or perhaps you'd like an aeroplane trip over Grand Canyon. The sensation as you approach the Big Ditch by plane is a honey.'

'After lunch' . . . and here I sat up and took notice more closely because I felt that we had reached the high-spot of *Golly! What a Gully!* . . . 'after lunch,' I read, 'hop into the overalls or riding breeches quickly. The Phantom Ranch Trail bus is ready and shoots you the four miles to the head of Kaibab Trail in a jiffy. Here you meet the wingless Pegasus who is to be your pal for the next three days.' At this crucial moment the engine bell started to toll, but the melancholy note of the night had given place to a clarion call announcing that we were arriving at the Grand Canyon of Arizona. But there was something about the 'wingless Pegasus' which made me read on in spite of the protestations of Jones that, unless we hurried, we would have to take our place in the queue if we were to see the Big Ditch at all. And this is what I read :

'You draw a mule according to your weight. The more displacement you—the bigger mule you draw!' I cast one fleeting glimpse at the retreating form of my brother and I recalled an occasion when his tailor described him as a 'big-built gentleman.' Then I read on : 'The guide will introduce himself and instruct you in mounting your broom-tail from the *LEFT* side. Mounting a mule from the right side simply isn't being done. Old Flop Ears wasn't trained that way and will walk off and leave you if you fail to observe mule etiquette.'

So there *was* a mule in it after all. As I knew, to my cost, quite a lot about mule etiquette, it was clear that I would have to avoid the Phantom Ranch Trail and confine myself to the less heroic aspects of the Great Gully. A few minutes later I had not only forgotten about the wingless Pegasus, but even the Grand Canyon itself.

An excited mob of men and women besieged our train as we drew into the platform. At first I thought that President

Roosevelt or perhaps Colonel Lindbergh was among our number, and this was the usual way such personages were received. But when I looked more closely I noticed that most of the men were wearing little three-cornered caps and brightly coloured ribbons across their chests. Somewhere in the distance a band . . . or rather a loud noise made by brass instruments . . . was making a hideous parody of 'Land of Hope and Glory.' And then I became aware that a number of the men appeared to be in an advanced state of intoxication.

As it was still an hour or two before midday I wondered if these people were just drunk with the beauty of the Canyon or whether the unaccustomed height had temporarily affected their reason. But I had no occasion to wonder for long because the antics of the men and women nearest the band clearly revealed that it was alcohol and not the Canyon which was responsible for this riotous assembly. After 'Land of Hope and Glory' the band struck up a song somewhat in the manner of 'Yes! We Have No Bananas.' A delirious shout of joy arose as soon as the opening bars were recognized and the crowd joined in yelling the refrains. These, let it be added, were of a highly indelicate order.

Across the roadway leading to the hotel fluttered a strip of white bunting on which was printed: 'Welcome to the American Legion.' By the appearance of things the American Legion had just returned from a triumphant war against the local Indians, but on inquiry at the hotel we were informed that these ladies and gentlemen were returning from a convention at Los Angeles. The 'cuties' in white satin tights and plumed caps were 'drum majorettes.' Their business, we gathered, was to give an exhibition of high kicking, the splits, and sex-appeal at the head of the Legion bands. We also learned that half of the members of the Legion never went overseas, and that although the total number of American casualties, killed and wounded, in the War amounted to 310,000, some 600,000 veterans receive disability allowances. Once a year this remarkable gathering takes place, and at Boston in 1931, 351 Legionnaires were treated for liquor poisoning. Unfortunately the

figures for the Los Angeles Convention were not available before we left America.

Despondently, I went in search of the Big Ditch, and as I looked over the rim and first beheld that sublime spectacle my attention was again distracted by the antics of two Legionnaires, one of whom was wearing a cap of Red Indian feathers. Their jaws were working with great rapidity, and as each morsel of chewing-gum was rolled into a ball they projected it with great gusto into the Canyon below. Then I heard one say to the other: 'Well, I'll eat this hat if I can't spit a mile.' I had hardly recovered from the effects of this inspiring utterance when a further party of Legionnaires elbowed their way close to where I was standing. The spokesman of the party, judging by the imposing array of medals and bars which adorned the upper part of his person, was evidently a man of considerable gallantry. Taking in the wonders of the Grand Canyon in one sweeping glance, he turned to his companions and announced in a loud nasal voice: 'Now if that isn't just too *bad*. I've left all my old razor blades at home!' And, at that, to the accompaniment of shrieks of laughter which echoed across the Canyon, I turned and fled.

Later in the day four train-loads of yelling, howling, screaming, shouting, bellowing Legionnaires and their families left the Grand Canyon for distant—I hoped *very* distant—parts of America. And with their departure a great hush came over the scene. This was no ordinary silence such as one can still occasionally experience in country houses in England which sit comfortably back in well-wooded parks. This was a silence you could hear and feel. To me this was far more impressive than the physical beauty of the Grand Canyon. Looking over the rim . . . and this time there were no spitting competitions in progress . . . it was impossible to grasp that the River Colorado, which flowed like a gleaming ribbon far below, was actually a mile as the crow flies beneath us. Nor could one appreciate that the opposite cliffs of the Canyon, apparently only two or three miles away, were in reality ten miles distant. So great are the distances here that a letter posted from the south rim to the lodge on the north rim travels over eleven

hundred miles to reach its destination, thirteen miles away.

But these figures, impressive as they may sound on paper, convey nothing of the unearthly beauty of the Grand Canyon. Like the skyline of Manhattan, it is one of those things which have to be seen to be believed. We saw it in the fading light of the afternoon when the redder hues of midday took on a shade of coral pink, and then, as the sun dipped slowly to the west, the pink was diffused with gold and the gold, in turn, changed to lavender. As the colours of the Canyon changed, so the clouds glowed with a pale reflection and the silence grew more profound. If the Legionnaires had remained to witness this superb spectacle I could have understood their becoming intoxicated with its beauty. They would have realized, perhaps, that Nature can sometimes beat Hollywood at its own game. And as I stood there reflecting on that moving thought the silence was broken by a sound which speedily brought me back to earth. It was the melancholy tolling of the engine bell informing us that our next stop would be . . . Hollywood.

CHAPLIN INTO HITLER

'CHARLIE WILL BE PLEASED IF YOU WILL DINE WITH HIM to-night between 7.30 and 8.0 at his home (informal). The address is 1035 Summit Drive, Beverly Hills, just a short drive from your hotel. You can dismiss the taxi. He will have his car to take you back to the hotel.'

We had at last arrived at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, on the fringe of the Star-Spangled City, after a day and a night in the train and an eight-mile drive from Los Angeles station. Baskets of fruit and flowers stood on our dressing-tables, with little cards bearing the Manager's compliments. A superb radio set had been installed in our Louis Seize drawing-room so that we could be kept in constant touch with the hideous drama that was being enacted at Munich. Jones, who fulfilled to perfection the American idea of the English valet (and had left a trail of broken hearts from Louisiana to Arizona), surveyed the scene from our eighth-story windows and decided that Hollywood looked promising.

On the top of a small pile of letters lay the one from which I have quoted above. It was signed 'Alf Reeves.' Mr. Reeves was once the manager of a touring theatrical company known as Fred Karno's *Mumming Birds*. A member of the troupe was one Charles Chaplin who always got a big laugh when he appeared in a box and pretended to be an intoxicated member of the audience interrupting the action on the stage. In due course Charles Chaplin crossed the Atlantic and discovered a country called America. Then America, and presently the world, discovered Charlie. Within a few years he had become, in the words of Lord Northcliffe, 'the greatest man in the world.' And because Charlie has never forgotten those who shared his early

struggles he summoned his old friend and boss, Alf Reeves, to take charge of his studio in Hollywood.

It goes without saying that as soon as I had read Mr. Reeves' note I dialled Hempsted 2141, to tell Mr. Chaplin's butler that we would be delighted to dine with Charlie that night. When I used the word 'delighted,' I underrated the emotion I felt in accepting Charlie's invitation. It was not because he was the 'greatest man in the world.' I had already talked with several of the 'greatest men in the world,' including one whose moustache put one much in mind of Charlie Chaplin. It was simply, I suppose, that I had been brought up on Charlie, and he, almost alone among the heroes I had worshipped in childhood, had survived, so far, the acid test of the years between. And now, two years since we had seen his unforgettable *Modern Times*, we were to meet him in person.

There are some people in the world who, through the medium of the Press, the radio, and the screen, one can get to know almost intimately, without ever meeting them 'in person.' Nobody has been more written about than Charlie Chaplin, and for that reason I hesitate to add still more impressions of a man who has a genuine distaste for publicity . . . but then, how can I attempt a hazy canvas of Hollywood without including the one figure who dwarfs Hollywood itself?

Let us, for a moment, consider the Charlie Chaplin of the screen. It is just over twenty-one years since the Chaplin Studios first started production in the heart of Hollywood. The site alone, to-day, is said to be worth £500,000. The early Chaplin successes included *A Dog's Life*, *Shoulder Arms*, *Pay Day*, *The Immigrant*, *The Kid*, and *The Pilgrim*. In the War-time pictures Charles relied very largely on slapstick comedy, and although some of those early efforts may appear a little crude in the light of his later development, it is certain that in *Shoulder Arms* Charlie exactly interpreted the tastes and requirements of the public of the day. *The Kid* and *The Pilgrim* far outstripped anything Charlie had previously attempted. There was less slapstick, a more matured humour, and something which, for lack of a better word, I must describe as 'human interest.' But

it was still, and I hope it always will be, pure pantomime. For me, nothing that Charlie has ever done will compare with the scene in *The Pilgrim* when he has just escaped from prison, and dons the garb of a parson. He suddenly finds himself in the local church where a packed congregation is waiting to hear a much-advertised preacher. The only course open to Charlie is to enter the pulpit and preach the sermon. The only Bible story he knows is the duel between David and Goliath. Not a word, of course, is spoken, but Charlie's movements and gestures, suggesting that David and Goliath resorted to boxing and all-in wrestling methods of attack, speak far more vividly than words or the silent caption. The congregation . . . as well as the audience . . . were reduced to something very akin to pulp. It was one of the most brilliant exhibitions of the art of pantomime I have ever witnessed.

After *The Pilgrim* came *The Circus*, *The Gold Rush*, *City Lights*, and the more recent *Modern Times*. All these pictures showed a further step forward, there was less clowning, and although a love interest had crept in, the main theme was always the little shuffling figure in baggy trousers and enormous boots. Throughout the whole series of Chaplin pictures one note dominates all others, and this, of course, is the key to his universal appeal. He is the personification of the under-dog . . . who triumphs over all adversities, and after suffering every indignity picks himself up and solemnly raises his old bowler hat, dusts his hands, and with a final hitch of those impossible trousers sets off in search of fresh adventure. I have used the expression 'universal appeal.' And my mind goes back to a certain occasion in the heart of the Australian Bush where an open-air performance of a Chaplin film was being given. The audience, with the exception of my two white companions, consisted entirely of Australian aborigines. None of the captions were intelligible to the natives, but the antics and gestures of the little man in baggy trousers were greeted with the same howls of delight as in any West End cinema. On another occasion I visited an open-air cinema on the east coast of Africa. Again the audience consisted mainly of natives. But this time the chief attraction was another world-famous comedian

whose star has suffered a decline in recent years. An interpreter translated the captions, in word and gesture, and even laughed at moments when the audience were expected to laugh . . . but he laughed alone. To me the contrast in the reactions of two audiences was remarkable.

And now let us consider the other Charlie Chaplin, the Chaplin who rarely appears in public and with whom Mr. H. G. Wells likes to stay. Is he, as we have so often read, a lonely, disillusioned man whose story, like his films, has no happy ending? Is he, as we have been told, a man embittered by his costly experiences in the Divorce Courts, one action alone having cost him in the neighbourhood of £500,000? And what about the Chaplin voice? Is there some reason why it would be better . . . as in the case of John Gilbert . . . that he should remain silent? These and many other disquieting thoughts troubled me as the Japanese butler opened the door of No. 1035 Summit Drive and bowed deeply and solemnly in the film manner of his master. I looked in vain for those things usually associated with the homes of film stars, the banks of lilies, the baronial furnishings, and the signed photographs of ex-Royalty. But all I saw was a very English-looking hall, simply furnished, and a photograph of the two Chaplin boys on a table.

Then Charlie himself appeared. In the language of the columnists he was faultlessly attired in a double-breasted grey flannel suit, blue shirt, and red tie. But it was not the shirt or the tie . . . or even the almost white hair . . . which impressed me most when I found my hand being eagerly clasped by our host. It was the spontaneous warmth with which he greeted us, as if it was he, and not ourselves, who had been so keenly looking forward to this meeting. I have only met one or two people who possess this extraordinary gift. It is something much more vital than mere 'charm.' It is one of those rare qualities which, if you have never encountered it, the printed word has no power to convey.

At dinner that night there were a few of Charlie's old friends, notably the Rob Wagner's, who are known as Charlie's 'second father and mother,' Anita Loos, still looking slightly perplexed at the phenomenal success of

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Russell Strauss, Member for Lambeth, Charlie's home town, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, junior. The talk began about war. It continued about war. Everybody in America was talking about war at that moment. But it seemed incongruous that we should all be sitting around the table of a man who had made more people laugh than anyone in history . . . and the main topic of conversation should be on this one grim theme. With the exception of the Member for Lambeth we were all agreed that Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and no one else, could save the peace of Europe. And this brings one to an aspect of Charlie Chaplin which has been the subject of much discussion. It has often been said that Charlie is a Communist. The idea, of course, is ridiculous, because Charlie is the richest man in Hollywood. But it may shed some light on his political views if I repeat a few of the things he said to me that night.

'Let's get this quite clear,' he began. 'I am supposed to be a Communist. I am also supposed to be a Capitalist. My pictures are supposed to have a "propagandist message," whatever that may mean. I have even been accused of receiving enormous bribes to further the Communist cause through the medium of my work. If that is the case, why do I live in this house in the most expensive part of Beverly Hills? Why do I have a beach house down on the ocean? Why do I always travel first class? Why don't I distribute the money I have earned? If I thought I would be doing any good by giving it away I would. I *am* a Communist in the sense that I want to bring as much laughter and happiness into as many different homes as I can reach. You mustn't forget that I have seen both sides of the picture. I know what it feels like to walk along the Embankment with an empty stomach and holes in your one pair of socks. I know what it is not to be able to afford a packet of Woodbines. But do you think I should have liked some rich old lady to come along in a Rolls-Royce and hand me half a crown? Not a bit of it! I shouldn't be where I am now if there hadn't been that immense urge to do better and climb out of that awful poverty. Poor devils! But do you think that if they were asked to vote for Mr. Chamberlain-

or Stalin they wouldn't vote for Chamberlain? Why, they would be behind Chamberlain to a man. Then they say I am a Capitalist. If a Capitalist is a man who has a little more money than quite a lot of other people—well, then I am a Capitalist. If a Capitalist is a fellow who gives jobs to hundreds of working people, pays them well, gives them good holidays and works as hard, perhaps a bit harder than those who are working for him . . . well, then I suppose I *am* a Capitalist. But when most people talk about Capitalists they picture a large and well-fed gentleman with a thick gold watch-chain, lolling back in a magnificent motor car, chewing an outsize in cigars. I suppose there are some Capitalists like that, but I never thought that *I* conformed to the pattern.'

Certainly no one else would think so. Charlie Chaplin is so slight in figure that he looks frail. But, at fifty, he has the healthy, tanned complexion of a man twenty years his junior. He has small feet and small hands. They are hands that speak as eloquently as those of a ballet-dancer. The eyes are those of a dreamer, but they twinkle with an infectious merriment . . . the eyes of a sensitive, nervous, restless being who has known great happiness and plumbed the depths of despair. And the voice? I had almost forgotten to mention the voice. Before I met Charlie Chaplin I had hoped that he would never be induced to make a 'talkie.' If his voice was heard on the screen I felt he would at once descend to the level of Hollywood. But now that I have heard his speaking voice . . . and it is one of the most melodious and expressive speaking voices I have heard . . . I hope that he will let the world hear it in his next picture.

Inevitably we talked about Charlie's work. 'People are saying it is almost time I made another picture,' he said. 'If I was true to the Capitalist type I would be making a new picture every year, then I could have made a lot more money. But I can't start on a picture without an Idea . . . and when I use the word "Idea," I spell it with a capital "I." I have completed dozens of scenarios and then torn them up. I am not one of those people who can sit down and *make* an idea come. It must suggest itself by some trifling

thing I have seen . . . an incident in a lift or a moving staircase . . . ordinary every-day things experienced by ordinary people in their daily round. I then go into a conference with myself. I shut myself away from the world for three months. It is then that the papers start to say that I am having one of my "morbid periods" . . . or they think they detect a rift in the matrimonial lute. When I have worked out all my new gags I try them out in the studio. If the boys laugh I know it's all right. They wouldn't laugh just to please me. I then try them out on my friends here. Please note that I say my *friends*. I don't ask people here who merely want to stare at me and then go home and say they have met Charlie Chaplin. If my friends don't laugh I scrap the gag and wait till the next inspiration comes.'

Then Charlie told me something that provides a clue to one side of his genius. When he was still in his teens he secured an engagement to tour with a variety company in the Channel Islands. Several performances were given in Jersey, but the show was voted a 'flop.' Nobody could understand why, least of all the sensitive Charlie, who had already established quite a reputation for himself as an impersonator of famous actors like Sir Herbert Tree. It was then that Charlie and his fellow actors discovered that the audiences were largely composed of people who did not understand the Cockney slang and colloquialisms. There was only one solution to the problem. Another medium of expression had to be adopted. That medium was action and gesture without words. That is how Charlie discovered the art of pantomime. He was so impressed with its effects upon the audience that he henceforth devoted his entire study to acting in dumb show . . . and, as the world knows, he has never forgotten that lesson.

I doubt if Charlie Chaplin has forgotten any of those early lessons. He likes to talk for hours on end about his boyhood days and the old landmarks near his home in Kennington. 'There was no Harmsworth Park in those days,' he told me, 'the back streets were our playground. When I revisited some of my old haunts a few years ago I found that I had got nine mothers and over six hundred near

relations, all of whom demanded jobs in Hollywood at large salaries. While I was staying at the Ritz I received seventy-three thousand letters from people who wanted me to go out to dinner with them or lend them a 'quick' fiver. Charlie did not add what Hannen Swaffer once told me, that he used to steal out of the back entrance of the Ritz, while the crowds were clamouring for him at the front, and walking into the park stuff five-pound notes into the pockets of down-and-outs huddled against the railings.

It was when someone asked Charlie about his new picture, *The Dictator*, that we were suddenly made aware of that flame which constantly smoulders within him, transforming him, in the twinkling of an eye, from the gentle-voiced under-dog, recounting the struggles of his youth, into the frenzied fanatic swaying a vast audience. Charlie Chaplin, before our astonished eyes, had become . . . Adolf Hitler. It was as remarkable a metamorphosis as I have ever witnessed. But first let me tell you a little of the story that leads up to the furious climax. Charlie is a little Jewish tailor waiting in the crowd to applaud the triumphal progress of the Fuehrer, as he grabs yet another Balkan city. The word has gone forth that flags must be waved as the tanks thunder by, and shouts of delirious joy must ascend from those whom the Fuehrer has been pleased to place under his fatherly protection. Church bells are ringing, a salute of twenty-one guns has boomed out, every window along the route, at the insistence of Dr. Goebbels, is decorated with the Swastika flag. The famous 'Hitler Weather' contributes its joyous welcome as the big procession of cars comes slowly into sight. Suddenly the crowd, unable to restrain its enthusiasm any longer, breaks through the heavy cordon of police and Storm Troops ; pandemonium ensues, and before order has been restored Charlie finds himself the centre of an excited mob who mistake him for Hitler. With that calm and detached air which has carried him through similar *contretemps* in the past he assumes the new role entrusted to him and carries it through to its conclusion. An immense concourse has collected in the new Hitler *plaza* and after Charlie has entered the Town Hall the crowd yells : ' We want our Fuehrer.' Finally, Charlie appears. He shouts frenziedly at the mob,

waving his fists and tearing his hair. Only one word can be distinguished, however, and that word becomes a raging torrent. It is 'Deutschland, Deutschland, Deutschland.'

In that little drawing-room seven thousand miles from the scene of almost daily happenings of that kind, Charlie Chaplin gave us a truer and more revealing picture of Hitler and his methods than any words or pictures could convey. I don't know who enjoyed that exquisite little performance most, Charlie or his audience. But I do know that for three or four minutes I was carried back three years to a certain blazing hot afternoon on the Zeppelin Field outside Nuremberg. A few hours before, in company with Mrs. Ronald Greville, I had talked with Herr Hitler in the private apartments of his hotel. He was friendly and charming, and with his remarkable memory for details referred to things we had discussed at our previous meeting in Berlin a year before. By the time he appeared at the Zeppelin Field he had undergone a complete change . . . as dramatic as the one we had witnessed in Chaplin's drawing-room. A sea of faces filled the arena below. Nazi banners fluttered high in the wind, and huge golden eagles gazed down upon this amazing spectacle from the upper tiers above and behind us. A man with a Charlie Chaplin moustache was shouting frenziedly at the mob, waving his arms and tearing his hair. Amplifiers carried that voice to every corner of the arena, so that it sounded as if Jove himself was speaking. The torrent of words was interrupted every few minutes by thunderous shouts of joy from the arena. It was, if nothing else, a masterly exhibition of mass hypnotism. But there was only one word I could catch in that raging torrent.

It was 'Deutschland . . . Deutschland . . . Deutschland.'

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

DEATH IN HOLLYWOOD

THE MORNING AFTER OUR ARRIVAL IN HOLLYWOOD A LARGE pile of letters, bearing the local postmark, was sent up to our rooms. The contents of these letters consisted chiefly of invitations to breakfast and literary clubs, film *premieres*, convention lunches, cocktail parties, ice carnivals, and tennis tournaments. There were the usual number of people who remembered this or that distinguished Uncle. There were others who had not been able to convince the Napoleons of Hollywood that they had Ideas with a capital I, and who thought that a word from us would set them on the path to fame and fortune. And then there were a great number of glamorous young women who applied for the post of secretary, companion, guide, and anything-you-please for the duration of our stay. One applicant sent her photograph, together with details of her waist and bust measurements, and added a postscript to the effect that she knew nothing about shorthand and typewriting but was 'willing to learn.'

There is no excuse, as you see, for any young man feeling lonely in Hollywood. For the unattached or the semi-detached male there are pastures flowing with milk and honey, and he has only to dial Gladstone 8375 for the Beverly Escort Service, and various other numbers for similar services required by 'discriminating people,' and he can arrange for a companion for any and every occasion. If he prefers a quiet, studious type of girl with horned-rimmed spectacles and flat-heeled shoes, she will be waiting for him at the appointed hour. The same rule applies if he is seeking a platinum blonde, with scarlet toe-nails, a dumb expression, and a lisp. But thanks to Herr Hitler, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jun., and Miss Anita Loos, all of whom provided liberal

entertainment during our stay, we had no occasion to avail ourselves of these excellent services.

Had anyone said to me that I would spend a considerable part of my time in Hollywood parked up side-streets listening to radio accounts of scenes in London, Paris, Berlin, and Prague, I would have replied, quite politely, that he was talking through his hat. But that, as a matter of actual fact, is a true report of how much of our time was spent in the film city. The September crisis was then at its height. Hitler's face, which grew more menacing as day followed day, glared from page one of every extra edition. In bold, black type, three inches deep, we read that 'Hitler Seeks Bloodless Coup,' 'Hitler Sets October 1st Deadline,' and 'Hitler Pins Hope On Quick Victory' And above the *distant rumbling of thunder could be heard the voice of Mr. William Randolph Hearst . . . 'America Must Keep Out Of It.'* One enterprising newspaper published a photograph of the King and Queen with the two Princesses, showing how they would look in gas-masks. For five whole days the radio programmes consisted of little else but crisis news from eyewitnesses in Europe, and while English audiences were listening with bated breath to weather reports and shipping forecasts, we in Hollywood were being kept acquainted hour by hour with the latest developments. The result of all this was that Hollywood suffered a severe attack of the 'jitters.'

Let us now consider some other aspects of this remarkable city. From a casual glance at the advertisement columns of the Los Angeles newspapers, it would appear that every other inhabitant of that city either wished to sell a café or was suffering from an unmentionable complaint. Dotted about the pages of the Hearst *Examiner* like an ugly rash, one's attention is arrested by startling headings such as these :

Terrible Nose Discharge Embarrasses Lady.

If Itching Drives You Mad Try Smad.

How 25 Women Lost Ugly Fat.

Money Back Gland Tablets.

'I want gaiety, friends, LOVE,' she sobbed. 'And you shall have them,' I promised her. Listerine for Halitosis.

Nervous AS A CAT ? There is a Reason.

HOLLYWOOD EXTREMES

Forest Lawn Cemetery
and the alligator farm



Enlarge Your Bust With Madame Anderson's Cream.

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes to Flush Out Acids.

Asthma Mucus Dissolved Easy Way.

'I Used to Look Like a Blimp . . . But Look At Me Now.'

Gassy Stomachs Relieved.

In spite of these picturesque announcements we failed to notice people behaving in an indecorous manner with handkerchiefs, or feverishly applying Smad to the affected parts. Nor did we observe any of those other exciting happenings . . . usually, I believe, called orgies . . . about which we had read so much in popular English weeklies. Hollywood, in short, looked eminently clean, pious, and respectable. From a journalistic point of view this discovery was most discouraging. We drove over eight hundred miles in four days, without going outside Los Angeles and its suburbs, and not once did we see or hear anything that would have shocked the readers of the *Church Times*.

The face of Hollywood has changed out of all recognition in the eight years since I was last there. In the early 1930's you saw miniature golf courses on the corner of every vacant lot. They have all gone now. Laura La Plante lost £13,000 and Mary Pickford over £15,000 in nine-day wonders of this kind. There is nothing permanent about the place at all, unless one excepts, of course, Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, whose glittering smile will cause us disturbing sensations in a later chapter. Out of curiosity I turned up my diary for 1930, and I found a reference to the well-kept lawns and expensive appearance of the millionaires' homes in Pasadena. I drove out again through that once fashionable suburb a few months ago, on my way to see the Huntington treasures at San Marino, and I was surprised to find that the millionaires had gone into liquidation. The lawns were thick with weeds, and the houses themselves, in every style from Spanish Mission to early Road House, were falling into decay. The Beverly Wilshire Hotel in those far-off days was surrounded by green fields. To-day you would have great difficulty in seeing a green field from the hotel roof with a telescope . . . and even then the grass,

very probably, would be synthetic. Since 1870, Los Angeles, like Houston, Texas, has been doubling its population every ten years. Its total area is said to be in the neighbourhood of 400 square miles, and it is growing so fast that the new 200-inch telescope is not to be housed at Mount Wilson, where I went to see the 100-inch glass giant, but on Palomar Mountain, near San Diego, well out of reach of the rival starlight of Los Angeles.

'No one in Los Angeles thinks of walking,' I wrote in my diary eight years ago. 'Only golfers will have legs in the future,' Mary Pickford had remarked to me. At that time there were over 750,000 cars in Los Angeles alone. To-day there must be nearly a million, or approximately half the total car population of the British Isles. You can tell they are owner driven because they are always dirty. Where cars, new or second hand, are so cheap, it is less trouble, as I have already observed, to buy a fresh one than to clean your old one. It just isn't done to walk in Hollywood. And if you were adventurous enough to take a stroll in the more exclusive residential districts the chances are that you would be accosted by a 'cop,' who would ask you 'What's the big idea?'

The fashionable shopping and eating centre of the moment is called 'The Strip.' It is also known as 'Mother of Pearl Alley.' In the space of a few hundred yards you can eat in a dozen different languages, order a slap-up funeral, buy genuine antiques from Eddie Cantor, and almost anything from perfumes by Antoine to chinchilla wraps in exotic little shops that have their headquarters in London, Paris, Vienna, and Buenos Ayres. The 'swank' restaurants of the moment are the Vendome and the Trocadero, where you eat out-of-season foods at out-of-season prices. At cocktail time the crowned heads congregate with their friends at the 'Beachcomber's Bar,' where the *decor* is Hawaiian, but the prices are Hollywood. You are expected to drink three cocktails in the following order: Panama Daiquiri, Zombie, and Missionary's Ruin. After you have had the third you begin to think that Hollywood is really like heaven after all.

To see Hollywood in its most characteristic mood one must attend a 'world première.' The idea has since been

emulated by enterprising charity promoters in other parts of the world, but these do not compare with the dazzling functions in the city of their origin. Midnight is the usual hour selected, because this enables as many stars as possible to be present. Long before that hour the sidewalks are dense with fans, and the concrete paving, in the proximity of the red carpet, is black with huge moths that are drawn down by the blaze of light. Overhead, searchlights sweep the heavens as if to inform the other and lesser deities of the auspicious happenings on earth. As the celebrities are disgorged from the stream of sleek black limousines they step up to the microphone. A roar of applause greets the arrival of a favourite star. The master of ceremonies has a store of wisecracks with which he introduces the celebrities, and then the celebrities say 'a few words' into the microphone. The 'few words' follow a set pattern which can be summed up as follows: 'Well, folks, its *grend* to see you all. It's going to be a *grend* show.' The fans then burst into delirious cheers and press forward to see if it is Barbara Stanwyck that Robert Taylor is so tenderly handing out of his car. When Norma Shearer emerged from her long widowhood to attend the première of *Marie Antoinette*, a choir in white surplices formed a guard of honour and sang 'Memories.' This charming touch caused a cloud-burst of emotion among the fans and it was decided thereafter to refrain from playing too deeply upon the sensibilities of the public.

The Hollywood boulevards are ablaze with posters advertising everything from Coca-Cola to Real Estate. Quite a number of them refer to the morbid topic of death and burial. An undertaker in America is called a mortician. These gentlemen vie with each other in the sugary and sanctimonious appeal of their advertisements. One afternoon I went to Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where the stars have left their hand and footprints on the concrete sidewalk. The film was *Too Hot to Handle*. Glancing through the programme my attention was arrested by a heading which read 'In the Afternoon of Life.' On the opposite page was a photograph of a sculpture entitled 'Golden Wedding,' and underneath I read 'Everything at time of sorrow.' My interest was further aroused by a paragraph

which read : ' Forest Lawn offers every type of interment property and funerals in a range of prices so complete that even families in the most modest circumstances can enjoy the security of knowing that they will have a place in the world's most beautiful memorial park ' The lowering of the lights to enable us to watch the latest breath-taking adventures of Mr. Clark Gable, prevented me from reading any further, but I resolved that a visit to Forest Lawn must be included in my Hollywood programme. On my previous visit I had made a pilgrimage to Valentino's grave at the Hollywood cemetery. I remember seeing a huge white marble mausoleum with shelves reaching to the ceiling. In Valentino's corner there were enormous bunches of flowers, some of which had come from England. I remember, too, the voice of a young man engaged in a tender dialogue on the telephone, his honeyed words echoing through those marble halls, but somehow this seemed in perfect taste with these incongruous surroundings.

And so, the following afternoon, we set out for Forest Lawn. Long before we reached our destination the huge Tower of Legends, which stands sentinel above the two hundred acre cemetery, riveted our eyes. Here on Easter Sunday a sunrise service is held, with a community chorus of five hundred formed to make a huge white cross on the hill-side, and according to the Forest Lawn prospectus, ' as the first rays of the Easter sun touch with gold the cross on the Tower, a cloud of white doves soar into the limitless blue.' At the entrance to the Memorial Park we passed through wrought iron gates (' the largest in the world ') surmounted by pseudo-royal coats-of-arms, and inside there was a little notice asking : ' Have *you* made your Reservations ? ' A duck pond, in the centre of which bronze storks shoot thirty-foot columns of water into the air, came into view as we rounded the first bend of the twisting road that leads to the Mausoleum itself. Small marble figures at the edge of the pool are referred to in the guide-book as the ' Duck Baby ' and the ' Frog Baby.' We gathered that these inspiring works are intended to depict Eternal Life.

On the opposite side of the road our gaze alighted upon a group of buildings, which, on reference to the splendidly

produced guide-book, we learned was the Undertaking Establishment, 'built of Class A reinforced concrete and steel construction, to resist fire, earthquake, and time.' A footnote added that 'undertaking is contrived with all forms of interment in one sacred place, under one capable management, with one convenient credit arrangement for everything.' Continuing our macabre journey, we came in sight of the 'Wee Kirk O' the Heather' where, 'on the wings of romance, fancy flies to the stirring events of olden times, when Douglas of Fingland sang to Annie Laurie.' Here, the gentle scribe informs us, 'the last sacred rites of many widely known and greatly loved persons, including Will Rogers, Marie Dressler, and Jean Harlow, have been conducted' Annie Laurie's Will and communion tokens are amongst the Kirk's treasured possessions. Adjoining the Kirk is 'God's Garden,' where the inquiring visitor is shown the Wishing Chair built of stones from the original Annie Laurie kirk at Glencairn

Another bend of the road brought us to Stoke Poges, or something rather like the little church of the Elegy in Buckinghamshire. I could not help thinking that Thomas Gray would have been horrified at these immaculate lawns and the profusion of ferns and palms within. This is called the 'Little Church of the Flowers' and 'above the fragrant blossoms song birds trill litanies of love.' Adjoining the church are two apartments known as the 'Bride's Room' and the 'Bridegroom's Room.' Nearly eight thousand couples, we learned, had been married in these two little churches. Every bend in the road revealed fresh surprises, groups of white marble statuary symbolizing 'Family Love,' 'Protection,' 'Invocation,' 'Hallowed Hours' . . . until we came in sight of the massive group of mausoleum buildings. Here, the builder had gone to Genoa for his inspiration, and, in the words of the guide-book, this is 'the only place in the world where all of Michelangelo's greatest works are gathered together in one place.' Furthermore, in order to ensure the safety of this unique array of treasures enough steel and concrete has been used to erect a fifty-story office building and its foundations burrow 33 feet into the solid rock,

I won't attempt to describe in detail the interior of the mausoleum. Many who visit it no doubt come away overwhelmed with the beauty of its corridors lined with thirty-six different kinds of rare marbles. Others will be thrilled with the array of statuary depicting 'Mother Love,' 'Contentment,' 'By Life's Sea,' 'Sleeping Time,' and 'Golden Wedding,' and a host of other subjects, many of which seemed a little incongruous in that setting. Something prevents me, too, from setting down my feelings in print on suddenly being confronted by life-size reproductions of the *Moses*, *Pieta*, and *Day and Night* of Michelangelo. The supreme achievement, however, is the stained-glass version of Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*. The catalogue modestly claims that Leonardo's original has thus been 'saved for civilization,' and that this is 'truly the outstanding art contribution of the present generation to posterity.' I also overheard a guide remark to a group of tourists: 'It is better than the original.' The window took several years to make and broke five times in the furnace before Rosa Moretti completed the work. The artist did not copy the original at Milan, but built up a new composition from Leonardo's original sketches at Windsor and elsewhere. The effect, with a soft light playing from behind, is impressive, but I cannot think that the medium selected, alien in every way to the original, would have pleased Leonardo.

As we left the mausoleum we were handed another small book called 'Protection For Your Loved Ones,' which informed readers that 'convenient terms are available so that you can pay out of income in monthly payments.' I glanced through some of the headings and read:

The Wise Man Is Wise *Before* Not After—The
Emergency.

Spare Loved Ones This Burden.

Delay May Bring Regret.

Make This Decision *Together . . . Now.*

Results of Delay Pathetic.

Would You Want Your Children To Face This?

One Low Overhead Covers Four Services.

A Tax-Exempt Investment which *Increases* In Value.

This *Might* Happen To You.

The last heading aroused my curiosity because I had already seen some of the things that might happen to me had I decided to spend my last days within reach of Forest Lawn. So I read on: 'Here is a case that illustrates the wisdom of purchasing memorial property before need at a time when you are best able to pay. —, a nationally known wizard of finance and author of a famous book on finance, saved himself from a pauper's grave because at the height of his greatness and meteoric financial career, he had the wisdom and forethought to provide himself with a gratifying and impressive memorial. From the height of many millions, death found this man penniless. His funeral expenses were paid for by friends. The only asset which creditors could not take away was his memorial property. They repeatedly tried—but it was inalienably his, forever. And so, because of his foresight, his interment was not left to chance charity. He and his family had a monument to themselves befitting his life and his achievements.'

It was splendid, you will agree, that the authorities at Forest Lawn should have anticipated such a situation as this, and gracious indeed of them to give a timely word of warning to others who, in the flush of success, might forget to make their reservation in 'America's outstanding cemetery property.' But as there has never been any fear that I shall suddenly become a nationally known wizard of finance I decided to postpone making my reservation. Had I wished to pursue the matter further I would have been received in the main reception-room of the Administration Building, which is a reproduction of the great hall of a sixteenth-century English manor house, where 'stone floors, high fireplace, weathered oak beams, massive period furniture, and stained leaded windows create an atmosphere of timeless tranquillity.' I would have been shown the windows of the great hall which tell the story of the Quest for the Holy Grail. I would have been conducted to the mortuary where 'high casement windows admit the friendly sunlight which lays in patterns on thickly carpeted floors and is reflected in the warm tones of the walls and ceilings.' If my morbid curiosity needed further gratification, I could have opened a door and seen 'one of the mortuary's spacious

slumber rooms, where loved ones rest during the last interlude before the public service.' I would have been shown chestnut coffins, oak coffins, bronze caskets, marble statuary, baskets of flowers . . . *everything* for the time of sorrow.

I regret to say that I did not avail myself of any of these opportunities. And in spite of Mr. Bruce Barton's touching tribute to Forest Lawn. . . . 'A First Step Up Toward Heaven.' . . . I still obstinately prefer the 'pagan and pessimistic symbols' of the not very beautiful cemeteries which greet the eye as one approaches almost any provincial town in England.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

PRAISE THE LORD !

WE HAD LINGERED LONGER THAN WE SHOULD AT FOREST Lawn, and the curtain had already rung up when we arrived at the Angelus Temple. The Mother Church of Sister Aimee's Four Square Gospel method of reaching Heaven (all rights reserved) is like a small Albert Hall, built of concrete, with a lighthouse on the roof from which God's Publicity Agent sends out her messages of faith and hope to suffering humanity. Up in that lighthouse, too, professional interceders pray day and night (for a fee) for those who have strayed so far from the straight and narrow path that even Sister Aimee's healing touch cannot save them from Satan's clutches.

Inside, the Temple resembles an inferior movie palace with raw concrete walls and staircases. But instead of coloured pictures of Garbo and Gable in the foyer there are vivid likenesses of Sister Aimee, attired as an angel, with hands outstretched, invoking the power of the Holy Ghost. Some of the pictures show her in the garb of a traffic cop, others in a close-fitting evening dress struggling with 'The Godless Gorilla,' and in a simple country frock, with sun-bonnet and milk-bucket in her hand, such as she wore forty years ago down on the farm in Ontario. Upstairs, in the Temple Museum, glass cases are filled with crutches and other discarded tokens of the halt, the maimed, and the blind. Twice a week Aimee holds her healing sessions when, as she says, 'Afflictions melt away as snow before the sun.'

The Temple was packed to the roof when we eventually squeezed our way into the dress circle. Six thousand eager, tense faces craning forward to catch every word and study each little gesture of the remarkable woman who stood in

the centre of the stage. Old men and women, young men with their girl friends, parsons, sailors, niggers, their eyes sparkling with an unholy fire as they followed the strange enactment down below. I was so fascinated by those faces that it was several minutes before I could take my eyes away from them. The stage was set with a background representing a scene in Palestine, banked at either side with immense baskets of drooping roses. To the right and left of the proscenium stood two tall wooden crosses, draped with flowers, and across each appeared the all too obvious wording 'He Is Not Here' and 'He Is Risen'. A large crucifix with supporting figures of the Virgin and St. Joseph, illuminated by spotlights, high above the stage, completed this astonishing setting.

The largest and most powerful spotlight of all was reserved for Sister Aimee, who had selected for that night's performance a white satin dress with long flowing sleeves. Her only other adornment, apart from the golden wig, was an immense cross of French paste. And as I looked I felt that my eyes too would be glued to this mass hypnotist for the rest of the evening. She was shouting in a hoarse voice down the microphone and this is what I heard: 'Now, brothers and sisters, we've got someone with us to-night who has come all the way from Chicago to tell us how the Power . . . Oh, folks, can't you feel the Power here to-night . . . (shouts of Praise the Lord) . . . he is going to tell us how the Power of God's G-Men has scared the Devil away, so that we shall be ready when He comes down in His Heavenly Aeroplane to greet us and shake us by the hand.' Sister Aimee turned round and indicated a perplexed little man, wearing the uniform of the American Legion, who was sitting at the back of the stage. 'Give him a great big hand,' she yells, and Aimee leads the clapping. Then, turning again to the microphone, she continued: 'I've written a special little hymn for you to-night and I'm going to sing it myself.' She smiles to the conductor below, and as he raises his baton she shouts: 'It's called "The Lord Planted a Garden."'

I wish I had written down the words of that 'hymn' because nothing I can write now can possibly convey their

arrant stupidity. The lights in the audience . . . I regret that I cannot truthfully describe these people as a congregation . . . were lowered while soft mauve and green lights played around the central figure. There was something about the hymn which, I believe, is known as a 'lilt.' It would have made an admirable number for the soubrette part in a pre-War musical comedy. The words had something to do with the flowers the Lord had planted in His Garden, and it was clear to anyone who had the slightest knowledge of horticulture that the Lord knew very little about gardening. But Sister Aimee overcame this minor consideration by her remarkable mode of delivery.

The sound that came from the thickly rouged lips reminded me most of Mistinguett. At the end of the first verse she summoned four attendant angels to help her grapple with verse two. Each angel was holding a basket of flowers, and as Aimee referred to 'Lilies of Purity' and 'Dahlias of Delight' the basket containing the flowers in question was held up for the inspection of the audience. In the third verse the attendant angels joined in the chorus, arms linked round each other in the best Tiller Girls' tradition. Heads close together and bodies swaying from side to side, Aimee called to the brothers and sisters to join in the refrain. A great volume of sound rose from all around, and there was a look of ecstasy in the eyes of the old woman on my left.

When the last flowers had been planted in the Lord's Garden there came shouts of 'Praise the Lord,' 'Come to Jesus,' and 'Hallelujah' from every part of the temple. But Aimee, who had gone back to whisper a word to her revivalist friend sitting at the back of the stage, rushed forward to the microphone and called upon everybody to stand up and shake hands with their neighbour on the right and left. This is one of Aimee's favourite little gags for breaking down any stiffness she may detect amongst the 'First Nighters.' Special seats are reserved in the front row of the stalls for those who are paying their first visit to a Temple service, and Aimee likes to invite them up to the stage to shake hands with her. She then calls out the name of the State or country from which they come to

prove to the Faithful how universal is the call of the Four Square Gospel.

The old woman on my left clasped my hand firmly and cried 'God Bless you, my boy.' I cannot recall what I muttered in reply beyond, of course, a half-hearted 'How d'you do?' but I had evidently given the impression that I, too, had seen the Light and had firmly determined to mend my ways. The old woman's hand held mine in a bony embrace for three minutes while she told me about the 'Power' and the 'Glory' and the wonderful things that happen every Thursday in the Temple. When we had shaken hands and Praised the Lord six thousand times Aimee called for the lights in the auditorium to be lowered. 'Mind what you do, brothers,' she cried, 'because they may go on again before you expect.' And then she started a census of the audience. 'Anybody here from Alabama?' she shouts. A timid voice is heard in the top gallery. Aimee notes it down on her chart. State by State, until the entire Union is represented, goes down on her chart. Then she starts on foreign countries. Somebody puts up his hand and shouts 'Belgium.' Aimee's face takes on a new radiance. 'Just think of that, brothers and sisters, we have rescued a soul to-night who has come all those thousands of miles to see the Glory of the Lord! Let's give him a special clap.' Holland, France, Bulgaria, Russia . . . every nation pays its tribute to God's Anointed. Then one thunderous 'Praise the Lord' from the entire audience and Aimee leads her Legionnaire friend to the microphone.

The little man in his odd-looking uniform, with its memories of the Grand Canyon, begins to sing. The tune reminds me of 'The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,' and the words have the same uplifting quality as those voiced by the gentleman who walked along the Bois de Boulogne with an independent air. It was an excellent variety turn but I doubt if one pair of eyes were watching him. Our fascinated gaze was still held by the *prima donna* herself who had retired to her throne and was now talking animatedly to a disciple on her right. Her magnetism is extraordinary and she does not relax for a minute. She takes a sip from a tumbler and a pale-faced disciple brings

a portable telephone, down which she holds a brief conversation and then hands the telephone back. Her eyes are here, there, and everywhere. And always that glittering smile which, one feels, must give the wearer excruciating agony for the long hours each day she must display it to the Faithful. Never for an instant does she allow a turn to flag, because so acutely is she attuned to the moods of her audience that, sensing unrest, she switches immediately to something else.

After the Legionnaire had completed his act Aimee announced the collection and attendants distributed little paper envelopes on which was written: 'Monthly love offering to my pastor Aimee Semple McPherson. In gratitude and loving appreciation for your ministry, and with the prayer that it shall ever widen and grow and that Strength Divine and millions of souls be given you, I enclose this gift. God bless you.' Again Aimee calls for a show of hands, but this time it is to see that we are giving notes and not nickels. The 'Love offering' for Aimee's personal use is said to amount to £100 a month, but it is estimated that some ten million dollars have been coaxed into the Angelus collection plates and envelopes since the Temple was completed sixteen years ago.

Never is Sister Aimee at a loss for a new stunt. On one occasion (*vide* the photograph in the foyer) she made her entrance on a motor bicycle dressed as a speed cop. Roaring the engine to show that it was a real motor bicycle, she leapt from the machine, pushing it in the direction of a waiting disciple, and shouted down the microphone: 'Stop, brother! You are speeding to Hell.' On another occasion she re-enacted a scene in which a young negro girl was being sold into slavery. The wicked transactions were nearing completion when a tall gaunt gentleman in a frock-coat rushed on the stage proclaiming: 'The slaves are free!' This, of course, was intended to represent Abraham Lincoln. But the last word, even in the presence of Lincoln, was Sister Aimee's. Clutching the microphone in her hand she yelled: 'And I proclaim all sinners free if they believe in God! Praise the Lord!'

So it goes on, Sunday after Sunday, year in year out. It was nearly eight years since my first visit to the Temple.

But Aimee had lost none of her old glamour. The Temple was just as packed, the stunts showed no signs of getting stale. Looking back in my diary I found I had written : ' Young men with pale faces gazed with transfixed adoration as if the Heavens were about to open and the Lord, overcome with such stentorian praise, would appear and claim His Anointed. Hard-faced young women in cap and gown and horned-rimmed spectacles jotted down in huge note-books each pearl of wisdom that fell from Aimee's lips.' I might have made those notes a few months instead of eight years ago. The pale-faced young men and the hard-faced young women were still there. The ' Praise the Lord ' was just as hysterical. And the glittering smile, in spite of lawsuits, scandals, and rows galore with ' Ma ' Kennedy, had not dimmed or lost any of the old dominant quality. On that first occasion I had not stopped until the end. The mockery of the whole thing had sickened me, and I rushed out before I, too, became one with those six thousand worshippers of a vaudeville deity. But on my second visit I was determined to see it through because I realized now that I was watching the best variety show on earth.

After the collection came the star act of the evening. It was so fantastic that I won't attempt to describe it in detail. The spotlights suddenly shifted from the figure of Christ on the Cross to a square tank to the right of the stage, under the choir balcony. The tank appeared to be filled with water, on the surface of which floated pink rose petals. Sister Aimee stepped up to the microphone, extended her arms, and yelled : ' Now, brothers and sisters, we're going to see the glory of the Lord descend on a hundred,' . . . she paused and consulted a disciple who supplied the exact figure. . . . ' Praise the Lord, brothers, we're going to see the glory descend on a hundred and twenty-two poor sinners who have come from all over the world to lay their burdens on Jesus. Isn't that beautiful, brothers and sisters ? ' Once again a thunderous ' Praise the Lord ' from six thousand voices that spoke as one, and with a signal to the organist Aimee prepared for the grand baptism.

A stream of brothers and sisters . . . the men in black, the women in white . . . formed up across the stage, and Sister

Aimee took her place with a muscular revivalist . . . *inside* the tank. Three by three the converts stepped into the tank while Sister Aimee and the revivalist joined hands behind their backs. Holding the noses of the two outside converts, God's Publicity Agent and her assistant lowered the three seekers after glory into the rose-strewn water. The man or the woman in the middle always forgot to hold his or her nose, with the result that the conversion to Glory was accompanied by ugly sounds of spluttering and choking which, however, were quickly drowned by yells of 'Praise the Lord' from the audience. As each convert stepped into the water the beloved pastor announced the name of the convert and kept up a running commentary about their past wickednesses and how they had found glory here at Angelus. As they clambered out of the tank towels were hurriedly thrown around the drenched figures by hidden hands, and so the mad business continued until the last dripping figure vanished, soaked in glory, and with rose petals clinging to his clothes.

Before the audience filed out we caught one last, unforgettable glimpse of this superlative show-woman. She had vanished for a minute to arrange her curls and powder her nose after standing for nearly twenty minutes in the water. Her muscles must have been aching with the effort of lowering so many bodies laden with scarlet sins into the purifying water, although, presumably, they came up as light as bubbles, after the cleansing immersion. With a triumphant peal from the organ Aimee reappeared in a little over sixty seconds in a shimmering satin dress with a scarlet cloak. *All* the spotlights played upon her now, and the dim outline of the cross was only faintly discernible in the shadows above. As she raised her hand in blessing, a tiny convert, not more than six years old, ran from the wings, curtsied gracefully to the prima donna, and handed her a basket of pink roses. Sister Aimee lifted the child into her arms and blew kisses to the audience. And so ended a memorable evening.

A few days later I opened a Los Angeles newspaper and a photograph entitled 'Versatile Evangelist' caught my eye. In large type alongside I read: 'Aimee Plans Birthday Fête.' I wondered what new stunt 'God's Anointed' had

selected for such an auspicious anniversary. This is what I read : ' To-day thousands of followers will shout " Hallelujah " beneath the dome of a \$500,000 temple and see Aimee dressed in a red gingham frock such as she wore on the farm. Half hiding her tight golden curls will be a sun bonnet, and over her arm she will carry a milk bucket, all of which she says is symbolic of her humble upbringing.'

Fascinated, I read on : ' Last week a smaller birthday party was held for Aimee Semple McPherson in the home of her business manager, Giles M. Knight. The house was rigged out to resemble a rainbow, and at one end of the radiant arc was a packing-case, covered with gilt paint, representing the pot of gold. The case was filled with gifts, each one wrapped in gold paper. While the guests were watching a sketch depicting a child pleading with a burglar not to rob the temple of its power of prayer, a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool burglar busied himself outside ransacking and robbing the parked cars of those who helped Aimee celebrate.'

I opened another newspaper and read : ' Aimee Sues Manager for \$1,500,000.' Only a year or two ago a \$1,000,000 slander action was brought against Aimee by her associate pastor, Rheba Crawford. That little row was settled out of court. But in spite of trials and tribulations and scandals by the score Aimee continues to pack her temple. Nothing seems to undermine her influence. She claims to have baptized over forty thousand converts. Ministries have been established in almost every part of the world, and she has founded 367 Four Square Gospel Tabernacles. Four hundred thousand needy persons are said to have received baskets of food from the Angelus Temple, and Aimee's employment agency is reputed to have obtained jobs for a quarter of a million persons. In addition to all these activities, there have been world crusades and attempts to drive the devil out of London, Paris, and New York by Sister Aimee in person. There have also, by the way, been three ' Mr. Aimees.'

But there we must leave her, Praise the Lord, because the hour is growing late and we have a number of appointments with people of vast importance. Their names you will read at the beginning of the next chapter.

THE FATHER OF SNOW WHITE

'BY THE TIME I WAS SIXTEEN I HAD LUNCHEDED AND DINED with every major crowned head in Europe.' The young man who made this surprising statement was dressed in a pair of old grey flannel trousers with an open-neck blue shirt turned down over the collar of his jacket. The shirt, he told me, he had bought in a Hollywood bargain basement for five shillings. I have forgotten the prices of the other things he was wearing, nor need we particularly concern ourselves with any further sartorial details. All that matters is that the wearer of the five-shilling shirt was Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, junior, and we were having a frugal lunch at the Brown Derby Restaurant in Hollywood.

From this brief introduction it will be clear that Neile Vanderbilt does not conform to the conventional pattern of American millionaires' sons. And because he is typical of other young men in America with famous names who, in spite of their backgrounds, have rolled up their sleeves and worked their way up from the bottom, I have included him in this gallery of hurriedly drawn thumb-nail sketches. Back in 1914, when Vanderbilt was in his teens, his life had been planned out much in the way of a Prince of the Royal Blood. He was to go to Yale. He was then to be given a junior job in one of the numerous banks of which his father was director. And then, in 1919, he was to marry one of the eligible girls who would be making their debut that year.

As it happened, Vanderbilt did none of these things. When America entered the War he ran away from home and joined the army. In France he was asked if he knew how to drive a Rolls-Royce as someone was needed urgently to drive Lord Haig's car. Vanderbilt volunteered and was given the job.

When Haig's regular chauffeur returned to duty, the Field Marshal handed the young American his card, and remarked: 'If you are ever in need of a job after the War come to this address in London.' But after the War Vanderbilt decided to say farewell to Fifth Avenue and go into journalism.

'When I told Mr. Pierpont Morgan about my plans,' Vanderbilt remarked, 'he just scowled and said "That's awful. A journalist usually winds up by either becoming a chronic drunkard or by remaining . . . a journalist. I don't know which is worse."' When I asked your Uncle Northcliffe for his advice, he said, "Why don't you start an illustrated daily in California? Something after the style of our *Mirror* in London." The idea excited me. Just at that time Hearst offered me £6000 a year to edit his new tabloid in New York. "You know nothing about editing," he said, "but your name is worth that money to me." Looking back, it would have been better if I had accepted Hearst's offer. I borrowed money to start tabloids in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Miami. The idea of a penny paper set the coast on fire. After the first month the circulation of the Los Angeles *Illustrated Daily News* was a little short of 300,000 copies. My family were furious at this latest exhibition of my rebellious spirit. My grandmother's secretary wrote to me and said "Mrs. Vanderbilt instructed me to write to you and ask you to discontinue mailing your disgraceful newspapers to her address. She is neither interested nor amused."

'Unfortunately the advertising did not keep pace with the circulation. Certain gentlemen, whose names I need not mention, were determined that the advertising should *not* come our way. The net result of it all was that I had to surrender my £400,000 interest in my grandfather's estate in order to meet the creditors of Vanderbilt Newspapers, Inc. When I returned to New York I hadn't a cent. I wasn't on speaking terms with my family. The tabloids ferreted me out and made a splash story about my living in a two-room flat opposite the house which my grandmother had just sold for £1,500,000. I was swamped with offers of jobs, from band leader to motor salesman. Arthur

Brisbane rang me up and told me that he had a vacancy on the *Daily Mirror*. So I ended up in the Hearst camp after all.

'Now I'm free-lancing,' Vanderbilt continued. 'A lot of mystuff is syndicated. I live in my trailer *Stardust II* and travel all over the world in it. I took the Duke and Duchess of Windsor for a trip round Cannes in it a year ago. Then I had it in London for the Coronation. Did you hear how I scooped the story in Westminster Abbey? I had a small transmitter concealed in my waistcoat. When people thought I was praying I was speaking very softly into the transmitter and my commentary was picked up by the set in my trailer parked a few hundred yards away. From there it was transmitted direct to America.'

In the course of his journalistic career Neile Vanderbilt has met most of the great ones of the earth. Some of their comments I make no excuse for quoting :

Hitler : 'Tell the Americans that I was sent by the Almighty to a Nation that had been threatened with disintegration and loss of honour for fifteen years.'

Mussolini : 'Peace ! That's my motto ! Another world war ? Nonsense. There will be no war in Europe so long as Mussolini is alive.'

Stalin : 'In a Communist state we do not deal with contentment or discontentment, only with figures.'

Andrew Carnegie : 'Even a fool can make a million dollars, my boy, but it takes a sage to keep it.'

Al Capone : 'I personally never killed or wounded a single person.'

I could quote a great many more interesting things that Vanderbilt told me during lunch, dinner, and several other occasions when we were 'high-spotting' in Hollywood, but I have said enough, I hope, to show that every American millionaire's son is not like the one who occasionally takes an entire page in the newspapers to advertise in letters six inches deep 'I Wanna Wife,' or 'I Wanna Secretary.' Cornelius Vanderbilt, junior, if he had taken Vanderbilt advice, would to-day have been a rather bored millionaire and heir to many more millions. He could have owned a

yacht, given lavish parties, and rented a house at Newport. But as Neile Vanderbilt, journalist, moving about the world in *Stardust II*, he has seen through the humbug of the Social Register, which, by the way, he told me consists of seventy-five people (including twelve Vanderbilts) who are invited to all important functions, and an outer fringe of a hundred and fifty people who are invited *after* and not *before* dinner. It would have been much more comfortable, much more dignified, to have watched the sometimes dazzling, the sometimes tawdry, cavalcade of life from a velvet-curtained Fifth Avenue window. It required a quality which, for want of a better word, I must describe as 'guts,' to do what young Vanderbilt did, and in the face of a costly failure to go on fighting, without money, with very few friends, in the faint hope that one day he might outgrow the disadvantages of being born with a golden spoon in his mouth. That he has done so is a credit to himself and to the name of Vanderbilt.

After lunch Neile Vanderbilt took me to meet another young man who is an artist in quite a different sphere, but in spite of the contrast in their backgrounds, their stories have several points in common. Walt Disney was born in Chicago in 1901. Neile Vanderbilt was born in New York a few months earlier. During the War, while Vanderbilt was driving Haig's Rolls-Royce, Disney was driving a Red Cross Ambulance. In 1923 Disney arrived in Hollywood, unknown, penniless, and with few friends. In September of that same year Vanderbilt also arrived on the Pacific Coast and launched his Los Angeles Penny Paper. Both young men quickly discovered that the streets of Hollywood were not paved with gold, but with a hard, metallic substance that broke the heart of the strongest. People said that Vanderbilt had shot his bolt and Disney had better go back to his farm.

In both cases the prophets proved wrong . . . just how wrong, in the case of Walt Disney, we can more easily appreciate by observing him in his simply furnished office where he is showing us the designs for his new studios in the San Fernando Valley. The present Disney Studios sprawl over a large area and have been added to as the enterprise has

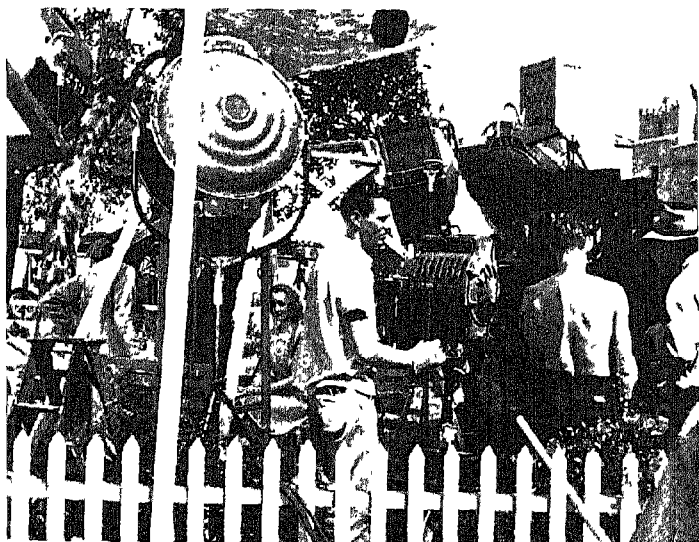


Snack bars by the roadside
abound in the Middle West.

The Chicago way of saying
'Keep Off The Grass.'



The dress-making department at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.



Shooting 'Samson and the Ladies' at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.

grown, until the pressure on space has compelled Disney to find larger accommodation for his six hundred operatives. In the new studios, which will take two years to build, there will be room for all. There will also be a zoo where Disney and his artists can study the habits of his characters on the spot without having to send his camera men to the ends of the earth to secure a particular close-up. There will be many other exciting features too . . . but now let us consider Mr. Disney himself.

The observant eye immediately notes that Mr. Disney needs a haircut. I am speaking, of course, of last October, and there was ample excuse for everyone, even Mr. Disney, overlooking little matters of this kind during that unusually horrible month. Mr. Disney's grey flannel trousers, too, I regret to announce, were sadly in need of a press. The open-neck cricket shirt and rolled-up sleeves suggest that he has spent the afternoon tinkering with a racing car, because Mr. Disney's whole appearance . . . I have forgotten to mention that he wears a jaunty moustache . . . gives the impression that his life is more concerned with magnetos and exhaust-pipes than with fairies and dwarfs. His hands, too, seem too large, too heavily moulded, to have fashioned and have brought to life the exquisite creations of Hans Andersen and Grimm. Around the room the Disney characters . . . Mickey Mouse, Minnie, Donald Duck, Pluto, Clarebelle Cow, Ferdinand the Bull . . . gazed disdainfully at us from their glass cabinets. Silver plaques and medals and cups occupied other places of honour in Disney's sanctum. The atmosphere was a little like a prefect's study at a public school while Mr. Disney himself wears his success in the boyish manner of a three yearer who has just got his cap for cricket.

Three other problems . . . besides the new studio . . . were occupying Disney's mind that particular afternoon. One of these was *Pinocchio*, the Collodi classic concerning an unfortunate puppet whose nose grew longer with each lie he told. Disney had spent £50,000 on the preliminary work for this new picture and then scrapped the whole thing. Now he had started again at the beginning and was tussling with a scene at the bottom of the ocean, which is likely to pale into insignificance everything that we saw in *Snow*

White. In this scene Pinocchio discovers that his poor old friend Geppetto has been swallowed by a whale. He searches the bed of the ocean for him, accompanied by Jeminy the Cricket, who whispers words of advice in Pinocchio's ear at critical moments. The latter character is a pure Disney creation. In the end Pinocchio is rewarded with a real body by the Blue Fairy, and everybody lives happily ever after. Disney hopes to complete *Pinocchio* by the autumn, and he says that the production costs will probably exceed the £400,000 spent on *Snow White*.

The second problem that Disney told us about was *Bambi*. This is to be the saga of a deer's life, and although the picture was then in production, only the sketches of the backgrounds had been completed. Disney artists had spent weeks in the woods, filming and sketching details which would be used for building up models in the studio. One of the difficulties that had to be overcome in order to give the picture its authentic atmosphere was to discover a young deer as soon as possible after it had been born. A telegram arrived from the San Diego Zoo, saying that the stork was due at the deer-house at any moment. Six Disney artists with cameras and sketch-books dashed down the Pacific Coast by air, just in time for the stork's arrival. A young Bambi has now been installed at the Studio, and much of Disney's time for some months to come will be spent watching and sketching the antics of this dainty little creature as it grows to maturity. Both *Pinocchio* and *Bambi* will be done in colour and set to music. Disney revealed that *Bambi* was his favourite of the two, and he is determined not to rush the production.

The third Disney problem concerned the adaption of classical favourites . . . such as Ravel's *Bolero*, Debussy's *Claire de Lune*, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Flight of the Bumblebee* to Mickey Mouse animation. Leopold Stokowski will conduct several of these pieces for Disney. 'Our chief difficulty,' he told us, 'is to sort out the shoals of suggestions we receive by every mail from all over the world. Here's somebody writing from China suggesting that we should do *Alice in Wonderland*. As it happens we *were* going to do that with Mary Pickford playing Alice and the other characters

in cartoon. But we got the idea of *Snow White* and . . . well, that was that. Somebody else suggests *Dick Whittington*. We want as many ideas as possible, of course, but we can only consider subjects that are ideally suited to our medium. The trouble is that as soon as it leaks out that we are interested in such and such a story prices soar to the sky. They have an idea I'm worth millions. But they forget that it takes at least a year to make a full-length picture, and production costs soon eat into the profits of the previous picture. Perhaps I'm striving after the impossible. When I have finished a picture I always think of something . . . too late, of course . . . which would have made it just that much better.'

If the success of a man can be attributed to any one feature of his character I think that this restless dissatisfaction with his achievements accounts in some measure for the triumphs of Disney. At present he has no desire to be a rich man, in the Hollywood sense of the word 'rich.' Every penny from the profits from the long list of Mickey Mouse successes went back into the business (after distributing bonuses to the staff), so that *Snow White* could make her début. Now the profits from that remarkable picture are going towards the building of the new studio . . . and *Pinocchio*. There is something else of course about Disney which puts him, like Charlie Chaplin, on a plane apart from everyone else in Hollywood. I don't know whether Charlie and Walt have ever met (they say that Garbo has never met Dietrich, but that she has heard of her), but I am quite certain that they would find very much in common. They both speak the same kind of language, a language that is understood by a South Wales miner, a coolie in Singapore, and a rough-neck in a Texas oilfield. They both depend on the simple everyday things that happen to the man-in-the-street to get their laughs. They both know that human beings have delighted in the thought of animals behaving like human beings (as a change from the usual order of things) ever since the world began. And Walt Disney has been an admirer of Charlie Chaplin since the days when he himself did a Chaplin act in small-town theatres around Chicago.

Disney's father was an unsuccessful farmer in Missouri.

The farm didn't pay, but the four Disney boys learned a lot about chickens, cows, sheep, horses, and ducks, which came in very useful later on for Walt and his brother Roy, the two partners in the present Hollywood organization. After dabbling in minor positions as postman, train butcher and newspaper boy, Disney turned his attention to commercial art as a more lucrative way of earning his bread and butter. He drew contented cows and homely hens for an advertising agency that catered for small farming journals. For his own amusement he also drew mice. His lodgings were overrun with these small animals, one of which he succeeded in taming. He called it Mortimer. When he had exhausted the demand for contented cows and homely hens, Disney became an apprentice with a slide company in Kansas City. It proved to be the most important job of his career because it set his mind working on the problem of animated cartoon technique, from which emerged the idea of Mickey Mouse.

Working in a disused garage with a second-hand camera he bought for a few dollars, Disney made his first experiments with weekly cartoon reels portraying incidents in Kansas City. He succeeded in selling his reels for thirty cents a foot. To-day it costs Disney fifty dollars a foot to produce Mickey Mouse. Satisfied of the possibilities of the animated cartoon, Disney turned his mind to more ambitious things. With the aid of a few friends he produced a full-length picture based on the story of *Little Red Riding Hood*. With just enough money in his pocket for his fare to Hollywood, he set off for the Golden West. The Napoleons of film-land turned up their noses at the twenty-two-year-old new-comer, and told him to take his ideas to New York.

Roy Disney, his elder brother, was then in hospital in Los Angeles. The two decided to go into partnership, borrow £100 from an uncle, and set up a studio. Word came from New York that a distributor wanted a series like *Little Red Riding Hood*. The entire staff consisted of the two brothers and two girls, one of whom in due course became Mrs. Walt Disney. There was just enough money for the two brothers to share a single order at the local cafeteria when they went out to supper at the end of a long day. The first production

of the new company consisted of 'shorts' based on *Alice in Wonderland*. Then came *Oswald the Rabbit* and a series of farmyard frolics, which put Disney on the map. Looking around for a new character for a serial Disney remembered Mortimer the Mouse. But Mrs. Disney thought that 'Mortimer' sounded too highbrow. So his name was changed to Mickey. That was ten years ago. Lindbergh had just accomplished his epic flight, and Mickey made his début as a would-be pilot in *Plane Crazy*. With the coming of the talkies Mickey came out in *Steamboat Willie*, complete with sound effects. Disney not only made his own pictures but organized their distribution. From a staff of four the organization has grown to six hundred and fifty artists, cameramen, and technicians. Disney himself still does the preliminary drawings for his pictures, and the voice of Mickey is always that of his creator. A casting department deals with thousands of applications for voices for Disney productions. I was told that both John Barrymore and Helen Hayes have asked to be given speaking parts in forthcoming pictures.

Disney himself cannot understand all the excitement about him. The Motion Picture Academy and the Board of Review shower awards upon him. When he went to Harvard University to receive his degree of Master of Arts, President Conant referred to this 'magician who has created a modern dwelling for the muses.' At Yale, where he received a similar honour, President Seymour spoke of this 'creator of a new language of art . . . achiever of the impossible.' These silken words of praise mean little to the farmer's son from Missouri. Sweeter by far is the sound of a melody that sets his mind to work on a new sequence, opening up fresh vistas of that land of dwarfs, giants and fairies to which he alone holds the key.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

A CANDLE TO THE STARS

I AM NOT SO SURE THAT THE TITLE OF THIS CHAPTER IS REALLY quite fair. You may even consider that it is a little misleading. When one talks about stars one's thoughts immediately turn to Garbo, Dietrich, Gable, and Taylor. I very much regret to say that I left Hollywood without so much as catching a fleeting glimpse of any of these latter-day dieties. Miss Garbo was playing hide-and-seek with Mr. Leopold Stokowski somewhere near Capri. Miss Dietrich was desperately trying to avoid the camera on the Riviera. Mr. Taylor had dates with Miss Stanwyck, and Mr. Gable was endeavouring to look uninterested in a well-known blonde called Miss Carol Lombard. But if it is any consolation to you to know that I talked with Miss Shirley Temple, Miss Maureen O'Sullivan, Miss Paulette Goddard, Miss Luise Rainer, Miss Joan Crawford, Mr. Tyrone Power, the Ritz Brothers, and quite a few others whose faces flicker across the screens of the world, perhaps you will be induced to read a little further.

Let us begin with someone whose name does not appear in the above list, a tiny brunette who occupies a niche of her own in the Hollywood hierarchy. Her name is Miss Anita Loos. If your memory is faulty you will find, by turning over the pages of *Who's Who*, that Miss Loos once wrote a book that caused a great deal of excitement on both sides of the Atlantic. It was called *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. It ran into thousands of editions and was printed in every language under the sun.

When Miss Loos arrived in London some years ago I was sent by the editor of *Everybody's Weekly* to secure an interview. I remember that interview very vividly. It took

place in one of the top flats of Queen Anne's Mansions, over numerous cups of tea with clouds of cigarette smoke rising to the ceiling. With that passion for exact detail instilled in me by a succession of editors (ever since I was appointed office boy of the now defunct *Corridor News* at the age of eight), I scribbled on the back of an envelope that Miss Loos had the smallest feet in the world, was four feet eleven inches tall, weighed ninety-five pounds, and bought her clothes from the children's departments of the chain stores. How I ascertained these facts I cannot remember, because Miss Loos began by telling me about her trip to Blackpool. She then made this important observation: 'English people on holiday have all got "Let's get it over quickly" written on their faces, but Americans on holiday say "Let's lose our health completely" . . . which is exactly what they do.' This was an excellent beginning. Most of the celebrities I had been sent to interview before had interviewed *me*, over sandwiches and cigarettes, and the result made singularly dull reading. Miss Anita Loos, however, proved a notable exception to this rule. She did all the talking, without my having to resort to waving a notebook and pencil in her face over the last sandwich. And because I regard Miss Loos as one of the really important figures of Hollywood, I make no apologies for quoting in full what she said to me that afternoon a few years ago.

'I don't know how long ago I was born,' she began, 'except that it was on April 26th away in Siskiyou County, California. My grandfather was the first man to take a piano into California. Father came of French stock and mother English. I was born and raised on the stage . . . father was a producer, and I took my first curtain at the age of five. We used to travel up and down the west coast of California and in between the acts we had a primitive kind of movie show. One night I persuaded the stage hands to move back the curtain behind the screen so that I was able to watch the pictures from the reverse side. It was a bit confusing, of course, with the big white blob of the projector in the middle of the picture . . . but it was my first movie, and I was terribly thrilled.

'Well, as I sat there, I was then only twelve, I figured

out that most movies must start with some kind of a story before they are made. So, the next day, in between the matinée and the night show, I stayed in my dressing-room, and wrote my first scenario. It was called *The New York Hat*. I sent it, without stating my age, to the great Mr. D. W. Griffith, and to my delight I received a letter saying that he had accepted it, enclosing a cheque for £3. A few days later I heard that Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore were to star in the picture. Of course, it didn't say much for the standard of scenario-writing when they accepted the work of a child of twelve! All they did, in those days, was to make a few notes on their shirt-sleeves and go out and shoot.

'D. W. Griffith was really the father of the film industry in Hollywood. He walked into the old Biograph Studio, out East, in the Bronx, and they made him an actor. But he rapidly proved his ability as a director. He introduced what is called 'realism' to the screen. There was always a thrilling rescue or escape from the villain's clutches in the last few feet of film. He also introduced the close-up. This caused great trouble at the time because the backers said that they were paying big salaries to stars and the public were only seeing half of them. It was D. W. who first discovered Mary Pickford. She was sixteen years old and made her first appearance as a small boy who gave his savings to a beggar. The picture was called *The Violin Maker of Cremona*. Before Mary was twenty-one she was earning £2000 a week. Then D. W. found Douglas Fairbanks, the Gishes, Mae Marsh . . . and a host of others. I sometimes think that he was the greatest personality who came into my life.

'And then, of course, there was Mussolini. Most folk don't look upon him as a great artist. But I regard him as a great artist first and a great statesman second. I had a long chat with him once in Rome. It was not so much what he said that impressed me, but the way he put it over. What a showman! He gives a special performance for everyone he meets. He knows exactly how to attune himself to his audience. Most great men are too selfish to bother about giving a show like that. Let me tell you a little story which illustrates what a magnetic presence he has.

Some years ago an American movie firm was shooting Hall Cain's *Eternal City* in Rome. Mussolini asked to be included in the cast, and he appeared as an ordinary super in several of the crowd scenes. When the film arrived back in Hollywood they found it was a jumble of disconnected scenes, and I was called along to cut and reassemble it. Perhaps you don't know that the size of a film in its original form is less than one inch square . . . so you can guess what a crowd scene looks like. But Mussolini's head stood out from the rest as soon as you looked at the tiny negative.'

And then about great personalities in general: 'I find that they are not nearly so interesting as *human beings* as they are as *artists*. It is quite simple to figure out. They put so much of themselves into their work . . . project all their spiritual strength into it . . . that they have nothing left for themselves . . . and the dreary people who try to pick their brains. I think that is why most of the really great people are the dullest people in the world to talk to.'

Miss Anita Loos had many other interesting observations to make that afternoon (including, if I remember correctly, that her wedding ring came from a pawnshop and her bridal bouquet from an undertaker's . . . all the other shops being closed that day), but let us now move the clock forward to 1938, and make our way out to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios at Culver City, where we have a luncheon engagement with Miss Loos. The approaches to a big film studio resemble the precincts of a great naval dockyard. There is a high stucco wall, a sentry stops your car and asks your business, and a hundred suspicious eyes scan you as you watch the signposts that direct you to the Administration Building. The studio buildings look like aeroplane factories, but instead of mechanics in overalls you are as likely to run into a gang of convicts or Marie Antoinette herself returning from a *fête-champêtre* against a background of ancient Babylon or San Francisco in the 1880's. Fraser, our Glasgow chauffeur, was evidently quite at home in these strange surroundings, and, with a note of awe in his voice, pointed out the two-story Stars Building which has housed more internationally famous beauties than any other in the history of the world. The building is divided into eight suites for

gods, eight suites for goddesses. On the first floor Miss Luise Rainer occupies A, Miss Jeannette MacDonald occupies B, there is no tenant in C, Miss Norma Shearer is in D. On the second floor, a little nearer to Heaven, Miss Garbo is in E, Miss Myrna Loy in F, Miss Margaret Sullavan in G, and Miss Joan Crawford in H.

Miss Loos had arranged a table at the studio canteen, and although we had only had a few minutes' conversation at Charlie Chaplin's a night or two before, she picked up the threads of our talk of eight or nine years ago as if it was merely a matter of days. She began by telling me about her work. 'My scenario contract with M.-G.-M. has another year to run and then perhaps I'll retire. I used to think that the ideal life would be to spend three months of the year in London, three in Vienna, three in Palm Beach, and three in California. But it's no good thinking of that now. We've got our bungalow down at Santa Monica, where I do my work . . . and if I hadn't got that I don't think I could keep my sanity. Only by keeping away from this mad life am I able to write at all. Hollywood is in a perpetual state of jitters. Nobody is quite clear as to what is going to happen next . . . an earthquake, tidal wave, or a Japanese invasion. All they know is that *something* is going to happen. People are full of inhibitions. They can't stop analysing themselves.'

'What about your writing?' I asked. 'Can you rattle off scenarios as quickly as you wrote *Gentlemen Prefer*?''

She shook her head. 'No. It's quite different. I've got all the characters around me here in Hollywood for writing a dozen books like that. You can't move for Loreleis in this city. But preparing scripts is another matter altogether. It's a knack, I suppose. I've always been able to *condense* and that's the real secret of writing a film scenario. We pay authors enormous salaries to come over and supervise the adapting of their best sellers for the screen. But it very rarely works out right. Writers hate cutting their own stuff. It's like having your appendix out without an anæsthetic. You've got to spend half your life . . . in my case nearly *all* my life . . . in a film studio to learn the necessary technique.'

'And I suppose you spend most of your time trying to

persuade would-be scenario writers that their talent lies in some other direction, perhaps in designing hats ?'

'Exactly.' A look, almost of pain, stole across her face. 'They say that one person out of every three over the age of ten wants to become a scenario writer. Of course it sounds a glorious life . . . a thousand dollars a week, a house in Beverly Hills, and dates with movie stars. That's all right if you can do it. Some scenario writers get two thousand dollars a week, but not *every* week. Most of the big studios have about fifty writers working permanently for them. Their salaries average out at about fifty dollars a week.

'And how does an unknown writer break through these impregnable walls ?'

Miss Loos eyed me suspiciously. It was a stupid enough question, but I always think of the things I want to ask when it is too late, usually the next day.

'There are two ways that I can think of,' and then, after a pause she added : 'But the chances of sending in a story and having it accepted are practically nil. One way is to get a job in a studio . . . any kind of job . . . so that one can absorb the atmosphere of the movies. Then an opportunity *may* arise to go into the script department. But the best way of all is to write for other markets. If there is anything in a writer's work which is remotely suitable for the screen it will soon be spotted. The reading department scans the literature of the entire world day by day . . . on the watch for a new idea. It may be only a short story in a pulp magazine, but if it is the right stuff there will be a telegram on the writer's breakfast table next morning asking him to come to Hollywood.'

Miss Loos then asked me a question. It was admittedly her turn to do so. 'Do you know how the first movie happened ?' she asked. I had to confess that although I was a regular reader of Mr. Ripley's 'Believe it or Not' feature I had never given the matter a moment's thought. 'I don't expect one person in a million who goes to the movies twice a week knows the answer to that question,' she continued. And this is what Miss Loos told me : 'Leland Stanford, who was Governor of California in B.C., I forget what, made a bet that a trotting horse lifts all four feet off

the ground at once. Nobody knows what the bet amounted to, but the fact that he spent £8000 to prove his point suggests that it was quite a big one. He thought out a number of schemes that would decide the matter beyond dispute and finally decided upon a plan that settled all doubt. He arranged twenty-four cameras in a row, one foot apart, and invented a mechanism that caused a series of photographs to be taken as the horse's hoofs touched concealed wires on the track. The twenty-four photographs thus obtained were the nearest approach to a movie. And it proved Governor Stanford's contention. When Edison saw the films he was thrilled.'

I listened attentively to this little bit of history and jotted down the details on the back of the menu. 'And now perhaps you can answer just one more question . . . it sounds very foolish I know . . . but where can I see a real Hollywood orgy?' I had been wanting to ask that question for a long time. How could I return to Europe and admit that I had visited the world's most wicked city without seeing anything that appeared even faintly immoral? Miss Loos smiled at my innocence and said: 'I'm afraid you won't find any orgies in Hollywood. That's all Press-agent stuff. We don't get time for vice. You see everybody is in bed by two. People work harder here than in any city in America. Let's go and see'

And so, after lunch, we made a tour of the M.-G.-M. studios. We must have driven about ten miles without going over the same section twice. Some of the sets which had been the scenes of 'epics' of five years ago . . . Montmartre, the gangster quarters of Chicago, a peaceful English village . . . were silent and deserted and gave one the impression of walking about in a city of the dead. But some day these sets will all be used again. We stopped to walk through the 'prop' building, which is about as large as Olympia. There we saw everything from a bottle of hair oil to a Henry VIII praying stool. We opened the sound-proof door of another large building to find an enormous ice carnival in progress, with synthetic ice and snow. Through another door we found ourselves shaking hands and being photographed with Miss Maureen O'Sullivan. The scene was a girls'

school. But this was no ordinary girls' school because every girl there appeared to be a suitable candidate for the title of Miss America. Miss O'Sullivan told us that the 'headmaster' had had no previous experience of film acting (or apparently of the classics), but as we watched him we saw no indication that this inexperience, or the fact that his class consisted of thirty of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, caused him the least trepidation.

Each door we opened revealed scenes of intense activity . . . Miss Joan Crawford arguing with her director as to how a certain scene should be played . . . Miss Luise Rainer showing how things *should* be done in *Dramatic School*, and telling us, after the scene, that she is looking forward to a trip round the world in a tramp steamer, Miss Paulette Goddard looking a 'million dollars' . . . and inviting us to accompany her to the races. I could continue these close-ups almost indefinitely, but I must resist the temptation before this page breaks out into a columnists' rash. There is another reason too. We have an appointment across the way at the 20th Century Fox Studios with a certain young lady whose annual income easily exceeds that of the entire British Cabinet. Her name you have already guessed so let us bid Miss Loos *au revoir*, jump into the car, and before we have had time to realize what has happened, find ourselves opening another sound-proof door in another large building, which looks like a hundred other large buildings in the vicinity of Hollywood.

Here we must step very quietly because, only a few yards away a scene for *The Little Princess* is being shot, and we must step cautiously too, because the concrete floor is littered with electrical paraphernalia. They have taken this scene half a dozen times already and they may have to shoot it another half a dozen times before the producer, the director and everyone else is satisfied. The scene represents a simply furnished headmistress's study in the 1880's, and a little girl in black stockings, gym tunic, and hair ribbons is standing before her teacher's desk with her hands clasped behind her back. The actors speak very softly . . . so softly that unless one is standing close to the camera it is difficult to catch the words. A long metal arm, at the

end of which is suspended a very sensitive microphone, hovers above the actor's heads, records the least sound, and when the actors move it follows them stealthily about the stage. There is an atmosphere of quiet efficiency about it all. There may be three or four dozen people, artistes, camera men, electricians, stand-ins, script-readers, all performing some small part in shooting the scene, but everything proceeds in a quiet and orderly manner.

The most famous little girl in the world is speaking her lines with an ease and assurance remarkable in a child of nine. I almost wrote the word 'unnatural' instead of 'remarkable,' but if there is one thing about Miss Shirley Temple which distinguishes her from 90 per cent of Hollywood film actresses it is her natural quality. The lines that she was speaking were inconsequential enough, and called for no particular feat of memory to repeat word perfect, but they had a certain significance for me at that particular dark hour in recent history. By the time this appears in print you will have heard Miss Temple speak these lines on the screen :

'Oh, Miss Minchin! Mr. Geoffrey is leaving for the war. He has been so very kind and it would be only courteous to ask him to tea. That is what you teach us, isn't it?'

The certain significance was, of course, that the 'Mr. Geoffrey' who had come to see Miss Temple would probably be leaving for the war at any moment. The second point of interest to me was that she was the first person in America who had managed to pronounce my name correctly. Geoffrey had become Godfrey, Gofray, Jaffray, and, in the middle west I had suddenly blossomed into 'Mr. Geffray of London.' There was something pleasing to one's vanity to hear one's name spoken correctly by the First Lady of the Films.

When Miss Temple had finished her discussion with Miss Minchin she came over and we were introduced. I have always experienced the utmost difficulty in making myself appear anything but feeble-minded in the presence of the 'great,' and I found that difficulty in no way lightened when I was confronted by the 'great' aged nine in a gym tunic.

What *does* one say when being introduced to Miss Shirley Temple? I remembered then something I had read in one of the film magazines:

'Shirley has a sense of democracy so complete that it makes her an aristocrat. For it never occurs to her that she cannot afford to be on equal terms with anyone she likes, whatever their colour, creed, or job.' Would it be correct, therefore, for me to stoop over her hand, and perhaps address her as 'M'am?' I must admit that I was at a loss. But only for a minute because Miss Temple . . . who from now on we shall refer to as Shirley, put me immediately at ease by remarking: 'Fancy your name being Geoffrey too!' To which, with sparkling repartee, I was able to reply: 'Yes, and like your other Geoffrey, I am probably leaving for the war, too!'

Whereupon Shirley took me by the hand and led me over to her twin. The resemblance was so extraordinary that for a moment I wondered whether there were two Shirleys . . . which would in some way account for the remarkably high standard of her performances in so many different roles.

'This is Marilyn,' she said. 'You're my stand-in, aren't you, Marilyn?' For those uninitiated in the mysteries of movie language, I had better explain that a 'stand-in' is a kind of understudy. But there is this difference. An understudy sometimes . . . and the emphasis is on the 'sometimes' . . . has an opportunity to prove that he or she can act as well as, if not better than, the star whose name appears in electric lights. The stand-in can never hope to aspire to his or her name in electric lights. The job of a stand-in is merely to relieve the star of the fatigue of waiting on the set while camera focusing and the adjustment of lights is being made. Anita Loos told me that a somewhat temperamental duck which had an important part in a film had its own stand-in. But Marilyn obviously enjoyed basking in Shirley's reflected glory, and I presently found myself judging the rival merits of Shirley's and Marilyn's efforts at colouring paper dolls.

When Shirley is not actually rehearsing or working in front of the camera she does her lessons in a magnificent

trailer which is parked inside the studio a few yards from the set. Shirley, I gathered, had arrived at the difficult moment in life when all else is overshadowed by that sinister problem . . . long division of decimals. 'Will you correct my sums?' Shirley inquired, her hand still clasped in mine. You will have concluded by now that I had arrived at the opinion that Shirley Temple was a sweet, unspoiled, and unusually intelligent little girl, and that there was no truth in the fantastic stories that she was really a midget, aged forty, with a wizened face so cleverly built-up that she looked only twelve. But what about these sums? The trouble was that I never could solve the mysteries of long division of decimals and I regret to say that I immediately fell several points in Shirley's estimation.

Mrs. Temple, who is quite unlike the popular notion of mothers of child film stars, came to my rescue, only to propound a still graver problem in her daughter's life. 'I am very worried about Shirley,' she said. The note of seriousness in her voice compelled my attention. Had Shirley been very naughty? Had her contract nearly finished? Was there another and more glamorous Shirley waiting round the corner to step into her shoes? What else could it be?

After a pause Mrs. Temple told me the worst. 'It's Shirley's teeth,' she said. And as she said 'teeth' I felt as if a great load had been taken off my mind. I looked at Shirley. I thought of all the millions of fans in every part of the world who would have willingly, there and then, had all their teeth extracted and sent by Air Mail to Hollywood, rather than let Shirley suffer.

'Of course she is not in any pain,' Mrs. Temple continued. 'It is just that she is beginning to lose her first teeth and we are wondering what to do while the second ones are coming.' The only person who appeared to be quite unconcerned was Shirley herself. 'What will you do with Shirley when she is too big for these little girl parts?' I asked. This seemed to be an even greater problem than teeth. Only that morning the Los Angeles papers were filled with columns about another once famous film prodigy known as 'The Kid.' What had happened to Jackie Coogan? He had grown up to find that he was no longer

famous. He had had to go to court to obtain an order for his mother to hand over his earnings. It was not quite clear how much there was left for Jackie . . . now that he had reached an age when film magnates no longer waved fat contracts under his nose.

Unless I am much mistaken the future . . . the financial future . . . of Shirley Temple is well assured . . . even if she retired at the age of twelve. She has been earning half a million dollars a year for several years past. That figure, of course, is much reduced after the tax collectors have taken their share. But 'Pa' Temple is a banker and has been shrewdly putting aside a large part of Shirley's earnings so that she will not be able to touch any of her money until she is twenty-one. After that there will be additional nest eggs that will come to maturity when she is thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty respectively. And as for her screen future Mrs. Temple said: 'We really haven't started to think what we shall do when she arrives at the awkward age. We might try and develop her on the lines of the early Mary Pickford pictures. It depends on so many things. The one thing we want to avoid is spoiling her. Wherever we go we are treated like royalty. Shirley can't understand it. We want her to remain like that. We want her to be happy . . . in spite of all the money she will have one day.'

'*We want her to be happy.*' On the table at my side there was a film magazine open at a page from which Shirley's dimpled face smiled up at me. 'Fortune Hunters Keep Away!' I read. And then this paragraph caught my eye:

'Can Shirley continue happy when someone else is the darling of the screen and the honours and importance and publicity and admiration, which she naturally has come to take as much for granted as her mother's good-night kiss, belong to her no longer? Or as she grows older will she try to compensate for that which she has lost by seeking social acclaim? By crowding her life with people who pay their way by being amusing? By easing her vanity against the ceaseless attention and the smooth veneered flattery which some gentlemen will give her because their leisure permits it and their bankrupt ancestral estates demand it?'

The answer to those questions is in the lap of the gods . . . and in the hearts of that huge, fickle public which worships to-day and tears down to-morrow. If Shirley can survive the struggles and storms that lie ahead . . . then she will be something more than a great artist. If she fails . . . well, I hope there will be other compensations.

As I got up to leave, Shirley asked : ' Please, Mr. Geoffrey, can we take a picture ? ' I don't quite know why she should have selected me for such a privileged invitation, and at a moment when, by merely pressing a bell, Gary Cooper, Robert Taylor, Richard Green, and a score of other Hollywood Adonises would have rushed to her side, while flash lights exploded from every available point of vantage. Nor had I heard any whispered maternal commands : ' Ask the gentleman if he would like to be photographed with you.' But there it was, and the following morning a smiling photograph was sent up to my room at the Beverly-Wilshire inscribed in a childish hand : ' To Geoffrey Harmsworth with love from Shirley Temple.'

P.S. This touching story, alas, does not end there. Two months later, on December 17th, 1938, the following paragraphs headed *WHERE IS SHIRLEY?* appeared in the *Louth Standard* :

A PHOTOGRAPH MYSTERY

Shirley Temple, that darling of the gods and common men, has not yet reached the age of breaking men's hearts, but in Louth during the past few weeks she has, albeit, without malice aforethought, been causing havoc in the lives of four peace-loving newspaper men. For, a few weeks ago, as our readers will remember, Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth delivered into our reverent hands a very charming photograph of himself and the world's dream-child, signed most affectionately in her own handwriting. We wrapped it up most tenderly and dispatched it to the printers with fervent prayers that they harm it not. Mr. Harmsworth, being away and ourselves busy at the time, we did not return it at once, but placed it in a large envelope addressed to its owner.

When we wanted to return it we discovered that the photograph was no longer there. Horror-struck, we began a wild search which has continued from that day to this. But the photograph is still

missing. *The day was ever before us when we must acquaint Mr. Harmsworth with our crime, and it was in agony of spirit that we saw our delegate off to Thorpe Hall. . . . Mr. Harmsworth, however, was as charming as ever. He would very naturally like to have it back and we are even more anxious about the matter. And we may add that Mr. Harmsworth has promised, should it have strayed into the hands of a Temple fan, he will procure them a signed photograph in exchange.*

The mystery still remains unsolved

TWILIGHT OF AN EMPIRE

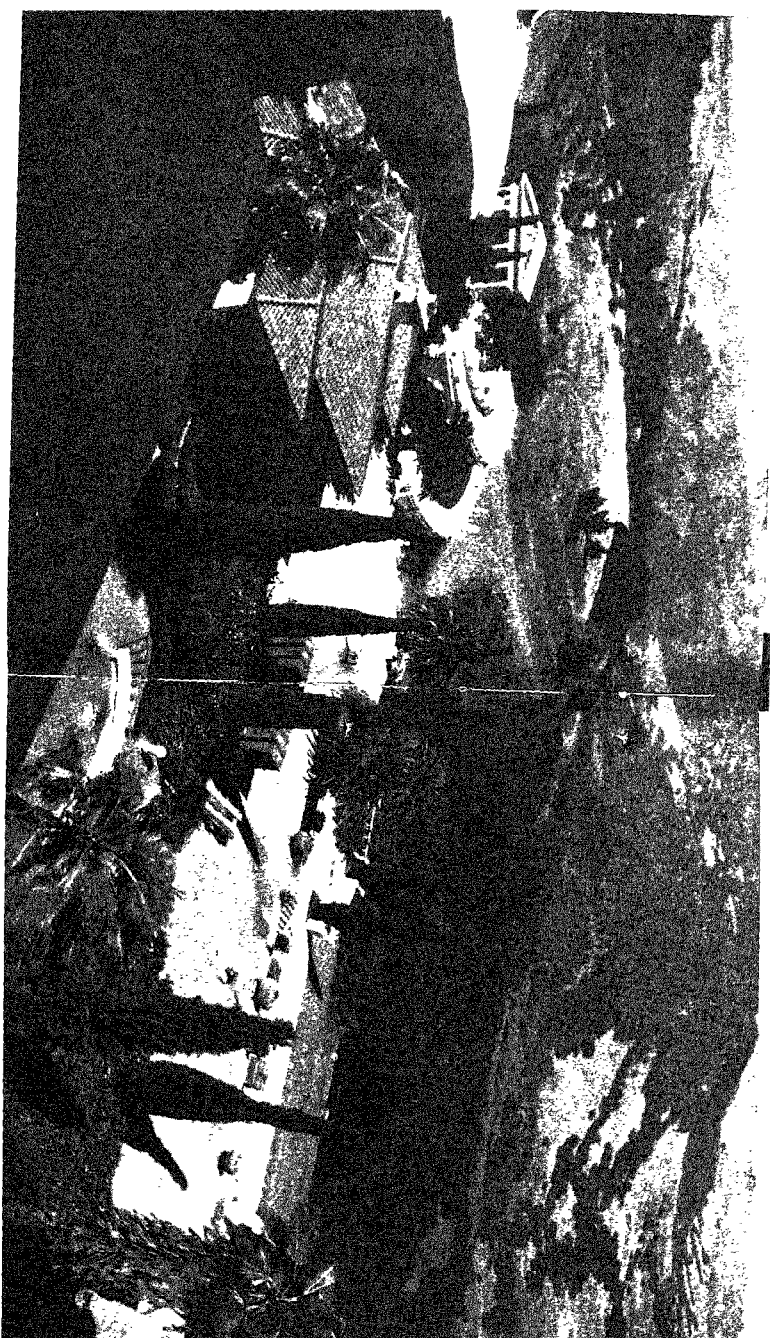
IF YOU LOOK AT THE MAP OF CALIFORNIA YOU WILL SEE that it is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, in the south by Mexico, in the east by Nevada, and in the north by Oregon. It might be more accurate to say that it is bounded in the north by Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who possesses more private territory than any other man in the world. The Hearst Empire consists of a million acres in Mexico, which have recently been confiscated by the friendly government of that progressive country ; 270,000 acres, with a fifty-mile ocean frontage, at San Simeon, midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco ; 50,000 acres of virgin forest at Wyntoon, north of San Francisco, in addition to which Mr. Hearst owns St. Donat's Castle in Wales (restored at a cost of £250,000 and which he has never occupied for more than a month a year), a house at the Grand Canyon of Arizona, a whole floor at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, and two apartments in New York. Nor is that all. The Empire includes a chain of newspapers and periodicals, gold and copper mines, cattle ranches, orchards, hotels, radio stations, film studios, real estate in New York, and a vast assemblage of art treasures valued at several million pounds. It goes without saying that there has been nobody in history . . . not even Lorenzo the Magnificent . . . who can quite compare with Mr. Hearst. It is equally certain that no such spectacular phenomenon will, even in America, arise again.

Mr. Hearst's summons reached us a few hours before we had planned to leave Beverly Hills for San Francisco, where we had an important appointment at the Island of Alcatraz. An invitation to San Simeon, usually conveyed through

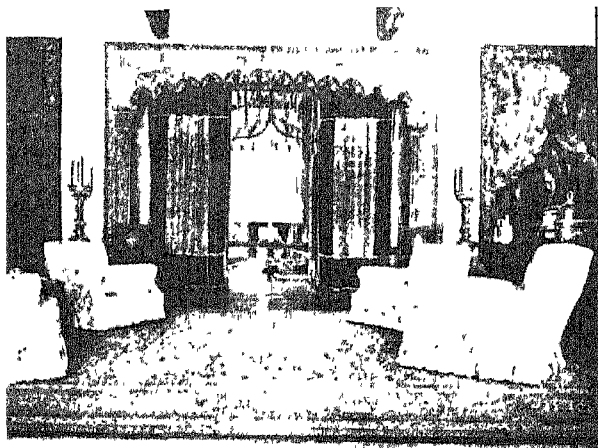


LA CASA GRANDE, SAN SIMEON

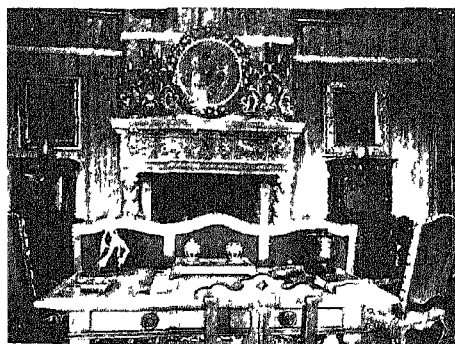
‘The twin bell turrets sparkle in the sun like a heavily jewelled tiara’



On the summit of La Cuesta Encarnada, 2000 feet above the blue Pacific, with a fifty mile ocean

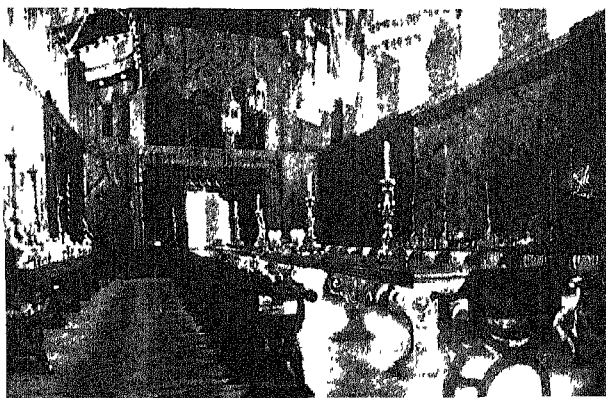


The hall, La Casa Grande, San Simeon



Mr. Hearst's private study at
La Casa Grande, San Simeon.

Gobelin tapestries look down upon scenes of mediaeval splendour in San Simeon's banqueting hall.



Colonel 'Joe' Willicombe, Principal Private Secretary, is in the nature of a Royal Command, but instead of using the private aeroplane placed at our disposal we elected to make the 250 miles journey by road. The ocean highway from Santa Monica to Santa Barbara affords one of the loveliest stretches of coastal scenery in America, and Santa Barbara itself is a delectable spot, where, had our programme permitted, we would have lingered for several days. It was nearly dark when we arrived in sight of *La Cuesta Encantada* . . . the Enchanted Hill . . . on the summit of which, 2000 feet above the blue Pacific, Mr. Hearst has built *La Casa Grande*, the most ambitious of all his architectural whims. A simple wooden gate, with a small hut alongside, is all that marks the approach to the San Simeon section of the Empire. It would have been reasonable to expect an embattled gate-house, with moat, drawbridge, and portcullis, but San Simeon, in Mr. Hearst's view, is first and foremost a ranch. In his boyhood days young Willy Hearst loved to roam over the hills and valleys which composed his father's ranch. There were only 45,000 acres then, but later Mr. William Randolph Hearst added another 225,000 acres of neighbouring territory, making a total of some 400 square miles.

Mr. Hearst's private aerodrome is the first sight that greets the visitors' eye as he passes through that simple wooden gate. Three private aeroplanes are kept here ready to fly at a moment's notice to a distant outpost of the Empire, or to convey Mr. Hearst's guests and executives to any part of America they desire. Mr. Hearst, who does not fly himself, besides having his private coach to carry him on the railways of America, has his own private railway, with a railway station at San Simeon. I mention these minor details because, in their way, they afford some hint of the grandiose scale of living to which Mr. Hearst has aspired.

If it is your first visit to San Simeon you are likely to remember several interesting and unusual things before you finally arrive at the end of the ten-miles drive from the entrance gate to the great door of *La Casa Grande* itself. Before you are able to proceed along the road which starts to zigzag up the Enchanted Hill your car is halted at one

of the numerous lodges while your credentials are examined. It is like crossing the frontier into a foreign country. A telephone message is sent up to La Casa Grande and if everything is in order your car is signalled forward. Long before the summit of the Enchanted Hill comes into view you experience the first of those little surprises in which Mr. Hearst loves to indulge. Silhouetted against the skyline, and at times blocking the road itself, can be seen hordes of bison, yak, and other horned monsters, and in his first astonishment the visitor may well wonder whether Mr. Hearst has resurrected some strange mediæval beasts to people the mountains and forests of his realm. Altogether there are seventy different species of grazing animals at San Simeon, and it is only a few years since lions and tigers, elephants and giraffes roamed the mountains above and around La Casa Grande. Some of Mr. Hearst's guests, however, were frightened to go for a walk or a ride and the animals had to be sent to the Chicago and San Francisco Zoos.

Mr. Hearst has always had this love of animals, and particularly for dogs. At San Simeon, in addition to other breeds, he has no less than seventy-nine dachshunds. On one occasion, when he was travelling in Europe, he saw a man with a whining bull-terrier on a lead, buying a ticket at a booking office in a German station. Mr. Hearst took an immediate fancy to the animal and sent his valet to enquire if the owner would sell the dog. The owner, not unnaturally, took strong exception to the inquiry and flatly refused to discuss the subject. Mr. Hearst's valet, who had undoubtedly had similar missions to perform for his master in the past, would not take 'no' for an answer and flourished a handful of marks in the owner's face. This had the desired effect and the transaction was completed.

When, a few weeks later, Mr. Hearst and his entourage arrived in Spain the local newspapers announced that the purpose of his visit was to acquire dogs. Every morning the entire country-side turned out with their pets on pieces of string and invaded Mr. Hearst's hotel. Only with the greatest difficulty was Mr. Hearst's valet able to convince the excited natives that he had not come to acquire dogs

but he would gladly consider any churches or monasteries that they had for sale.

As we rounded the last bend of the Enchanted Hill the great white mass of La Casa Grande and the three lesser palaces came into view. It was now too dark to distinguish more than a mere outline of the group of buildings which, by daylight, sparkle in the sun like a heavily jewelled tiara. Hardly thirty seconds after the lights of our car came into view from La Casa Grande itself, the entire place, at the touch of some secret switch, was flooded in brilliant light and San Simcon took on the ethereal loveliness of a great ivory galleon floating through the silvery mists of night. It was an astonishing welcome and a perfectly timed one.

A few minutes later we were climbing up a flight of white marble steps that led to the first of many terraces which encircle La Casa Grande. Fountains played above, around, and beneath us, filling the still night air with music so soft that it was like a caress. On one side we beheld a Grecian Temple portico, with columns thirty feet high reflected in a pool the deep blue of lapis lazuli. Rich marbles and bronzes, the *patina* of the centuries upon them, filled the eye, and tall, tapering cypresses pointed silently towards the stars. Over all this ghostly assembly there hung the overpowering scent of exotic shrubs, and as we climbed still further, Roman gladiators and startled nymphs seemed to cry out to us to free them from their jewelled prisons that they might breathe once more the cool clean air of two thousand years ago. The eerie effect was enhanced by the fact that there was no sign of human life . . . and not even the welcome bark of one of Mr. Hearst's seventy-nine dachshunds could be heard to dispel the feeling that this was some extravagant nightmare in which we were scaling endless marble staircases pursued by one of those horned monsters that roam the surrounding hills.

At last we reached the final summit and La Casa Grande, with its massive Spanish Renaissance doorway and twin bell turrets, towered above us. For a moment I was reminded of the old White City. I wondered whether the whole thing would shake and collapse if I touched it. Had, perhaps,

Mr. Walt Disney conspired with the Lord of San Simeon in devising this incredible backcloth? Would the Dwarfs swing into view singing their rollicking marching song and Snow White herself appear on the gilded balcony singing 'Some Day My Prince Will Come' . . . to the moon?

We looked in vain for something faintly resembling a front door bell. We coughed and sneezed and made other polite noises to try and draw attention to our presence, but all to no avail. In desperation we retraced our steps, climbed into the car and motored round to the back of the main Palace buildings. It was then that we caught sight of Mr. Hearst himself walking with two companions along one of the terraces above us. And here I must note, with deep regret, that Mr. Hearst was not clad in rich velvets and brocades, as I felt he should have been, but in an ordinary loose-hanging dark blue suit. When we had recovered from this first disappointment we began to make our way to the flight of steps leading to the level of Mr. Hearst. It was foolish of us, of course, to suppose that we could so easily reach that rarefied atmosphere in which Mr. Hearst alone moves. No sooner had we set foot on the first marble step than a dark figure emerged from the shrubbery and barred our progress. A half-whispered cross-examination ensued, and details as to names, business, origin of invitation and length of stay were required of us before we were allowed to proceed.

While this questionnaire was proceeding Mr. Hearst appeared at the top of the steps and, waving aside the detective, welcomed us to San Simeon. I was at once struck by the upright bearing (he is over six feet) and the firm step . . . although the handshake was limp . . . of a man who, less than a year ago, had vacated the throne of one of the greatest commercial Empires of all times. Physically, he is as strong at seventy-five as he was a quarter of a century ago. He still has the strong direct look of a man of purpose, the light-blue eyes are as cold as ice, and the voice is slow and drawling with a dry, high-pitched note.

'You must excuse the detective,' he said, 'he is not here to guard me because I am a harmless old man. But I've got a few nice things about the place and it is more practical

to have watchmen than to pay big insurance premiums. Let's go and find your rooms. . . .'

Our 'rooms' were located in one of the three guest palaces, and when Mr. Hearst, after fumbling for several minutes, in the dark, had eventually found the switch, we found that the expression 'Palace' exactly fitted our surroundings. The walls were covered with priceless tapestries. The carved and gilded ceiling came from Spain, perhaps none too soon. The bed once belonged to a Venetian Doge. There were madonnas and cherubs, velvets and brocades, Hispano Moresque and Majolica pottery . . . and a modern French onyx ashtray. From the windows I looked out on to the fountains and terraces, and in the foreground, perched twenty feet above a white marble basin, an exact replica of the Donatello *David* at Florence. The bathroom contained no bath, only a shower, but the floor and walls and ceiling were composed of tiny mosaic tiles of blue and gold.

There are certain rules at San Simeon by which the visitor is expected to abide. Drinking is not permitted in the private apartments. Breakfast is served in the Banqueting Hall from 9 till 12. Luncheon is served at 2.30, but it is not until 7.30 that Mr. Hearst appears among his guests in what is known as the Assembly Hall. Promptly at that hour Mr. Hearst steps out of the elevator which brings him down to the level of the lower orders of humanity from his suite high up in the towers, and so cunningly has the panelling been fitted that it is impossible to see exactly where the elevator is concealed. Mr. Hearst then holds court, moving from one group of guests to another, springing up repeatedly from his chair to find sherry, cocktails, or cigarettes.

Mr. Hearst himself does not smoke, and, at dinner, his champagne glass is filled with ginger ale. He displays a similar abstemiousness in matters of conversation. He far prefers to listen, and so receptive are those long lobed ears which frame the high, rather narrow forehead, that he can listen to several different conversations on widely divergent subjects at one and the same time. Let me quote an instance. One group, including Mr. Hearst, my brother, and myself, were discussing the Czecho-Slovakian crisis.

Another group, including Miss Marion Davies and two of Mr. Hearst's sons, were discussing an early silent film the date of which was in debate. Mr. Hearst, who rarely interrupts a conversation, supplied the date from his own memory and sent for a book of reference to confirm the point. He was right.

As he listens Mr. Hearst's hands fondle the arms of his chair, his long tapering fingers tapping impatiently, as if his mind was speeding ahead of the conversation. His prodigious memory is not the least astonishing feature of Mr. Hearst. There is no catalogue of the many costly treasures at San Simeon, but somewhere, in the deep recesses of his mind, every object, great and small, is carefully listed, but no other inventory exists. He not only remembers where everything came from but he can usually recall the price.

No one changes for dinner at San Simeon, and when Mr. Hearst leads his guests into the vaulted Banqueting Hall, which is sixty feet long, he arranges where each shall sit at the highly polished refectory table along each side of which are arranged twenty-four velvet-covered chairs which cost £80 each. Mr. Hearst himself sits in the middle of his guests and the chair he occupies has more the appearance of a throne. Tapestries and banners and sixteenth-century choir-stalls complete the medieval effect, and along each wall long refectory tables stacked high with silver goblets, crucifixes, and candle-sticks (the more valuable silver, from St. Donat's, was sold last autumn) contrast strangely with the paper napkins placed before each guest's chair. Mr. Hearst allows the conversation to take its own course, but prefers it to be kept on a light key. Occasionally he contributes a reminiscent note, revealing some humorous incident on one of his European visits or when he has visited the White House.

After dinner Mr. Hearst again leads the way, and this time he conducts his guests to his private cinema, which can accommodate an audience of three hundred in luxuriously upholstered easy chairs. Each guest is expected to attend the performance which includes the latest news-reel and a full-length picture which has not yet been generally released.

Mr. Hearst follows the story with close interest, commenting from time to time on weaknesses in the plot or flaws in the camera technique. Few people are aware that Mr. Hearst has an intimate knowledge of movie-production and has not only written scenarios himself, but has personally supervised the production of several full-length pictures. Even in the pre-Chaplin days he was experimenting with movie cameras and giving exhibitions to his guests of somewhat crude and jerky moving pictures.

After the film Mr. Hearst disappears through the concealed door in the panelling and his guests do not see him again . . . unless they receive a summons to the Imperial Suite . . . until 7.30 p.m. the following day. This does not mean, however, that he retires early to bed. More often than not it is 2.30 a.m. by the time he climbs into the bed once slept in by Cardinal Richelieu, and he does not rise until after 10. Sometimes he takes a swim in the open-air, salt-water pool, which has changing rooms for forty guests, built of Carrara marble, or he may decide to amuse himself in the indoor pool lined with tiles of lapis lazuli and gold, baked into glass. Here the diving platform is a fifteenth-century Italian marble balcony, and it is not surprising to hear that the pool cost a mere million dollars. Mr. Hearst still plays an excellent game of tennis (there are two flood-lit hard courts at San Simeon) and he is a first-class shot. Until recently he indulged his hobby of riding about the estate, but latterly he has taken to walking. In New York he will wander about the city for hours, with no company other than his own, gazing in shop windows at antiques and *objets d'art*. On these occasions he will often miss an important appointment and not even his private secretary can tell where he has gone.

In the afternoons at San Simeon Mr. Hearst reviews the news, and in particular, the trend of European events. He writes few letters. His private wireless station and private telephone exchange enable him to keep in constant and immediate touch with the affairs of the Empire. His telephone bill must be easily the largest in America. If he desires to see one of his lieutenants in New York, a private aeroplane is sent from San Simeon and returns with the

executive the next day. In spite of rumours to the contrary, Mr. Hearst still actively controls the policy of every one of his newspapers. Orders to editors are scribbled with a thick-pointed reporter's pencil on a clip-sheet consisting of a summary of the day's letters and telegrams prepared by Secretary Willicombe. It may be in the middle of a game of croquet or tennis or a swim. He will scan the picture pages of his New York newspapers and then scrawl at the top: 'These are good picture pages, but not sufficiently news pages. Please get the picture-page idea out of your mind. Make the page a news page, liberally illustrated.' Frequently the leading article bears the signature in big block letters: WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. He is a master coiner of slogans that catch the public imagination, and the world still remembers his 'America First' and 'No Entangling Alliances' when Hearst was trying to prevent America's entry into the Great War.

Our visit to San Simeon coincided with President Roosevelt's first appeal for 'a resort to reason rather than a resort to force.' The Hearst newspapers seized upon this as an opportunity to point out that 'Europe is Choosing Sides For A War And Expects Everybody Else To Take Sides.' They declared that President Roosevelt had no authority from his people to give a promise of assistance to either side in the event of war. 'President Roosevelt has clearly stated the best of all reasons why there should be no war. Beyond that he surely has no wish to go and COULD NOT GO IF HE WISHED. BECAUSE BEYOND THAT AMERICA WILL NOT GO.' I have no authority to say that those words were dictated by Mr. Hearst, but no one can mistake the voice behind the bold, heavy type.

So far we have considered only the façade and a few of the external trappings of the Empire. Let us now examine some of the story which will help to show how the foundations of that Empire were laid. Hearst's father, who was known from one end of California to the other as 'Uncle George,' was a bluff, bearded giant of the old school who had tramped two thousand miles beside an ox-drawn covered wagon from his farm in Missouri in search of gold on the Pacific Coast. That was in 1850. He was said to be the best judge of a

mine in the country. Within a few years he was a rich man. Then he married Phebe Apperson, and on April 29th, 1863, William Randolph was born, at their home in Taylor Street, San Francisco. 'Uncle George' continued to amass a fortune, buying mines and ranches . . . including the 1,000,000 acres in Mexcio . . . with the same prodigality as his son was one day to display in the acquisition of churches and monasteries and medieval works of art.

When he was ten young 'Willy' accompanied his mother on the first of those journeys to Europe which kindled in him his life-long love of the antique. His early boyhood was largely spent in riding, hunting, and fishing on his father's 3000 acres ranch in the Santa Lucia mountains, to which was added the San Simeon ranch, forming the nuclei of the present vast estate where Mr. Hearst spends the greater part of his time. After schooling at Washington and Concord, 'Willy' was sent to Harvard. There, it appears, he distinguished himself more in the art of practical joking than in the classics, with the result that he returned home earlier than was expected.

Uncle George Hearst had by now become Senator Hearst, and, more by accident than intention, had also turned newspaper proprietor. The San Francisco *Evening Examiner* was a four-page affair enjoying, or rather existing upon, a circulation of probably less than 5000, and its affairs were conducted by 'a gentleman of eighty with a snowstorm of white hair.' Uncle George was evidently pleased with his new toy and promptly turned it into a morning paper, enlarged it to eight pages, and increased the wages of the entire staff. After Harvard, 'Willy' went to New York for a year, and there he observed with interest the phenomenal success of the *World* which had attained the hitherto unheard of circulation of 250,000 copies daily. What Mr. Joseph Pulitzer could do 'Willy' thought he could do . . . a little better.

Returning to San Francisco he asked his father to give him the *Examiner*. Too surprised to do anything else, 'Uncle George' made over the paper to his son without further discussion. That was on March 4th, 1887. At the age of twenty-four Hearst had become Editor and sole

proprietor of a newspaper which according to contemporary accounts was largely used for wrapping up fish and lighting fires. The old hands sat back and prepared to see some fun.

Within two months of the change of ownership the *Examiner* was gaining circulation at the rate of 1000 copies a week. Two years later its circulation had increased to 80,000, and the *Examiner* had become the greatest feature newspaper in the West. 'There is no substitute for circulation' was the slogan he coined in those early days, and the mounting profits proved that young 'Willy' was correct. He engaged writers and artists to cover all the world's interesting happenings on the spot. He astonished the journalistic world by coming out with a newspaper of 120 pages.

There was only one 'scoop' young Hearst missed. One day a rather shabby-looking little man in spectacles, whose deep tan denoted that he had spent some years in the East, called at the *Examiner* office and left a bundle of MSS. for the Editor to read. The old darkie doorkeeper handed it to one of the sub-editors, who, in the way of sub-editors (I have been one, so I know), tossed it on a bundle of other papers . . . to be read another day. The little man called back each day and eventually his MSS. was handed to him by the darkie, who remarked 'It's mighty good, Suh, what's in dat 'velope, but us can't do nothing wid it jes' now, suh.' The little man's name was Rudyard Kipling and the stories eventually saw the light in a volume called *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

When 'Uncle George' Hearst died he left a fortune of \$17,000,000, or approximately £3,400,000. The whole of this sum would, in the course of time, go into the pockets of young William Randolph. It had cost £90,000 to turn the *Examiner* from a losing into a paying proposition. But it was now making money hand over fist, and it was common knowledge in the office that young Hearst had other and far greater ambitions. On one occasion he was seen poring over a map of the United States. He was drawing rings round the principal cities, and, turning to one of his colleagues, remarked: 'George, some day there will be a paper here and

here and here.' George duly noted that there was a double circle round the city of New York. On September 25th, 1895, the double circle became a reality. Hearst, at the age of thirty-two, had acquired the then tottering New York *Morning Journal* for £36,000. Mrs. Phebe Hearst, who doted over her 'Willy,' handed him a little cheque for £1,500,000 to encourage him in his latest venture. Nearly every penny of that little present from his mother was swallowed up before the *Journal* turned the corner. When a friend whispered in Mrs. Phebe Hearst's ear that her son was losing a million dollars a year all she said was : ' That's too bad. Willy will only be able to keep up the fight for thirty years.' But Hearst was prepared to risk the whole of his father's fortune and the profits from the *Examiner* to achieve his object. That object was to defeat Pulitzer at his own game and place the *World* amongst the also-rans. His first move was to reduce the cost of the *Journal* to a penny.

It is interesting to note that about this time a rather similar experiment was being tried in London with a half-penny paper called the *Daily Mail*. The founder, Alfred Harmsworth, was then thirty years of age, two years Hearst's junior. But there was this difference between the New York *Morning Journal* and the London *Daily Mail*. Hearst's method was to buy a crumbling venture and, by copying the methods of his rivals, and outdistancing them in the matter of sensation, pouring enormous sums of money into the paper, eventually come out on top. The *Daily Mail* was in every way unlike any of its competitors and was launched at a cost of £15,000. And the sales of the first issue were just under 400,000 copies.

The struggle between Hearst and Pulitzer rapidly developed into a duel of dollars. Pulitzer reduced the *World* to a penny. Hearst lured away the *World's* best writers and artists. He introduced bigger and more startling type. Within ten months, the *Journal* circulation had swollen to nearly 400,000 copies daily. Exactly a year after taking over the *Journal* Hearst sprung another surprise upon New York by establishing an evening edition of the paper to serve as a rival to Pulitzer's *Evening World*. As money was poured into the papers, so, in time, it poured back into

Hearst's pockets. In the end the Hearst-Pulitzer duel was voted a draw. But Hearst was setting his mind on still bigger things. He aimed at a chain of publications right across the continent so that his voice could be heard in every part of the United States. He had other ambitions too. He ran twice for Mayor of New York, once for Governor, and once for a Presidential nomination. On two occasions he was elected to Congress. But Hearst was never a popular figure. More than once he found himself the most hated man in America and as long ago as 1901 he was burned in effigy, following the assassination of President McKinley. During the world war his newspapers were boycotted for the anti-ally attitude they adopted, and as recently as 1924 there was a further boycott when it was believed that Hearst was flirting with Nazism.

In spite of his enormous income over a period of some thirty years Hearst has never been rich in the sense of a Rockefeller or a Henry Ford. As the money has flowed into the till so he has found magnificent ways in which to spend it. During the war he dabbled in films, but he is credited with having dropped over a million pounds on that experiment. In order to indulge his love of shop-window gazing he bought the *Connoisseur* for £70,000. One of his most profitable excursions in the magazine field was the acquisition of *Good Housekeeping*. With a circulation of over two million copies, for several years its profits were in the neighbourhood of £400,000 per annum. Travelling down to St. Donat's Castle with Mr. Hearst, a few years ago, Lord Duveen was turning over the pages of *Good Housekeeping*. 'Doing pretty well, I suppose?' he inquired of his host. 'Keeping its head above water?' And Mr. Hearst replied in his soft, high-pitched voice: 'Yes, and it keeps mine too.' Mr. Hearst has never been a wit but he has a crisp, impish sense of humour which occasionally manifests in his business relations. When he took over *Cosmopolitan*, which he built up to a circulation of a million copies a month, he wanted to engage Harrison Fisher as exclusive cover artist. Harrison Fisher had been with the *Examiner* in the early days and was now earning big fees from *Scribners* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. He wanted larger fees if he was to

work exclusively for Mr. Hearst. When Mr. Hearst heard what these fees were to be, he is reported to have wired back : ' Don't hire Fisher, ask him to give me a job.'

Mr. Hearst was nearly sixty when he entered upon the last and most spectacular phase of his career. In the course of his annual European journeys he had acquired, regardless of cost, an astounding array of medieval treasures. They embraced the entire field of collecting (with, I believe, the single exception of postage stamps) and Mr. Hearst found a George Washington autograph as irresistible as a Spanish monastery. Often enough, when in New York, he would attend an auction, bidding in person, and if an advertisement in the *Connoisseur* had attracted his eye he would cable Miss Head, his chief executive in Europe, to buy the article in question, with no reference to its price. For some years two large warehouses on the water-front in New York were stacked with unopened packing-cases containing paintings, sculpture, pottery, rare manuscripts, cabinets, ceilings, chimney pieces, madonnas, armour, and the numbered stones of monasteries and churches. Nobody had any idea what Mr. Hearst intended to do with all these treasures.

One day Mr. Hearst was riding round his San Simeon estate and he stopped to gaze at the sparkling waters of the Pacific 2000 feet below. He could see the line of the coast for fifty miles in each direction. When he turned about he saw a superb backcloth of mountains and forest. He decided that he would build a private house on that spot . . . *La Cuesta Encantada* . . . The Enchanted Hill. But this was to be no ordinary private house. It would surpass anything conceived by a Vanderbilt, a Rockefeller or a Du Pont. Mountains would be blasted away so as to conform to his designs. A forest of sequoias would be planted below the palace, trees that would one day grow to a height of four hundred feet, ninety feet in circumference. And his choicest treasures would be assembled here and the resources of the Empire would be drained to make San Simeon a permanent monument to the Hearst legend.

Any other man of sixty . . . or for that matter, any man of forty . . . would have shrunk from such an undertaking. But Mr. Hearst, who had tasted the bitter-sweet fruits of

journalism, politics, and big business, and had been disappointed with them all, had now discovered the most fascinating game of all. Some men, when they are reaching the allotted span of life find an outlet, like the ex-Kaiser, in felling trees. Others, like Mr. Hearst, develop a mania for building. With Mr. Hearst one might almost say it amounted to *folie de grandeur*. He placed himself at the head of a body of over a hundred artists and craftsmen and, with Miss Morgan, his chief consulting architect, supervised every detail of the excavation and the building of La Casa Grande and the three guest palaces. As the work progressed he continued to buy more and more treasures from Europe, and further astonished his intimate circle by acquiring the feudal St. Donat's Castle in Wales. He spent over £250,000 in restoring the castle and installed eighty bathrooms. It almost appeared that Mr. Hearst who had, at one time or another, owned everything, including a war, now desired to own the earth. San Simcon is said to have cost over £7,000,000 and the contents are reputedly valued at £3,000,000. In spite of the Depression and repeated warnings that his expenditure was far exceeding his income Mr. Hearst continued with his building and his spending, gently chiding those who counselled retrenchment.

The first indication that all was not well with the Empire came in October, 1937. Ten years ago a biographer wrote that Mr. Hearst 'has no thought of abdicating.' He had, in fact, wired a meeting of his executives saying that 'the time to retire is when God retires you and not before.' But in October, 1937, although the news did not leak out until March of last year, Mr. Hearst agreed to the appointment of a Council of Regency. In name he was still Emperor, but the decisions, many of them of an unpleasant order, were now to be made by others. The change-over was spectacular in itself. The spending abruptly stopped, and for the first time in his life Mr. Hearst started selling. The New York *American* ceased publication. *Good Housekeeping* and *Nash's* were amalgamated. The unrivalled collection of early English silver was removed from St. Donat's and sold for a little over half what Mr. Hearst had paid for it. St. Donat's, with its eighty bathrooms, is now for sale. San

Simeon itself is heavily mortgaged. Other dispersals have been taking place in New York and Mr. Hearst's personal salary is said to have been cut from £100,000 to £20,000 a year. Actually, there was no outward sign to indicate a material decline in Mr. Hearst's public hold and standing. He had survived the worst of the Depression. A survey of his personal holdings made by the magazine *Fortune* in 1935 placed his net fortune at £28,000,000. At seventy-four, when the change-over was announced, he still had the physical bearing of a man ten years his junior. What factor was it, therefore, that finally persuaded him to take a step so contrary to everything in his nature, to surrender all those things which had been the breath of life to him?

In March of last year Mr. Hearst himself supplied one answer to that question. He announced that he was retiring in order to liquefy his estate so that large cash reserves could be amassed for the inevitable day when death duties would have to be paid. Mr. Hearst had never liked to discuss death and he has always refused to attend funerals. His philosophy of life is summed up in a statement he made many years ago : ' We like to think of ourselves as free agents,' he said, ' but we are no more actually independent of our antecedents and our influences than a leaf which drops from a tree on to the surface of a flowing river. The character of the leaf is determined by the tree from which it drops. The course of the leaf is determined by the current of the river.'

No one can say what will happen to the Hearst holdings when the Emperor is no more. It depends on many things, but most of all on Mr. Hearst himself. There should be plenty of time to put the affairs of the Empire in order. How long its life can be prolonged without William Randolph Hearst at its head is another question which time alone will decide. Undoubtedly he would like to see the dynasty established on unshakable foundations. Like Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., Mr. Hearst has five sons, to each of whom he is intensely devoted. George, the eldest, has taken a good-natured interest in his father's newspapers, and has served his apprenticeship on the New York *Daily Mirror* and the San Francisco *Examiner*. William and John, the second and third sons, have also been through the mill.

None of them, however, have shown any desire or any marked aptitude to shoulder the burdens of Empire. This, in itself, must be a source of disappointment to the Emperor in his declining years.

At San Simeon there is little to indicate that the Empire is in process of liquidation. Mr. Hearst himself still moves abroad like a medieval prince, but the palace itself remains unfinished. Packing cases still arrive up the 2000 feet mountain road and Mr. Hearst, like an excited boy, supervises the uncrating. As a change from the grand ducal magnificence of La Casa Grande he likes to go north, with a considerable entourage, to his Bavarian village at the foot of Mount Shasta. The days have gone when he would suddenly invite all his guests to accompany him on a trip to Europe the next day. But although there have been outward changes Mr. Hearst remains sphinx-like and no one can tell what thoughts pass through his turbulent mind. 'At my time of life,' he remarked a few years ago, 'you just sit here and people bring you final decisions to make.' To-day the Council of Regency spares the Emperor that painful task. If he had his life to live over again I very much doubt whether he would choose a path different to that which he has followed for over half a century.

ISLAND OF THE DAMNED

AND NOW WE MUST DESCEND FROM THESE CELESTIAL REGIONS and, as our next destination is Alcatraz . . . sometimes known as the Island of the Damned . . . you must mind the bump. The first thing we wanted to do on regaining the level of ordinary mankind after two days at the top of La Cuesta Encantada was to dash into the nearest drug store and lay in a large supply of smelling-salts. I intend no reflection on Mr. Hearst's hospitality by that remark. He is, in every way, the perfect host for the simple reason that he allows his guests . . . who frequently number sixty at a time . . . to do just as they please, and he has provided everything at San Simeon to satisfy the most exacting taste. Sometimes, of course, Mr. Hearst has to say 'no.' One young lady, on being informed that Mr. Hearst would not approve a midnight drive to a distant roadhouse, stamped her foot and pouted: 'Darn Mr. Hearst! I wish he wasn't up here!'

But it isn't the things you can do (or the things that you can't) which produce a faint feeling of nostalgia after you have spent twenty-four hours on the ranch. It would take me a very long time to get used to eating eggs and bacon (prepared by Maurice Lovey, the French chef) in solitary splendour in a banqueting hall twenty-five yards long. I could never entirely enjoy myself sipping gin and vermouth before dinner in a still larger sitting-room hung with Gobelin tapestries that cost over £100,000, with three hundred lights sparkling above me. And there is something a little disturbing to hear a guest's remark, on being confronted with a Roman marble vase of the First Century, brought from the Emperor Hadrian's villa by the Duke of Buckingham in 1734: 'Say, this is a cute ash-tray!'

Waking up in the morning is likely to produce some surprises, too, as on one Easter morning when guests found a profusion of lilies on the terraces where none had been the night before. Two days of this opulent existence, moving about in a world (you hardly ever encounter another guest) of drooping madonnas, pouting cherubs, peeping detectives, prancing gladiators, and barking dachshunds is likely to satiate the most sophisticated appetite. And even the strongest can be excused for sending for a bottle of smelling-salts while those of weaker fibre retire to a nursing home.

Fortunately we did not have to resort to any extreme measures of this kind because no sooner had the curtain rung down on the scene I have just described than, with just enough time to get our second wind, the stage revolved and we were standing on an eminence above San Francisco and our guide was pointing out an island in the bay which houses more desperate characters than any area of its size in the world. Alcatraz, even from this distance, is quite different to what you would imagine. As far as I am aware the sea that divides it from the mainland is not infested with man-eating sharks, although undoubtedly there are plenty of the species floating about the less salubrious quarters of San Francisco. The island itself is not in the grip of tropical fevers that drive men to madness. The climate there is said to be unusually healthy. But before we consider Alcatraz more closely let us allow our gaze to rest on other and less sinister parts of this remarkable canvas.

If I had not already seen Rio de Janeiro I would have said that San Francisco's Golden Gate far surpasses any other scene of the kind in the world. The guide-book, in graceful deference to the large number of Italians who live in San Francisco, states that no bay, save that of Naples, is more beautiful. As I have only seen Naples on half a dozen occasions, and each time Vesuvius was enshrouded in angry Fascist clouds, I am not qualified to challenge that assertion.

But here all the kingdoms of the world appear to be spread at your feet. Eight years have wrought a tremendous change in the panorama which unfolds before the traveller standing on Twin Peaks 900 feet up and midway between San

Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean. A cluster of new skyscrapers has arisen. The city of Oakland, on the far shore, appears to merge into the distant mountains. As if to defy the power which reduced San Francisco to a heap of twisted iron and smouldering wood a little over thirty years ago, the people of this new city have thrown up splendid museums, universities, and public buildings; they have laid out great municipal parks, one hundred in number, the largest of which is over a thousand acres in area; they have tunnelled through the hills, on which we are standing, to a distance of over two miles to provide rapid transportation between the city and the residential districts, and, more recently, they have built the two greatest bridges in the world.

The Golden Gate Bridge which spans the entrance to the bay is suspended from two towers twice the height of Big Ben, and has a single span three-quarters of a mile in length. The Oakland Bay Bridge has a total length, including the approaches, of eight miles, and it is built with an upper and a lower deck. The upper platform is wide enough for six cars to travel abreast. The lower platform carries two lines of electric trains and three tracks for heavy lorries. In the middle of the bay the two sections of this gigantic bridge meet at Yerba Buena Island, and a little to the left of this island, within view of Alcatraz, the San Franciscans have built Treasure Island which accommodates the present Golden Gate International Exposition. At the time of our visit the city fathers were peeved because the New Yorkers had decided to have nothing to do with their fair. This is what the San Franciscan *Life* thought about it:

‘We had everything fixed up all nice and chummy. You were going to have an exhibit with us, and we were going to have one with you. Then your Governor vetoed the idea, so you’ll just have to take the consequences. You’ll have to make up your mind to get along without the alluring advertisement of San Francisco we had intended setting up to stop visitors in their tracks and send them scurrying for airplanes, streamlined trans-continentials, and family buses to race for California. Now you’ll just have to put up with keeping all these

crowds right in your own town, congesting your traffic and cluttering up your city with their money. Maybe that will teach you a lesson !'

So there ! No doubt San Francisco has recovered by now from this mild attack of civic *pique* while Mr. Grover Aloysius Whalen feels that he will still be able to cope with the fifty million visitors he expects at the World's Fair.

Let us, however, return to the view, because this is the best thing about San Francisco. A little over half a mile from where we are standing, almost obscured by the tall modern buildings which surround it, is the oldest building in the city, the Mission Dolores, founded in 1776. From this distance it has the appearance of a tiny Swiss chalet. Behind the Mission Dolores are the towers of the Civic Centre, and as your eye follows the long straight line of Market Street which slashes half across the peninsula, you come to China Town. More Chinese live there than in any other community outside China. And most of these Chinese make their living selling Japanese curios to the tourists. If you don't like their curios or their Chop Suey you can amuse yourself by ringing up Mr. Wing Lang Loo. I do not know if there is such a person as Mr. Wing Lang Loo, but any Chinese name that comes into your head will do. There may be, of course, several Mr. Wing Lang Loos, in which case the operator at the Oriental Telephone Exchange will ask you if you want the Mr. Loo who has just divorced his second wife or the one whose aunt was operated on for appendicitis the day before yesterday, or again, the other Mr. Loo who is about to become a father for the tenth time and everyone is hoping that it will be a boy. There are no telephone numbers in the Oriental directory and the operator has to memorize the name and business of each subscriber.

Golden Gate Park, which is twice the size of Regent's Park, lies midway between our viewpoint on Twin Peaks and the Golden Gate Bridge. The guide-book tells you that it contains seventeen miles of curving roadway and four thousand varieties of plants from all over the world. We won't dispute those facts. It omits to mention, however,

that a Scottish landscape gardener happened upon a sandy waste of land in 1870 and transformed it into the present beautiful park with its lakes and waterfalls, bird sanctuaries, and wild animal reserves. The Steinhart Aquarium, in the park, houses tropical fish of exquisite beauty and colouring. Close at hand is the Japanese Tea Garden, presented by a generous-hearted Mikado who was pleased to remember that ninety-seven thousand of his subjects reside in the State of California. You can see a little bit of England in the Park, too . . . a cross which commemorates the visit of Sir Francis Drake to a bay a few miles north of the Golden Gate.

There is one other name I must note before we make our way to the ferry which will take us across to Alcatraz. That name is Fleishhacker. To San Francisco it stands in much the same relationship as Marshall Field to Chicago. You come across that name all over the city. On the ocean front there is an immense swimming pool, the largest, of course, in the world, which was given by this great banking family. Not far away, in honour of another famous San Franciscan, are Randolph Street and Hearst Avenue. Mr. Hearst likes San Francisco, not only because he was born there but because his first journalistic toy, the *Examiner*, still enriches the Empire to the extent of some £200,000 a year.

And now, before we are tempted to stray down still further beckoning by-ways . . . and with our backs to Alcatraz the temptation is considerable . . . we must return to our hotel, the noisiest and most ill-mannered we have yet encountered, and complete our arrangements for our visit to the Island of the Damned. I might as well admit that as the time approached for us to find the ferry which would take us across the bay I shrank at the very sound of the word Alcatraz. It conjured up hideous memories of Ma Barker clutching a still hot machine-gun to her shrunken bosom . . . of the lifeless sockets of John Dillinger's death-mask in Mr. Hoover's ante-room . . . of 'Scarface' Al Capone, his mind tortured and demented by the living hell of enforced idleness behind steel bars. But there it was . . . the thing had to be faced. An incredible amount of wire-pulling in high places had been necessary to make the visit possible at all. One had written 'company

director' instead of 'journalist,' cautiously if a little evasively, on the form which had to be scrutinized before the final authority was given. 'You'll never get to Alcatraz,' Neile Vanderbilt had said to us when we were leaving Hollywood. And if Neile Vanderbilt makes a remark like that you make a particular mental note of it.

The fact remains that a few hours after our arrival in San Francisco we were aboard the *General Frank M. Cox*, a ferry-boat of some hundred tons, heading across the bay towards the rock-bound island, which, at a distance, looked as placidly inviting as any other island of its size, a mile or so in circumference, in the world. As we buffeted our way nearer . . . the bay was calm enough but the *General Cox* was as fussy and fidgety as the tugs that push the *Queen Mary* into New York . . . the outline of the island grew harder and more menacing. Buildings began to take shape, long concrete affairs with many windows, and a small lighthouse brooded uneasily over the whole. Lighthouses, as a rule, have a friendly, protective air . . . but this one merely said 'Keep off,' and the walls of the long buildings seemed to be pierced with a thousand pairs of searching eyes. In less than ten minutes we were within a few yards of the cliffs that rise a sheer sixty feet from the water's edge. On the face of those cliffs were notices warning shipping not to approach within seventy-five yards. Perched above the cliffs, smaller towers, like miniature lighthouses, broke the long lines of concrete buildings, and one could make out the forms of warders, gun in hand, patrolling the turret tops. One noticed, too, that these look-outs were equipped with enormous lamps, making escape in the blackness of the night doubly impossible.

As we came alongside the landing stage two young men in slate grey drill tunics pushed the gangway into position and we stepped ashore. There was nothing in their expression or manner to indicate that they were 'lifers.' There were no armed warders standing by ready to shoot if either of the young men made a sudden dash for liberty. Instead, three well-dressed women, laughing and talking animatedly, advanced towards the *General Cox* and stepped aboard. That was the first surprise. A moment later we were giving

our names and explaining the object of our visit to a mild-mannered clerk who requested us to pass through a short and narrow passage at the side of his desk. As we obeyed his instructions he watched the movement of a needle on a large dial. It was near enough to note that it registered a very slight disturbance as I passed through the 'snitch box,' which is the name given to the narrow passage. The electro-magnetic eye can tell immediately if a visitor attempts to smuggle fire-arms into Alcatraz. It is said that when Al Capone's mother visited the prison the tell-tale needle became so agitated that the lady was obliged to disrobe to prove that it was her corset and not a concealed revolver which caused the electro-magnetic disturbance.

Having satisfied the electric eye that we had no more metal about our persons than is contained in a cigarette-case, a key ring, and the metal clips of our shoe laces, we were conducted to a conveyance which had something of the grim aspect of a Black Maria, only it was smaller, and you sat on hard wooden seats. A series of hair-pin bends, which zig-zag up the steep cliff-side, brought us to the level of the main block of prison buildings. Here we were received by Associate Warder Miller, who without further formalities proceeded to take us on a tour of the buildings.

I would like to be able to record that as soon as the first door opened the air was split by heart-rending screams as some unfortunate gangster was being obligingly and brutally beaten within a few feet of where we stood. It would have made this chapter infinitely more colourful if I could have told you that our guide suddenly took my arm and pointed out Machine-Gun Kelly in the act of gnashing his teeth against the steel bars which held him captive. Or Al Capone making ugly grimaces, in the last stages of mental collapse. No such elevating spectacle met our gaze. For one thing, Machine-Gun Kelly is one of the best-behaved inmates of Alcatraz. For another, Al Capone, in spite of stories to the contrary, is sufficiently *compos mentis* to supply the authorities with ample material to place as many of his former friends as he likes behind the steel bars of Alcatraz. Undoubtedly he regards this as the best possible way of earning a substantial remission of his sentence. But we were

informed, on reliable authority, that it will result in Al Capone being 'bumped off' himself as soon as he regains his freedom.

I have omitted to mention that our guide did not carry a large bunch of keys to unlock the many steel doors and gates through which we passed. They opened, apparently, of their own accord, or so it seemed until it was explained that a system of remote control electrically operates every door in the prison. There is no opportunity for prisoners with money and influence outside to bribe gaolers to conveniently leave a key outside their cells. Keys don't exist in places like Alcatraz. In each prison block, on every floor, there is a control-room where a guard stands sentinel behind bullet-proof glass. A series of cunningly disposed mirrors enable him to see round corners. At a signal from his chief he can close or open any door in the block under his control. Armour-plated steel protects him from sudden assault . . . and he is always armed. In the last emergency he can release clouds of tear gas, remaining free from the effects himself.

Modern science has considered every possibility of dope, whiskey, or fire-arms being smuggled into the prison. Visitors to Alcatraz . . . those who go there to see Number So-and-So . . . talk to their friend through a thickness of bullet-proof glass that cannot be penetrated by a bullet from the latest pattern rifle or revolver. They can only converse through an electrical speaking unit, and every word of that conversation is overheard by an attendant guard. To all intents and purposes the two speakers might be separated by the Atlantic Ocean. When Richard Lovelace wrote three hundred years ago that 'stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage,' he did not visualize the day when six firms in the United States would be engaged solely in constructing escape-proof equipment for gaols. At Alcatraz the bars that keep some three hundred men caged like wild animals are made of a special kind of steel which resists the hacksaw. It yields only to an acetylene lamp, and this is not an easy article to smuggle into Alcatraz. Many of these steel bars in modern American prisons are connected with an alarm system and immediately they are tampered with a red light shows in the guard-room.

There is only one way in which a prisoner could escape from Alcatraz . . . and undoubtedly the idea has been thought of and rejected long ago. It would involve the expenditure of a large sum of money and would unquestionably drain the reserves of the richest inhabitant of the island. It would consist of wholesale bribery of every official in the prison from the Governor downwards. In the dead of night a helicopter would alight on the island. The fugitive would be conveyed silently to the waiting plane, while the prisoners in the adjoining cells, conveniently drugged an hour or two earlier, would slumber heavily until the alarm is given. By that time the helicopter would have transferred Convict X to a remote valley on the mainland, where a high-powered plane would be ready to dash down the coast and across the Mexican border. There are various minor details in the scheme which a more inventive brain might fill in, but I must interrupt these meditations to continue our tour of Alcatraz.

The first sight that caught my eye when we passed through the steel doors that divide the administrative offices from the 'living quarters' was a prisoner lying on a bunk, smoking and reading the *Reader's Digest*. In spite of the steel bars, it made a happy and contented picture. The cell was neat and tidy, with photographs pasted on the wall, and there was a wash-basin, a mirror, and a water-closet. Then I noticed that other prisoners, in adjoining cells, were also reading and smoking. I was immediately reminded of the film *Convict 99* in which Will Hay played the part of a prison governor with modern ideas. The modern ideas, you will remember, consisted in letting the inmates run the prison . . . and the governor. But there was one respect in which Alcatraz differed materially from the Will Hay establishment. It was an obvious thing, but I did not realize its full significance until our tour had nearly ended. At Alcatraz there is *absolute silence*. There is movement and ceaseless activity in the kitchens and pantries and work-rooms, but there is no sound other than that of hurrying footsteps. The effect of that silence over a period of days, weeks, months, years, decades, I prefer to leave to your imagination.

The midday meal was being prepared in four huge cauldrons when we entered the kitchen. It was a superbly equipped kitchen of the kind that thrifty housewives queue up to admire at the Ideal Home Exhibition. Everything was polished to the *n*th degree and the air was filled with an appetizing smell. A good deal has been written about the monotonous diet of greasy cocoa, unwashed vegetables, and decomposed horse-flesh supposed to be served in English prisons. If those stories are true . . . the food at Alcatraz might, in prison language, be compared to the Ritz. We were shown typical menus . . . they are changed each day . . . which compared not unfavourably with those 'dished up' at a certain well-known Public School where I spent four years of my early youth. The only difference that I observed was that at Alcatraz they have butter, whereas we invariably had margarine.

From the kitchens our tour led to the larders, and from the larders to the pantries. The prisoners in their slate grey uniforms looked as normal and healthy a body of men as one would expect to meet in much more every-day surroundings. Nobody stared at the two strangers in their midst. There were no furtive side-glances. The difficulty, for a naturally curious onlooker, was to avoid staring at them. We did not see anyone who resembled our ideas of Al Capone. But he was there, somewhere, performing the same menial tasks as those who had aspired to less glittering heights of crime. In six months' time he was due to leave Alcatraz for a short stay at another prison on the mainland.

We did not see (to our knowledge) Machine-Gun Kelly, Alvin Karpis, Eddie Bentz, William Mahan, or Harvey Bailey . . . and we did not ask to have any of these notorious-sounding gentlemen pointed out to us. If that suggests a state of mind singularly lacking in ordinary journalistic curiosity, I must remind you that this was Alcatraz, that most of these men, whatever they had done in the past, would be spending the rest of their lives here . . . *in silence*. What right had I to stare? If you have read *Walls Have Mouths* you will understand a little of the hideous meaning of the words 'you will go into penal servitude for ten years.' But it is surely beyond anyone's imagination to conceive of the lot of the 'lifer.'

The electric chair or the lethal chamber, death in any shape or form, would be the mildest form of punishment compared with the prolonged mental torture meted out to these wretched individuals.

You may say that they are permitted, as we have seen, such civilized concessions as smoking and reading and that they are fed as well as the average Public School boy. Generous concessions, perhaps, in view of the diabolical nature of their crimes. You may even call it 'pampering.' Whatever you call it . . . whatever your views may be about 'punishments to fit the crime' . . . I defy you to walk through Alcatraz and not experience some glimmering feeling of pity. If you come away without a trace of indignation, without a hint of shame, at what you have seen . . . I suggest that certain of your arteries have become incurably hardened.

But before we return to the *General Cox* I must ask you to look through this window because it may help you to appreciate what I mean by 'prolonged mental torture.' It is a window through which any one of these wretched individuals can pause and look. What do they see? The answer is contained in the pages at the beginning of this chapter when we surveyed the kingdoms of this world from the summit of the Twin Peaks. The only difference is that here the view is framed between specially constructed steel bars, and, barely a mile away, the huge playground of Treasure Island is rapidly taking shape. In the long summer evenings the sound of music and laughter will drift across the bay. When night has fallen . . . and the Pacific night can be very beautiful . . . the sky will glow with the reflection of a million twinkling lights of red, green, and gold. If that isn't Hell, I don't know what is.

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A few days later, in New York, I was talking to a prominent American business man who had made a close study of American prisons and penal systems. It might shed a little light on a subject about which very little is known in England if I repeat, while the shadow of Alcatraz still envelops us, some of the things he told me.

There are 3094 county gaols in the United States. In the course of a year approximately 600,000 men and women are herded into these dilapidated and insanitary prisons. As an example of the appalling overcrowding that goes on, even in the more up-to-date State and federal prisons, at St. Quentin, during a recent year, the average daily prison population amounted to 6291. The normal capacity of that prison is 3295. In some of the county gaols it is public knowledge that the most brutal tortures are inflicted upon unruly prisoners. A particularly horrible case occurred while we were in America. The naked bodies of three prisoners were found in an air-tight cell of the Philadelphia county gaol. They had been scalded to death by steam-heat. At the subsequent inquiry it was revealed that twenty-five unruly prisoners had been closely confined in the air-tight cell and, as a 'corrective,' they were subjected to this unspeakable punishment. Somebody left the steam on a little too long. The usual cry for 'justice' arose. Prison officials were arrested. The public was told that 'suitable measures were being taken' . . . and there the matter ended.

'Let me tell you about another of our rackets,' my friend said, 'it will make an interesting addition to your collection. You can call it the parole racket. Do you know that two out of every three persons arrested each year in this country have previous criminal records? And that out of every fourteen thousand habitual criminals, five thousand have been paroled one to ten times? With only one exception every G-Man who has been killed by gangsters . . . there have been eleven . . . has fallen before the bullet of a man on parole. One of the troubles is that there are not enough gaols in America. The parole racket keeps the number of inmates down, but it is usually the first offenders . . . the ones for whom the parole system was designed . . . who are the last to receive a favourable hearing from the board. A year or two ago the Department of Justice held a survey which revealed that the average term of imprisonment served for murder is only three and a half years. Eddie Bentz, who is now on a long visit to Alcatraz, was sentenced fourteen times in twenty-six years. He had committed a host of crimes. Twice he escaped from gaol. Five times he was

paroled. Of the thirty-four and a half years to which he was sentenced he served less than seven.

'The parole racket works like this. A hardened offender behaves like a model prisoner during the first year of his sentence. He knows how to impress the prison visitors, particularly the ladies. If he's got a clergyman friend outside or knows a member of one of the numerous welfare organisations that visit prisons, he gets him to bring his case before the board. There is a good deal of sloppy sentimentality about most of these parole boards. They trot out all the old *clichés* about 'justice being tempered with mercy.' Then, of course, there are the political bosses. In exchange for so many votes they will 'fix' things with their friends on the parole boards. In quite a number of the overcrowded county gaols they are only too glad to grant parole to make way for new-comers. You ought to read what J. Edgar Hoover says about it all in *Persons in Hiding*.'

To prove that my friend was not exaggerating let me quote a paragraph from that remarkable book :

'The biggest job of law enforcement is not the capture of new criminals. It is the chasing down of hardened, shrewd, canny recidivists who know all the tricks and therefore are ten times as costly in their recapture as the inexperienced offender. Every time that a parole board turns loose such a person it is, in effect, releasing a predatory animal, who must again be captured, and at staggering cost to the public in taxes, in loss of property, and, in too many cases, in loss of human lives.'

With that, we must leave the absorbing subject of American crime. Looking back, we appear to have spent far too much of our time peering into dark places and probing into matters that are far better left in the capable hands of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and Mr. Thomas E. Dewey. We must hurry out into the sunshine, for it is now October, and all too soon the sky will be overcast, and we shall wake up with a London fog pouring through the window.

Our schedule states :

Leave Oakland, Calif. 9.15 p.m. October 3rd.

Arrive Ogden, Utah. 8.00 p.m. October 4th.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

MOSES IN AMERICA

AT SAN FRANCISCO WE REACHED THE TURNING-POINT IN our ten-thousand-mile trail. We had journeyed south, west, and north . . . and in a month we had perhaps seen more of the United States than the average American sees in a lifetime . . . and now we would be speeding eastwards for several days in luxuriously appointed cigar-shaped trains, with short halts at Salt Lake City, Chicago, and Detroit. Each day, from now on, we would set our watches an hour forward . . . a simple little ritual which gives the traveller a pleasant sensation of the nearness of home. Our four-foot ribbon of tickets had shrunk to the more manageable length of eighteen inches. Our luggage, however, had assumed impossible dimensions and included vast Mexican hats from Houston, diminutive cactuses from Santa Fé, peach-fed hams from Virginia, a wireless set, a gramophone to make your own records, and a host of small, mysterious parcels which gave Jones the appearance of a slightly intoxicated Christmas tree as we arrived at and left each new destination.

The news from Europe was a little less ominous but the entire American continent was now in a state of jitters, and nobody seemed to understand why John Bull didn't get on with the war. 'If only Uncle Sam would say the word,' commented the newspapers. 'If he were to offer once more his money and his soldiers to see this European thing through, how bright and rosy everything would become for the democracies and the Empire. But no, the United States refuses to commit itself.' That was in October of 1938. In March of 1939 Uncle Sam appeared to be much of the same mind. But there, for the moment, we will leave him because, in front of us, there lies open a book which, in its

day, has caused more strife and bloodshed than any other book in the last hundred years, yet very little is known about it by nine out of every ten Englishmen. It is called the *Book of Mormon*, and nowhere can we more appropriately study the story and contents of this singular work than in the train as it glides along the thirty-one-mile Lucin causeway which cuts across the placid bosom of Great Salt Lake. That immense inland sea has all the ageless silence and the sterile immutability of the sands of the desert. Seagulls, far from their native oceans, wheel around the sleek and shimmering *City of San Francisco*, their mournful wail echoing across the waste expanse and losing itself in the high valleys of the snow-capped Wasatch Mountains of Utah

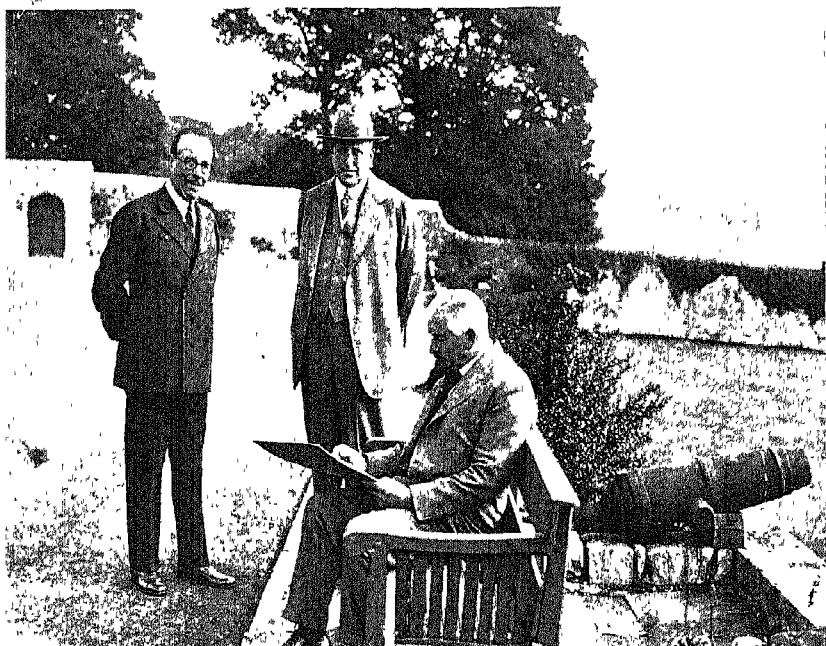
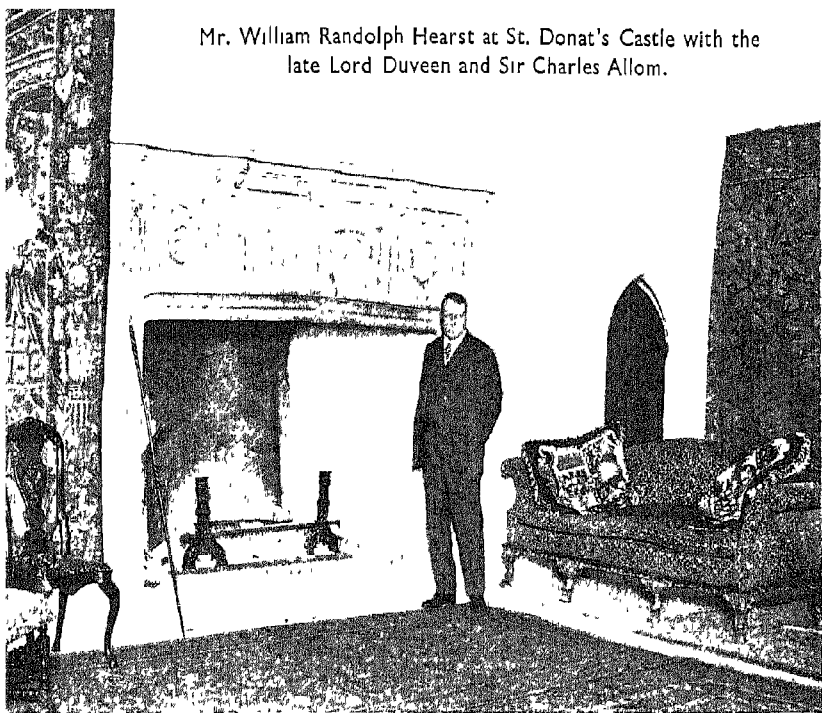
Such a scene as this . . . devoid only of the train and the causeway . . . greeted the eye of a small band of pioneers, headed by one Brigham Young, when they arrived in the desolate valley of the Great Salt Lake on July 24th, 1847. There were no trees, there was no grass ; nothing, surely, could be made to grow in soil that was largely composed of salt. But this was the promised land about which the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints had spoken, and there could be no turning back. That they endured in the face of cruel persecution on the part of their pious neighbours, and that they built one of the most beautiful cities in America, makes a moving chapter of history which we may well pause to consider. It may at least serve to dispel those quaint notions, harboured by many pious people even to-day, that Mormons are a race of religious monsters, dressed like Spanish Inquisitors, wallowing in unmentionable sins and with hooded envoys ever on the watch for white slaves to transport to the harems of Salt Lake City. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth.

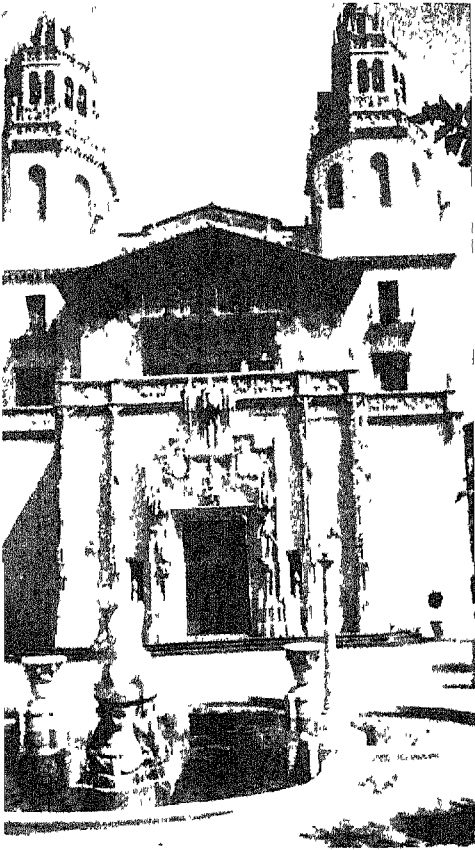
Let us, therefore, move the clock back to the year 1820. Near the small township of Manchester, about twenty miles from Rochester, in New York State, there resided a family rejoicing in the homely name of Smith. Joseph and Lucy Smith had eight children. Joseph, the third son, was then in his fifteenth year and contemporary observers record that he was, by nature, a dreamer. The Smith household

was a religious one ; grace was asked before meals and there were daily readings from the Bible. Manchester, N.Y., was the scene of much religious contention in that year, the different sects, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, often engaging in bitter and open clashes which caused confusion and uneasiness in the Smith homestead. The boy Joseph was so disturbed in mind that he decided to ask for guidance from above. With that in view, he retired to the woods and knelt down and prayed. Then a singular thing occurred. ' I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head,' he wrote in his autobiography many years later. ' When the light rested upon me,' he continued, ' I saw two Personages . . . and one of them spoke unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other, " This is my beloved Son ; hear him." No sooner did I get possession of myself . . . than I asked the Personages . . . which of all the sects was right, and which I should join.' Joseph Smith was told that he must join none of them because ' all their creeds were an abomination in His sight.'

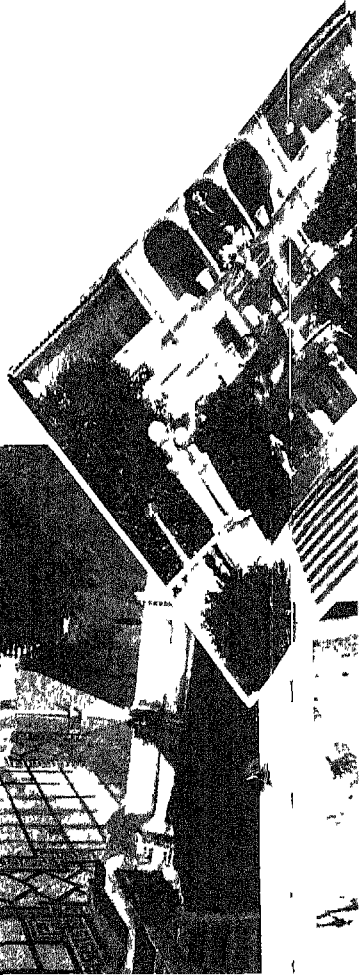
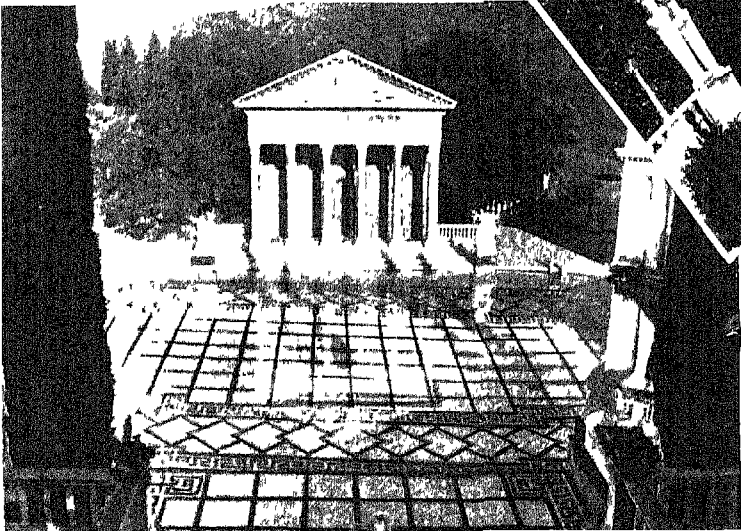
When the boy told his story, the holy men of Manchester declared that the Devil himself had appeared in their midst. The Smith family, thereafter, were subjected to every kind of mean persecution, and young Joseph crept abroad in fear of his life. At home, however, he continued with his devotions, earnestly seeking the light and assured in his own heart that he had been chosen by the Almighty to fulfil some special mission, the nature of which would be revealed in His own good time. Three and a half years after his first spiritual experience . . . he was now in his seventeenth year . . . Joseph again received a Heavenly visitor. On this occasion the Personage was attired in ' a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen ; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant.' The Personage revealed that he was a messenger from God and that his name was Moroni. He further declared that there was a book concealed beneath a rock on the hill Cumorah, a few miles from Manchester, which contained writings of vital importance to seekers after truth. These writings were inscribed on gold plates and gave an account

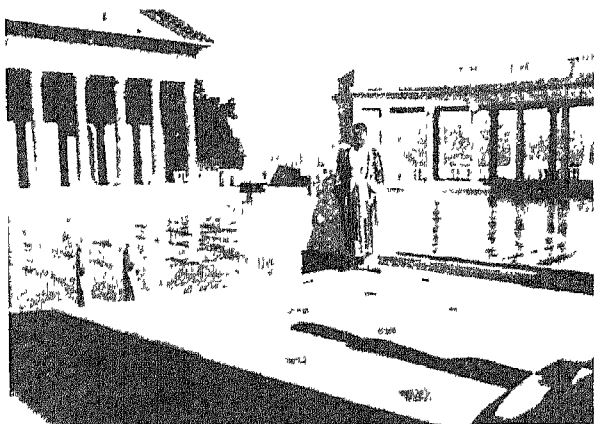
Mr. William Randolph Hearst at St. Donat's Castle with the
late Lord Duveen and Sir Charles Allom.





(left) La Casa Grande
at San Simeon, Mr.
Hearst's £7,000,000
palace on a mountain-
top.





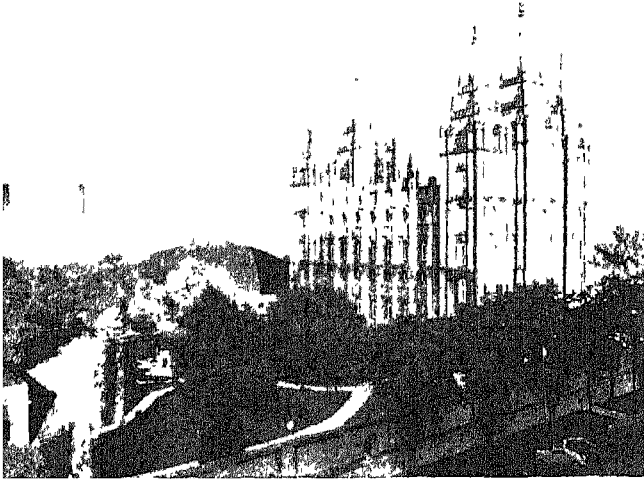
Sir Harold Harmsworth at the open-air pool
at San Simeon.

(left) A guest palace at San Simeon

THE EMPEROR ENTERTAINS

(lower left and right)
The open-air pool at San Simeon.



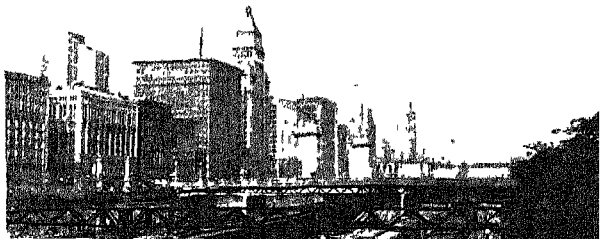


The Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City.
The public is not admitted.



The Grand Canyon, sometimes known as 'The Big Ditch' and 'The Great Gully.' The Colorado River is a mile below the summit.

Chicago's renowned Michigan Boulevard is marred by the presence of railway tracks



of the former inhabitants of the American continent, and the source from whence they sprang.

Three times in one night the messenger Moroni appeared to Joseph, and the following day, when the boy was working in the fields, the messenger again appeared and commanded Joseph to tell his father what he had seen. He was then directed to go to the Hill Cumorah and confirm that the plates were hidden where he had been told. Joseph's father told the boy that he must do as God had bidden, and accordingly he went to the spot where the plates would be revealed to him. He found them exactly where he had been told. Every plate was made of fine gold and measured six inches in width and eight inches in length. These plates were not quite as thick as common tin, and they were covered with engravings in Egyptian characters. They were bound together as one volume, about six inches in thickness, one part being sealed. At first, Joseph wanted to take the plates home with him, but Moroni again appeared and told him that he must wait another four years.

Accordingly, on the 22nd September, 1827 . . . Joseph was now twenty-one . . . he took the plates from their hiding-place and, as he states in the autobiography, 'no sooner was it known that I had them than the most strenuous exertions were made to get them from me.' The result of these further persecutions was that Joseph was compelled to remove his home to Oakland, Pennsylvania, and there, with Divine assistance, he began the translation of the plates. Before the work was completed, renewed opposition made it imperative for Joseph to seek protection and seclusion in another part of the country, and he moved to Fayette in New York State. There the work progressed rapidly, and the translation was completed towards the close of the year 1829 . . . two years after the plates had been delivered into his hands. It now remained to find a publisher. Here, still further difficulties had to be overcome, but eventually a printer in Palmyra was persuaded to print five thousand copies for a sum of three thousand dollars. The money was raised by a friend who mortgaged his farm to provide the necessary capital. The copyright was held by Joseph Smith as 'author and proprietor.'

In March, 1830, the *Book of Mormon* appeared. It was priced at two dollars and fifty cents per copy. The name 'Mormon' was used because it was said by Joseph Smith that the plates were an abridgment set down by an ancient prophet of that name, the father of Moroni, who had lived on the American continent. On the flyleaf of the book the translator stated that his object was 'to show unto the remnant of the House of Israel what great things the Lord had done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord that they are not cast off for ever—and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, manifesting Himself unto all nations.' Joseph Smith further stated that these words were dictated by Moroni.

So much for the book and the manner of its publication. What about its contents? In the main they consisted of an abridgment from an earlier record of the history of the earliest inhabitants of America. This was set down by the prophet Mormon, with additions made by his son Moroni, who had appeared miraculously to Joseph Smith. According to the gold plates, there lived in Jerusalem, about the year 600 B.C., a minor prophet of the name of Lehi. Together with the family of one Ishmael, Lehi and his family left the Holy City and under Divine guidance and protection arrived safely in North America. They took with them some writings on brass plates, containing the Hebrew scriptures down to the time of Jeremiah, a contemporary of Lehi. The early pioneers, a score of them in all, broke into two camps when they reached the Promised Land. One part followed Nephi, the fourth son of Lehi, while the remainder adhered to Laman, the eldest son of Lehi. They thenceforward became known as the Nephites and the Lamanites.

For a thousand years there was war and strife between the two peoples. The Nephites, to whose keeping the brass plates had been entrusted, were a cultured people who tilled the soil, taught their children to read and write, built houses of worship, and in every way conducted themselves wisely in the sight of the Lord. The Lamanites, however, fell into darkness and the practice of superstitious rites.

Some time after the Resurrection Christ united his 'other sheep' . . . and, according to the *Book of Mormon*, these 'other sheep' were the descendants of Lehi in America. Christ . . . according to that book . . . succeeded in uniting the two peoples and His teachings were similar in substance to those contained in the New Testament.

The additions made by Moroni were an abridgment of what is called the Book of Ether. That document stated that more than a thousand years before the arrival of the Lehtes in America a tribe known as the Garedites, whose home was in the region of the Tower of Babel, made the voyage to America, also under Divine direction. They were a civilized and pious people until the seeds of jealousy divided them, and they destroyed each other, only one man being left to tell the tale. Interspersed with the narratives of Mormon and Moroni were expositions of doctrines, upon which, with further revelations made to Joseph Smith, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was founded. Those doctrines we will briefly examine after we have followed the story of Mormonism from the time of the publication of the *Book of Mormon* up to the present day.

On April 6th, 1830, the Church was organized in Fayette, New York. The first six 'charter members' were all farmers, their ages ranging from nineteen to thirty. Joseph Smith himself was only twenty-four. Each had been baptized by total immersion, and after they had been confirmed members of the Church, the Sacrament was administered. During the inaugural service Joseph Smith received a revelation in which he was designated 'a seer, a prophet, and an apostle of Jesus Christ.' Within the first year over a hundred converts joined the Church in New York, several of whom brought much-needed funds to the organization. At Kirtland, Ohio, another hundred converts were baptized, and for the next seven years the headquarters of the Church was established in that city. During that period Joseph Smith wrote and published his *Doctrine and Covenants*, which was based on further Divine revelations. In July, 1833, the building of the first temple was begun, a project which called for much suffering and sacrifice on the part of the Mormons. Joseph Smith and the Elders of the Church were constantly

subjected to bitter persecution, and on one occasion the prophet was tarred and feathered, and narrowly escaped with his life. Meanwhile, in Jackson County, Missouri, another colony of Latter-day Saints, numbering some twelve hundred persons, had established a kind of theological college known as the School of the Prophets, and, in addition, they had founded their own newspaper entitled *The Morning and Evening Star*.

It was not long, however, before events in Ohio and Missouri compelled the Mormons to seek a new home. Their houses were seized and their property forfeited, and when they arrived in Nauvoo, on the banks of the Mississippi, in the State of Illinois, this courageous band of men and women set to work to build a new Zion. By December, 1840, the city of Nauvoo presented a picture of prosperity, peace, and happiness. Its population of 25,000 consisted chiefly of Mormons, and the people had built a university and a temple. Nothing, apparently, could crush the spirit that made every Mormon a crusader, prepared to fight with the last drop of his blood for those things which he believed to be the word of God. For a time their pious neighbours left them alone in their new home on the banks of the Mississippi. Missionaries were sent to England, and there the harvest was rich and plentiful. The prophet himself received further visitations from above, John the Baptist appearing and ordaining him to the Aaronic priesthood, and Peter, James, and John ordaining him to the Apostleship. At other times both Moses and Elijah appeared.

In 1844 there were signs that all was not well in Nauvoo. It began to be seen that there were enemies within and without. Matters came to a head when the *Nauvoo Expositor* made a heated attack on the leading citizens and certain of their activities. The Mormons retaliated by razing the newspaper office to the ground. A warrant for the prophet's arrest was issued, but Joseph Smith was already completing his plans for another great exodus with his people . . . this time to the Rocky Mountains. Urged by his wife and friends to remain and face his accusers, the prophet journeyed to Carthage with his brother Hyrum, and twelve others, and there stood his trial on the charge of riot. The judge

bound over all the accused persons until the next term of the circuit and they were each released on the payment of five hundred dollars. Almost immediately afterwards the two brothers were arrested on a charge of treason. Joseph and Hyrum were removed to the Carthage gaol. At five o'clock in the afternoon of June 27th, 1844, they were murdered by the mob which broke through the prison guard.

The martyrdom of the prophet, at the age of thirty-eight, was the most grievous blow that the Mormon Church had yet suffered. The murderers remained unpunished and the persecutions continued. But it soon became apparent that the Church would not come to an end with the death of its founder . . . a fact which manifested itself soon after the appointment of Brigham Young to the Presidency of the Mormon Church. Brigham Young was a giant of a man, both in body and in intellect, and he possessed just those qualities required in a leader to build and develop on the foundations laid by his predecessor. Four and a half years the prophet's senior and the youngest of nine children, the only educational advantage he possessed was derived from a period of schooling which lasted eleven days. He had joined the Mormon Church twelve years before the prophet's death and his driving force and great executive ability had early marked him out for a position of authority in the Church. In 1839 he had visited England, preached in London, and arranged for the printing of an English edition of the *Book of Mormon*.

The first task that confronted Brigham Young was the evacuation of Nauvoo and the founding of a new and permanent home for his people, far out of reach of their persecutors. Shortly before his death the prophet had selected that spot on the map . . . a desolate region in the heart of the Rockies . . . where he had hoped to find a final resting-place for his devoted followers. To Brigham Young was entrusted the carrying through of that plan to fruition. To those who traverse the desert to-day in stream-lined air-conditioned trains at speeds of nearly a hundred miles an hour it will be difficult to grasp the magnitude of the undertaking to which Brigham Young had set his heart and mind. The only mode of conveyance in those days was the covered

waggon. From Nauvoo to the site of the future Salt Lake City in Utah was a distance of some 1500 miles. The trail led through wild, inhospitable, unknown country with no roads or bridges. It led over mountain ranges, through rocky canyons and scorching deserts. It meant facing all the vagaries of climate from sweltering hot days to long nights when the snow lay eight inches deep on the ground. For weeks on end the daily diet consisted of a meagre ration of boiled corn. Men, women, and children . . . the aged and the infirm . . . were called upon to play their part, silently and unafraid. As they marched along they planted some of their scanty stock of seed corn for those who followed to enjoy. Sickness and disease reduced their ranks by some six hundred who fell by the wayside. No one could tell what kind of country they were going to . . . except that it was the Promised Land. But each one of the twenty thousand Latter-day Saints knew that the journey must be endured because it had been revealed to the prophet that it was the Almighty's wish. John Masefield might well have had the Mormon pioneers in mind when he wrote in *The Seekers* :

*'We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by,
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky;
Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth, nor blessed abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road.'*

The first covered waggons crossed the Mississippi on February 4th, 1846. Seventeen months later the first contingent arrived in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. One of the women remarked that, weary as she was, she would gladly go another thousand miles rather than remain there. These brave people had been delivered out of Despair only to be received into the sterile bosom of the desert. They at once set to work to prove that the desert can blossom and rejoice as the rose. They wore out their lives in toil. From nothing they created a great and prosperous state.

I need not continue this story any further because those who want to see the great Mormon achievement have only to visit Salt Lake City. More than 175,000 people . . .

mostly professing the Mormon faith . . . live there in peace and contentment. They are a quiet-voiced, modest-mannered people, with a clear, direct look in their eyes. Life in the modern Zion pursues its leisured course in a setting which is unequalled by any other American city. The public buildings have all the dignity and the whiteness of Washington. The streets have been planted with trees, and they are of a generous width, with sweeping vistas of the pinnacled temple and the State Capitol. Even the hub of the city has more the appearance of a garden than a place where big business is conducted. Here the stalwart figure of Brigham Young quietly surveys the city which he founded, and no one passes the monument without remembering the story of the 1500-mile journey through the wilderness. To Mormons his stature equals, if it does not transcend, that of the prophet himself.

So far we have only considered the Mormon experiment in its outward and historical form. There are so many doubts that must arise in the ordinary Christian mind about the doctrines and beliefs of the Latter-day Saints that I feel compelled to delay the exciting moment when we shall arrive at Chicago in order to review, very briefly, some of those tenets which the least sceptical of us may find difficult to accept. Before we dismiss the subject as religious mania . . . and the temptation to do so is acute . . . let us remember that there are 760,000 Latter-day Saints in the world to-day, and that statistics concerning their mental proficiency and moral soundness leave no doubt as to the power and grace conferred on those who obey the Mormon teaching. Over 100,000 converts have journeyed from England to embrace the faith and there are some 7000 Mormons in this country to-day. What exactly do the Mormons believe? You are anxious, no doubt, that something should be said . . . and said very soon . . . about the subject of polygamy, or, as the Mormons prefer to call it, 'plural marriages.' If it does not tax your patience unduly, I prefer to leave that to the last . . . one reason being that Mormons do not practice polygamy to-day, either in public or in secret.

Let us now examine the Mormon beliefs . . . the beliefs

based on the Bible, the *Book of Mormon* and the revelations to Joseph Smith. In the Articles of Faith, thirteen in number, drawn up by the prophet, it is stated that 'we believe the Bible to be the Word of God *as far as it is translated correctly.*' Here, at the outset, we come across the first stumbling-block. Let me instance a few of the Mormon interpretations of passages in the Old and in the New Testament. If you refer to the 49th chapter of the Book of Genesis (verses 22-26) you will come across the following passage :

'Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well,

'Whose branches run over the wall :

'The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him :

'But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob :

'Even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee : and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of the heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts and of the womb :

'The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills : they shall be on the head of Joseph and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.'

According to Mormon teaching Jacob's prophecy is taken to refer to the supposed voyage of the Israelites to America in the year 600 B.C. If you find it difficult to believe that a band of men voyaged from Palestine to the United States 2500 years ago, you must remember that the *Book of Mormon* says that it was so . . . and every Mormon accepts that book as divinely inspired.

Now turn to the Book of Isaiah, chapter 29, verse 4. There you will read :

'And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low of the dust,

and thy voice shall be, as of one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust.'

And then in the Book of Psalms, 85 : 11, David says :

' Truth shall spring out of the earth : and righteousness shall look down from heaven.'

Mormon theologians state that the prophecies of both David and Isaiah have been amply fulfilled in the fact that Moroni completed the records set down by his father, Mormon, and that later he revealed to Joseph Smith the gold plates buried beneath the hill Cumorah. If any doubts should remain they refer you to another prophecy made by Isaiah, chapter 29, verses 11-14 :

' And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee : and he saith, I cannot ; for it is sealed.

' And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee : and he said, I am not learned.

' Wherefore, the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their hearts far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men:

' Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvellous work among this people, even a marvellous work and a wonder ; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.'

Again, the Mormon spokesmen draw your attention to a prophecy of Ezekiel (chapter 37, verses 15-20), in which the prophet speaks of the ' Stick of Judah ' and the ' Stick of Ephraim.' According to Mormon lights this prophecy refers to the Bible and the *Book of Mormon* which ' shall be one in mine hand.' All other authorities are agreed that they refer to the definite announcement of the reunion of

the two Kingdoms, which is referred to in Ezekiel, chapter 37, verses 22-23 :

‘ And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel ; and one king shall be king to them all : and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all :

Turning to the New Testament, the Mormons assert that in St. John 10 : 14-16, Christ, in speaking of ‘ other sheep I have, which are not of this fold,’ refers to the Israelites who crossed to America. A further claim is made in the Book of Revelation, 14 · 6, 7, that the coming of the angel Moroni is foretold in the following words :

‘ And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,

‘ Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgement is come : and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.’

Whether or not you can accept these identifications is a matter for the individual to decide. You may describe some of them as fantastic. To the devout Mormon it is as clear as the light of day. What the Bible fails to reveal the *Book of Mormon* explains so that no interpretation need be strained. Let us therefore return to that singular volume. You will remember that Joseph Smith, when he was a little over fourteen years of age, claimed that he had a vision in which two Persons of the Trinity appeared to him. A little later he was visited by the angel called Moroni, who told him where he would find the gold plates on which were inscribed the writings of Mormon in Egyptian characters. There is no record that young Joseph was of more than average mental ability, but we are asked to believe that he succeeded, with the aid of the Urim and Thummim, two or possibly three stones worn in a pouch attached to the

'breastplate of Judgement' (Exodus 28 : 30), in translating the whole of the writings, about the same length as the New Testament, which were engraved on a few gold plates. Oliver Cowdery, who acted as scribe and wrote down the translations at Joseph Smith's dictation, was divided from the prophet by a curtain. But Joseph Smith showed the plates to eleven of his friends and they signed testimonies to that effect. Of these eleven witnesses six left the church, but none of them denied having seen and handled the gold plates.

What happened to these gold plates? In his autobiography Joseph Smith states that 'according to arrangements the messenger (Moroni) called for them and I delivered them up to him.' You can call all this a tissue of lies, religious mania or downright fraud. But it doesn't matter what you call it because the fact remains that a very large body of people accepted the *Book of Mormon* as the word of God and they were prepared to sacrifice their goods, their happiness, and their lives for their religious convictions. For that reason alone, . . . no matter what our own private views on the subject may be . . . it is worth our examining the doctrines of the Mormon Church a little further. Let us see how the church is organized because this will help to show you that, whatever their religious beliefs, the Mormons at least know how to manage their own affairs. There is no priesthood class in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The office holders in the church devote only a part of their time to Church activities. Their services are unpaid unless they are selected by the people to an office which requires their whole time attention. The church is presided over by President Heber J. Grant and his two counsellors. Territorially the church is divided into 'stakes.' Each stake is presided over by a president and two counsellors. The stakes are divided into wards, which are presided over by a bishop and two counsellors. All these officers are selected by the vote of the community, the elections taking place twice and sometimes four times a year. The Mormon Temples, seven in number, must not be confused with the regular church meeting-houses and places of worship, of which there are over a thousand. The

Temples are dedicated for the performing of sacred ordinances and only those of high standing in the church are admitted.

Amongst these sacred ordinances is the baptism for the dead. This rite is peculiar to the Mormon Church and is one of the most difficult of all the Mormon doctrines to understand. It was during the Nauvoo period, about ten years before the exodus to Utah, that Joseph Smith received a revelation concerning Christ's statement (St. John xiv, 2) that 'in my Father's House there are many mansions.' According to the Mormon plan of salvation the prophet was told that the dead as well as the living must be baptized in the faith of Christ if they are to hope for the reward of eternal life. The problem which this raises is almost beyond human comprehension. It means that every true Mormon must inquire most carefully into his ancestry to see if any of his forbears either refused or never heard of the rite of baptism. The theory of his church is that every unbaptized person lingers in a spirit world until his descendant is baptized on earth in his or her name. There is no Hell in the Mormon teaching, but there is a Heaven in which rewards are graded according to the degree of good works performed by the mortal on earth. A spirit may repent of his evil after he has left his earthly body and entered the spirit world, but there is no hope of salvation unless the living are baptized in his name.

The fact that Mormons regard this ordinance with particular reverence is demonstrated by the existence in Salt Lake City of an enormous building which houses the Genealogical Society of Utah. This body has for many years consulted the Parish Registers of England in order to trace the ancestry of Utah pioneers. But what about all those millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions, who died before the Gospel was heard on earth, too far back for the most resourceful tracers of ancestry to link us with? How can the Mormons ever hope to catch up with all these arrears of unbaptized mortals who, according to their doctrines, are lingering in the spirit world until baptism by immersion can be performed for them, by proxy, on earth? If we consult the theologians on the subject we find that they

are divided as to the interpretation of the biblical references to 'baptism for the dead.' Some say that it refers to baptism being a death to sin and therefore every baptism is a baptism for the dead. Others suggest that it refers to the baptism of trial and suffering through which Christians had to go, which would be useless and absurd if it had been, and continued to be undergone, for the dying and the dead. Perhaps the Mormons and the theologians are both wrong. To the ordinary lay mind it is a little too baffling to pursue to its logical conclusion. Let us therefore turn to an aspect of Mormonism which has been subjected to the fiercest scrutiny and criticism . . . the question of polygamy.

A few years ago Mr. Bernard Shaw delivered an address at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on 'The Future of Political Science in America.' In the course of that address he made the following observations: 'I do not know any more moving passage in literature than that in which Brigham Young describes how, after receiving the appalling order (i.e. that the Mormons shall take to polygamy), he met a funeral on his way home and found himself committing the mortal sin of envying the dead. And yet Brigham Young lived to have a very large number of wives according to our ideas . . . and to become immortal in history as an American Moses by leading his people through the wilderness into an unpromised land where they founded a great city on polygamy. Now nothing can be more idle, nothing more perilous, than to imagine that this polygamy had anything to do with personal licentiousness.' Mr. Shaw then remarked that if Joseph Smith had proposed to his people that they should live licentious lives they would have rushed on him and probably shot him. There is no reason to think that Mr. Shaw had his tongue in his cheek when he made those observations. If Mr. Shaw was right . . . and if he was wrong it makes very little difference . . . how came it about that the Mormons, who had been commanded by Divine revelation to practise polygamy, suddenly allowed the laws of man to overrule their religious convictions and abandon the practice? I put this vexing question to a leading Mormon and he gave me this reply: 'The practice

was ceased through a revelation from the Lord to that effect. The President of the Church, John Taylor, in the latter part of the 1880's, was faced with this problem. It was a commandment of the Lord that the people should practise polygamy. (Which commandment, prominent sociologists tell us, was the only solution to the difficult frontier problems facing them.) Also, at this time, a law was passed by the United States Government prohibiting the practice of polygamy and the State of Utah was refused admission to the Union on first application because of that reason. The dispute between the Church and Government over the right of religious freedom was finally settled by the Supreme Court decision that the law was constitutional and must be obeyed. The position of the Church was thus a precarious one. It was faced with the obligation of carrying out God's law with respect to polygamy as opposed to man's law and at the same time faced with the necessity of keeping the commandment of the Lord to obey the law of the land. One of the revelations contained in Joseph Smith's *Doctrine and Covenants* states that 'We believe in obeying the law of the land.' In fact one of the 'Articles of Faith' states that 'we believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honouring, and sustaining the law.' Here, then, was a dilemma. Two commandments were given of the Lord that the people of the Church were desirous of keeping. Yet the conditions of that time and the laws of the land made it impossible for them to keep both. As a prophet should do under such a set of circumstances, President Taylor prayed to the Lord for guidance and for a revelation. He received an answer that confirmed the opinion of the Church leaders.

'In the revelation the Lord said that whenever a law of man contravenes a law of God and the people affected by that law are unable to continue the practice of the law of God without bloodshed and open rebellion or even passive resistance, then it is the Lord's will that the people of the Church should obey the law of the land in order that peace and harmony might be enjoyed by all and the work of God be fostered by love rather than contention and bloodshed. The Lord further explained that whatever blessings

would be held back from the people of the Church because of the impossibility of keeping the law of God in question the responsibility would rest upon the leaders of the Government for causing this conflict of man's and God's law. The answer, then, is quite simple. The people no longer practise polygamy because God commanded them to cease.'

And now before we tread on any more controversial ground I must bring this chapter to a conclusion. We have strayed rather far as it is, and it is time we moved on to Chicago. There have been a good many cheap sneers at the expense of the Mormons. Not a few of them have been uttered by people who conduct themselves in a very pious manner on Sundays but systematically and with great deliberation break most of the Ten Commandments from Monday morning till Saturday night. Some of the beliefs and practices of the Latter-day Saints may be a little difficult to 'swallow.' They undoubtedly impose a greater demand on the imagination and credulity of its adherents than the doctrines of any other Church. But there, if you begin to examine certain of the beliefs and practices of other branches of the Christian Church you will find some almost as difficult to 'swallow' as baptism for the dead and polygamy. And it might not be out of place to repeat here a certain remark of the present Archbishop of Canterbury : 'We must none of us imagine that our own denomination possesses the whole of the truth.'

If you are still inclined to dismiss the whole subject as religious mania I suggest that you buy a copy of the *Word of Wisdom*, which is one of the standard works of the Mormon Church. You can secure this book by writing to the Secretary, British Headquarters, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Gordon Square, W.C.1. The *Word of Wisdom* is based on revelations made to Joseph Smith over a hundred years ago. You will be astonished at the sanity of Joseph Smith's code for the proper care of the body, so that it should become a fit abode for the human spirit. The rules for diet . . . prohibiting smoking, alcohol, and the excessive eating of flesh . . . would meet with full approval in Harley Street to-day.

To those who prefer to scoff I would say : ‘ Would *you*, for the sake of your religious beliefs, willingly give up all you had and set out in a covered waggon for an unknown destination, 1500 miles away, under conditions such as those existing when Brigham Young led 20,000 believers through the wilderness to the desert ? ’

I don’t think there is any need for me to wait for the reply.

CHAPTER TWENTY

LIZZIE'S BIRTHPLACE

BEFORE WE LEFT THE HOME OF THE MORMONS WE BATHED in the Great Salt Lake, we visited the mines of the Utah Copper Company, and we had an audience with President Heber J. Grant, the Head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Our hosts were a little surprised when we suggested that we would like to test the 'unsinkable' qualities of the great inland sea. Nobody thinks of bathing in the Salt Lake in October . . . nobody, that is, other than dude and determined tourists like ourselves. And so we drove fifteen miles along a cement-paved highway as straight as an arrow out to Saltair. The place is excellently named because for long after your first visit there you feel that your clothes, your ears, your feet, and every crevice of your anatomy are filled with tiny particles of salt which set up acute irritation at most uncalled-for moments. Inevitably one's thoughts returned to the Hollywood advertisement . . . 'If Itching Drives You Mad, Try Smad.' During our lunch with the Mayor and our interview with President Grant I would have given a very great deal to have been able to slip into the nearest drug store and sample the magic qualities of Smad. By the exercise of almost superhuman self-control we succeeded in concealing our discomfiture from both His Worship and the President, but we firmly resolved to avoid in future all lakes that had the impropriety to contain over 27 per cent of salt.

The bathing itself left nothing to be desired. One could recline at ease and read a book or one could bob up and down like a somewhat apoplectic cork. You could do everything, in fact . . . except sink. Your twenty-five cents also included a wool bathing suit, a sanitized towel, a

fresh-water shower, facilities for checking valuables, and a ride in a petrol-driven railway to the water's edge. The last-named luxury we would have gladly forgone but for the fact that the authorities at Saltair have conveniently arranged that the bathing huts are three-quarters of a mile from the water. Consequently, the unsuspecting visitor is invited to sit in an open truck, clad only in a bathing suit, while the photographer records the occasion for posterity (and hands you the finished pictures when you return from your bathe), and then, after a series of snorts and false alarms the train lurches across the sands, shaking and shuddering in a wild endeavour to dislodge its passengers. Experience of train travel in remote corners of the world . . . including some of the less frequented routes in England . . . has taught me how to keep my balance in the most unpromising circumstances and I survived the ordeal with only minor abrasions.

Later, when we visited the copper mines at Bingham, we travelled along the face of cliffs in electric trucks that zig-zagged for 1600 feet up the walls of what appeared to be a huge amphitheatre. The shortest drop would have been 70 feet to the next terrace. The method of mining employed is known as the 'open-cut' and there are no underground workings. Holes, 23 feet deep, are drilled into the cliffs and a 200-pound-charge of 60 per cent ammonium nitrate powder does the rest. The ore is then loaded into trucks of eighty tons capacity and hauled to the main assembly yard where trainloads of fifty trucks leave for the concentrating mills. When the mine is working at full capacity as much as 70,000 tons of ore is blasted out of the cliffs in a day. Since the work was begun in 1904 enough copper has been produced to encircle the world, with wire the thickness of a lead pencil, one hundred and twenty times. If that means as little to you as it does to me we will not pursue the matter any further, but proceed to our appointment with President Grant.

The head of the Mormon Church is six foot two inches in height and is now in his eighty-third year. Like each of his predecessors in that office, he wears a beard, and he has what is known as a 'commanding presence.' Born in Salt Lake

City, he has been associated with Mormon activities all his life. Being a true follower in the prophet's footsteps he neither smokes nor drinks. 'My cigarette money,' he says, 'goes towards the books I give to my friends and acquaintances in every part of the world. I calculate that I have given away over a hundred thousand so far!' President Grant has spent several years in England as head of the European Mission. 'When I was in London from 1903 to 1906,' he told us, 'your newspapers had nothing good to say about the Mormons. They still branded us with polygamy and every kind of wickedness known to man. Not once did I succeed in getting a line into the Press to refute these distorted stories. But all that has changed now. The old fallacies about our faith have been exploded. The newspapers give us a fair hearing. They have discovered that the average Mormon is as clean-living and as conscientious about his creed as any other Christian.' President Grant then told us that during his mission to England he distributed over two tons of tracts called *Rays of Living Light*, by Charles W. Penrose, and 600,000 copies of *The Articles of Faith*.

From 1900 until 1910 the Mormon activities in England were at their zenith. There were over 1300 missionaries in the British Isles during that decade. The late Father Bernard Vaughan declared from the pulpit that 'the Mormons should be taken by the scruff of the neck, rushed across our island, and dropped into the sea.' An Anglican Bishop spoke at an anti-Mormon meeting and advised his listeners that if the law was not strong enough to put down Mormon propaganda it ought to be reinforced with power to do so. In recent years the number of converts in England and emigrants to Mormon colonies in America has showed a steady decline. From 1900 to 1909 7587 were received into membership of the Mormon Church, and 3195 left the Mother Country for Utah. From 1910 to 1919 there were 3911 baptisms and 892 emigrants. From 1920 to 1929 2349 were baptised and only 256 emigrated.

President Grant attributes this shrinkage to the fact that the prophet had said when the Church was organized that 'The field was ripe, already to harvest,' and that to-day, over a hundred years after the first Mormon missionaries

landed at Liverpool, is 'the day of gleaning.' 'You want to read Chapter XXII of Charles Dickens's *Uncommercial Traveller*,' the President said as we were leaving. You will find there a description by a very great Englishman of a boatload of Mormon converts leaving for Salt Lake City in the 1860's. He says: 'I think it would be difficult to find eight hundred people together anywhere else, and find so much beauty and so much strength and capacity for work among them.' I hope that is the impression that you will take away of our citizens here.'

That is exactly the impression we formed during our stay of less than twenty-four hours in Salt Lake City. But the *Deseret News* and the *Salt Lake Tribune* were not anxious to hear our opinion of their home town. Perhaps, like English readers, they were getting a little tired of hearing their policemen described as 'marvellous.' (That is, if you can describe a man in his shirt sleeves standing on a wooden box in the middle of the road waving his arms as 'marvellous.')

Our views about the European situation were eagerly canvassed and our comments on Munich and President Roosevelt's appeal were splashed across the front pages of all the Salt Lake City newspapers. The Mormons, it appeared, were in the same state of jitters as the people of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston, and New Orleans. There would be war before Christmas, people said, and the sooner Mr. Eden and Mr. Duff Cooper were returned to office the better. Opposition attacks on Mr. Chamberlain were given undue prominence in the Press, and readers were naturally concluding that the Prime Minister had neither the Cabinet nor the country behind him. In addition, the views of the average reader were being coloured by the articles of Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Eden, and Mr. Duff Cooper which were being syndicated by the Hearst group. These, it goes without saying, were not particularly friendly towards Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Yet another problem which was bothering the American mind in October was, 'What would become of the Duke of Windsor in the event of a European war?' It was suggested that he would either be assigned to military duties on the Continent, or, as the

Americans hoped, he would be sent as special ambassador to the United States to induce Uncle Sam to come in on the side of England. On one point all the American newspapers were agreed. It was time, they said, that Hitler was put in his proper place . . . and that, after all, was John Bull's own private business.

When we reached Chicago . . . twenty-six hours after leaving Salt Lake City . . . another topic occupied page one of the newspapers. Mr. Marshall Field III had just inherited the comfortable little sum of £20,000,000. In five years time, according to the Press, he would receive an additional £40,000,000 under the will of his grandfather, the great merchant prince who invented the department store and died in 1906. At forty-five Mr. Marshall Field is rich, even in the American meaning of the word. His income must compare favourably with that of Mr. Ford and Mr. Rockefeller. Apart from the huge capital sum he has just received, the income from his grandfather's estate, amounting to some £4,000,000 a year, is paid into Mr. Marshall Field's private banking account. When Marshall Field I died he tied up his already vast fortune so that neither of his two grandson's, Marshall Field III and Henry, could touch the income until they reached the age of forty-five . . . an age when the wily old shopkeeper calculated that even American millionaires' sons had sown their wild oats. Henry never reached the age of forty-five, so his brother received a double share. The State of Illinois has now passed laws making the tying up of large estates impossible.

The newspapers were also saying that the charity record of the Marshall Field family compared ill with that of the great Rockefeller Foundations. And yet it is impossible to drive in a taxi around Chicago without encountering the name of Marshall Field at every turn. The Field Museum of Natural History has no equal in the world. Mr. Marshall Field I donated £2,000,000 towards this remarkable collection of present-day and extinct natural history specimens which are housed in an immense building of white Georgia marble. Mr. Marshall Field III has contributed £300,000 towards the various expeditions to little-known corners of the world sponsored by the Museum. Near to the Field

Museum is the great building of the John G. Shedd Aquarium. Mr. Shedd worked as a farm hand until he was seventeen years of age. At twenty-two he joined the firm of Marshall Field & Co. When Mr. Field died in 1906, the former farm hand became president of the department store. Twenty years later, shortly before his own death, Mr. Shedd set aside £600,000 for the building and equipping of the aquarium which bears his name. Of the 20,000 known species of fish in the world, there are some 10,000 specimens, representing about 250 species, in this vast submarine palace. There are 132 exhibition tanks, each 30 feet long and 60 feet from the glass to the back wall. Had I seen the Shedd Aquarium before we visited Mr. Walt Disney I would have suggested to him that he would have found all the material there for his under-the-sea sequences in *Pinocchio*. There are some fish in the Shedd Aquarium . . . notably the yellow-finned grouper, the sargassum-fish and the queen trigger-fish . . . which are pure Walt Disney. And they look as if they are doing it on purpose.

The Chicago Zoo, which is associated with the Field Museum, is some fifteen miles from the centre of the city. To reach it you have to drive through some of the most squalid suburban scenery in the world. A few years ago it was not considered safe to take a taxi in Chicago. You were likely to be taken on a 'one-way ride' . . . which meant, in everyday language, that you did not return. When you drive through Chicago's slums you can understand why there are such people as gangsters. The Great Fire of 1871 apparently spared these murky regions. The Zoo itself, which houses over two thousand five hundred animals, is the finest, with the exception of Sydney, that I have seen. Opened as recently as 1934 and not yet completed, the land on which it is built was given by a sister of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun. On three days each week and on all national holidays the public are admitted free. Children are always admitted free . . . but owing to the distance from the centre of the city . . . Chicago covers an area very nearly as large as London . . . the attendances are comparatively small. The animals at Brookfield, are not kept behind steel bars, like the inmates of Alcatraz. They can roam about as

they please, and, until one realizes that there are deep pits dividing them from the visitors, one half expects them to leap out of the undergrowth and seize a victim. The star attraction at the time of our visit was Mei-Mei, a baby Giant Panda. Mei-Mei was obviously feeling a little bored on that particular afternoon. She had rolled herself into a snug ball and refused to indulge in any of those endearing tricks which have made Panda-worship one of the most curious complexes of modern times. Mei-Mei is now about two years old, and is the successor of Su-Lin, whose death occasioned more head-lines in the American Press than the passing of a President. Mei-Mei is naturally finding it difficult to follow in Su-Lin's footsteps. The Panda-worshippers of Chicago have heard that there are still some four hundred thousand specimens of this quaint animal on the borders of Tibet, and they have become a little bored with the subject. But not nearly so bored as Mei-Mei herself.

Our rubber-necking tour inevitably included a visit to the great department store of Marshall Field. We were disappointed to find that it had none of the vivacious quality of its step-daughter in Oxford Street, Selfridge's. The fact that it was Saturday possibly accounted for the fact that the restaurant, heavily panelled in pre-War mahogany, was nearly empty. In the men's department we bought sports shoes, of which there is an endless variety. They are usually much cheaper than in England, but lounge suits, hats, and gloves are at least 25 per cent more costly than in Savile Row. Our English accent always attracted the friendly notice of the floor walkers and assistants and great pride is taken in telling of an uncle who lives in Birmingham or a cousin who has just come from Bristol. Contrary to the current English belief that American shop assistants are invariably rude to customers we found them embarrassingly courteous and polite . . . and always eager to learn something about England. You can ask ten Americans of every walk in life which country would they most like to visit . . . and nine of them . . . without a second's hesitation, will say England.

It was at Marshall Field's that Mr. Gordon Selfridge served a part of his apprenticeship. At thirty-three he was

partner and general manager of this . . . the largest department store in the world. At forty-six he was a millionaire and it is said that he went to Marshall Field and offered to buy the business for two million pounds. Negotiations were held up for two years and then Field died. Mr. Selfridge packed his bags and came to England. On March 15th, 1909, he opened a small shop on a corner site in Oxford Street. The rest of the story is best summed up in the words of the policeman, addressing an old lady, who was staring at the Selfridge decorations on Coronation night: 'No, madam, Mr. Selfridge will not be appearing on the balcony to-night.'

Three other famous American names, besides those of Marshall Field and Gordon Selfridge, are intimately associated with Chicago. If you include Big Bill Thompson, former Mayor and arch-hater of King George V, the number would be four . . . but nobody mentions Big Bill now. The University of Chicago owes its existence largely to the munificence of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, sen. In 1890, John D. handed over the sum of £120,000 for the founding of a great Baptist seat of learning. Marshall Field presented the site, valued at £21,000. A year later John D. made a further gift of £200,000 to the University. 'The Good Lord gave me my money,' said John D. at the time, 'and how could I withhold it from the University of Chicago?' In 1893 he gave another £100,000 to the University, and the following year a further £10,000. In 1894 he staggered America by announcing a gift of £200,000 to be followed by another of £400,000 if the University could raise a similar amount. Nor did these princely gifts exhaust the Rockefeller benefactions to Chicago University. The Oriental Institute of the University has received from Mr. Senior and Mr. Junior a figure estimated to be in the neighbourhood of £1,800,000.

The Hearst Empire is represented at Chicago by the tabloid *Herald Examiner* and the *American*. But the Chicago *Tribune*, which has the second largest circulation of any newspaper in the country, sells more than the two Hearst papers put together. In 1938 the *American* was said to be losing £100,000 a year. The third famous name . . .

perhaps more famous to the American man in the street than any of those I have already mentioned . . . is that of Wrigley. To all who chew it is familiar enough. To those who don't it is equally familiar because it is almost impossible to walk down the street without some of it attaching itself to your shoe with the determination of adhesive plaster. The white Wrigley Tower of Chicago is a monument to the habit of a nation. The average American would almost as soon give up his iced water as his daily packet of chewing gum.

Chicago is essentially a city of statistics and superlatives, and your taxi-driver has all the facts and figures at his finger tips. The Stevens Hotel (which adjoins the more sedate and Edwardian Blackstone where we stayed) is the largest (in accommodation) in the world. It has 3000 bedrooms, each with a bathroom. The Buckingham Memorial Fountain, on the waterfront, is illuminated with coloured lights by night and shoots a million gallons of water 135 feet into the sky in ten minutes. The National War Memorial . . . a small circular building in classic style . . . cost half a million pounds. Another memorial to America's fallen is Soldier's Field, an open-air amphitheatre where Dempsey fought Tunney, and which has seating for 150,000 spectators. The complete rubber-necking tour includes stops in the negro quarter, Little Italy and Little Russia, the Mexican, Spanish and Japanese quarters . . . and, of course, the cinema outside which Dillinger was shot down by G-Men, and the hotel where Al Capone had an armour-plated office. The most disappointing part of Chicago is the world-renowned Michigan Boulevard which fringes the lake. This, I admit, is almost as sweeping a statement as saying that Prince's Street is the most disappointing part of Edinburgh. But the fact remains that the view from your hotel window is marred by the presence of railway tracks which run parallel to Michigan Boulevard, between the lake and the boulevard. Shunting continues day and night, and not even the double windows of the Blackstone are proof against the noise of car and train traffic three hundred feet below.

My diary records the interesting fact that I had a hair-cut in Chicago. Not that this was my first hair-cut in

America, because I had already encountered the hotel barbers of New York, Washington, Hollywood, and New Orleans. Having a hair-cut in America is a ritual in itself. No sooner has the victim mounted the chair than a horde of white-coated barbers descend upon him, rather in the manner of the mechanics who swarm over your car when you call at a filling station for a quart of oil. One white coat adjusts the towels and draperies around your neck ; another manipulates your chair to the required angle and height, usually placing you at an angle of 45 degrees with your head slanting downwards ; a third (a darkie) proceeds to polish your shoes until they shine with chromium-plated brilliance ; a fourth hovers around the chair preparing the scene for the only one you really came to see, the man who is going to cut your hair. While these little preliminaries are being enacted a designing blonde appears with a tray on which are arranged what appear to be various implements of torture, but turn out to be files and scissors for manicuring. American barbers have an annoying habit of cutting their client's hair with the client's back to the mirror. They never inquire if you would like ' a little off the top ' Consequently, unless one wants to cause a scene, it is best to resign oneself and hope for the best. As a rule the barber, like the taxi-driver, keeps up a running commentary on national and local affairs *à la* Walt Winchell and one regretted all too often that there was not a pencil and paper handy to record these little pearls of wisdom. One barber remarked that my hair fell forward in a lock like Hitler's. ' You mean Napoleon,' I ventured. ' Who's he ? ' he rejoined. This sparkling kind of repartee makes the business of having one's hair cut an amusing adventure, and, at the end, when you give your shilling tip, you are rewarded with many ' Thank you's ' and ' Come again soon's ' to the accompaniment of a few final flicks from the smiling darkie wielding the clothes swish. When you look in your triple mirror in the bathroom you find that your hair has been cut at the back in a straight line, suggesting that a pudding basin has been slipped over your head when you weren't looking.

We left Chicago congratulating ourselves on having eluded the reporters and having turned down every inducement to

visit the stock-yards where you see live pigs walking in at one end and packets of sausages coming out at the other. I had seen something of the kind in New Zealand and the experience has always made it impossible for me to enjoy Canterbury Lamb and other frozen delicacies. Our next hop, to Detroit, was accomplished in the space of a few hours. The Book-Cadillac Hotel was *en fête* with motor-salesmen who had come from all over the States to see the new Ford models. If our reservations had not been made three weeks in advance it would have been difficult to get a bed in Detroit that night. The 1200 rooms (each with bath) were all occupied for the period of the convention. The five restaurants in the hotel were filled with persuasive-tongued motor-salesmen from breakfast time till midnight. All night long the strains of jazz floated upwards, and in desperation one had to close the windows and turn off the heating. Early in the morning, when we threw open our windows, we could see the faint outline of buildings across the Detroit River. They were in Canada, and the sight of them made one feel a little homesick. The streets of Detroit spread themselves like a fan at our feet. Towards the outskirts of the city they assumed the usual rectangular plan. Our schedule only permitted of our staying one day in Detroit, and our time was fully occupied in visiting the Ford Rouge Plant and Greenfield Village. We were able, however, to glean a few facts about the city itself from *Where, What, When in Detroit*. We learned that the River Rouge Park covers an area of 1200 acres and that Detroit has its own St. Paul's Cathedral. There are two other parks of considerable size; one named Belle Isle consisting of a 985-acre tract, thickly wooded, in the Detroit River. It is connected to the mainland by a £600,000 bridge. Strangely enough we did not see as many cars in the streets of Detroit as we did at Houston, Texas, although 25,000 of Mr. Ford's employees arrive at the Rouge Plant by car every morning. Mr. Hearst, needless to say, has a finger in the Detroit pie and his *Times* has a circulation of 281,000 daily and is said to yield the Empire £80,000 a year.

Our tour of the Ford plant began at the Rotunda, a smaller and modern adaptation of the Albert Hall style of

architecture built of Indiana limestone and steel. It was copied from the Ford Rotunda at the Chicago World's Fair which was visited by 12,000,000 people. The interior of the Rotunda is decorated with ninety-eight photographic mural panels, each six feet wide by twenty feet in height, depicting the sources of raw materials used in Ford products. In the centre of the Rotunda, open to the sky, is a huge revolving, illuminated globe, showing Ford industries all over the world and . . . seeing that statistics cannot be avoided on such a tour as this . . . weighing 12,000 lbs. The floor space of the Rotunda was taken up with the latest hush-hush Ford models, gleaming with mirror-like finish in their new paint and chromium plating. They made me feel that it was about time I exchanged my middle-aged Ford V 8 at home for something more elegant like these. (That, of course, was before Sir John Simon decided to make us pay ten shillings more per horse power.)

The thing that surprised me most about our tour of the Ford Plant was the fact that we only had to get out of our car once to inspect at closer range one of the stages in manufacturing a Ford car. It was also possible to follow the explanations of our guide without having to try to appear intelligent while listening to entirely inaudible technicalities. There is no need for me to describe in any detail all we saw. It will give you some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking if I tell you that we watched the Ford fleet of ships unloading iron ore at the Rouge River docks and we saw each stage of manufacture until the completed car emerged at the other end. It is possible for the iron ore to arrive at the docks on Monday morning and leave the Rouge Plant in a finished Ford by noon the following day. And here are a few more statistics which speak for themselves . . . the Plant covers an area of 1096 acres ; there are over 90 miles of railroad tracks ; the Plant contains the world's largest foundry, covering 30 acres ; it uses in one day more water than the daily consumption of Detroit, Cincinnati, and Washington combined ; the Plant usually employs about 80,000 men ; more than 5000 men are regularly employed solely to keep the Plant clean. I could quote many more statistics of this kind but they will only tend to obscure the

picture itself. A detail that interested me as much as any was the fact that the upholstery in the cars which are sent to the Rouge Plant for scrap is used for making stockings and aprons. It is strange how little things like that linger in the memory longer than all the silvery smoke-stacks tapering to the sky, the immense blast furnaces which belch forth masses of white-hot ash, and the robot movements of human beings jerking their hands in time with the machinery. And it may sound odd, but I can never walk through a factory of any kind without being reminded of that scene in *Modern Times* when Charlie Chaplin finds himself in a machine shop and the constant repetition of mechanical movements of his hands sets up a nervous twitching of his arms and legs.

After touring the Plant, we lunched in the Ford restaurant and spent the afternoon at the Edison Institute and Greenfield Village. The buildings of the Edison Institute are exact reproductions of Independence Hall, Congress Hall, and the Old City Hall of Philadelphia. Independence Hall was so named, of course, because the Declaration of Independence was signed there in 1776. The interiors of these great buildings contain a vast assortment of objects which constitute a national museum of the importance of all those at South Kensington (with the exception of the pictures and stuffed animals) rolled into one. There are some six thousand pieces of furniture, tracing the story of that craft from the time of William and Mary down to the present day. There are a host of musical instruments, including a fifteenth-century virginal, spinets, harpsichords, harmoniums, Swiss musical boxes, harps, French horns, and saxophones. There is glass and china of exquisite beauty, in endless variety. There are clocks and prints and beds and cupboards and vacuum-cleaners. There are cooking ranges, refrigerators, dictaphones, typewriters, and cameras. The ingenuity of man is exhibited in every phase and form. A copy of Stephenson's Rocket stands near the carriage presented to General Tom Thumb by Queen Victoria. There are railway engines of every type from 1829 to 1915. There are fire engines that were pumped by hand and bicycles calculated to dislocate every bone in your body. There is the first Model A Ford

built in 1903 . . . the original Tin Lizzie . . . and the 20,000,000th Ford, of more recent vintage. There are aeroplanes and many other kinds of cars, too, Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Renault, Benz, and Morris Cowley. There are agricultural implements of every kind known to man . . . and a threshing device used by Mr. Ford nearly sixty years ago. Gallery after gallery opened up before one, and one could have walked ten miles and only glimpsed half the collection. What did it all mean? What could have induced a man of Mr. Ford's intelligence to assemble this astonishing panorama of American social history . . . ten miles outside Detroit? The answer to that question is perhaps best given in Mr. Ford's own words: 'Many people seem to believe that Greenfield Village and the Edison Institute and Museum at Dearborn . . . are just a kind of antiquarian hobby of mine. I do not deny that they have given me a great deal of interest and pleasure. But the project is vastly more than a hobby. One purpose is to remind the public who visit it . . . and sometimes there are thousands a day . . . of how far and how fast we have come in technical progress in the last century or so. If we have come so far and so fast, is it likely that we shall stop now? By looking at things that people used and that show the way they lived, a better and truer impression can be gained than could be had in a month of reading . . . even if there were books whose authors had the facilities to discover the minute details of the older life.'

Let us see what Mr. Ford has done at Greenfield Village, which adjoins the Edison Institute. Is this another Williamsburg, only a village instead of a city? Can it be likened to Mr. Hearst's passion for uprooting ancient buildings from their native soil and setting them down under foreign skies? No, Greenfield Village is not like Williamsburg, and it is not like Mr. Hearst's Bavarian hamlet at Wynton. It is not in the least like any other village or town in the world. Greenfield Village could only have taken shape in the extraordinary mind of Mr. Ford. If you close your eyes and picture a stretch of green near Croydon Aerodrome (Greenfield adjoins the Ford Airport) and you plant a village church at the far end, rather like a miniature St. Martin's

in-the-Fields, and then group around it Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Lord Nuffield's first workshop, Romney's studio, the Swiss Cottage in St. John's Wood, Thomas Chippendale's furniture factory, a windmill, a barn, and a miscellaneous collection of small houses, each with an historical association . . . you will form some idea of a first impression of Greenfield Village. In fairness to Mr. Ford I say *first* impression because Greenfield Village is something much more than a collection of historical curiosities. Primarily it is a memorial to a close friend of Mr. Ford's, one of the greatest figures in modern American history . . . Thomas Alva Edison. Secondly, it is an educational experiment. Mr. Ford, since he was a boy, has always liked experimenting.

The Greenfield experiment began on September 27th, 1928, when Thomas Edison inscribed his name in wet cement near the spot where the Institute which bears his name is built. Mr. Ford had set aside an area of two hundred acres in the township of Dearborn, the scene of his boyhood. In the ten years that have elapsed Mr. Ford's dream has taken practical shape. The little village church which looks like a miniature St. Martin's-in-the-Fields is called the Chapel of Martha-Mary, in commemoration of the mothers of Mr. and Mrs. Ford. The bricks of which it is built, and the doors, came from Mrs. Ford's girlhood home. An organist is always on duty there to play the favourite hymns of visitors who make their requests known. Over-looking the village green is the Logan County Courthouse, removed, of course, from its original setting in the State of Illinois. It was here that Abraham Lincoln practised law as a young man, and amongst the Lincoln relics preserved in the house is the red plush chair in which he was sitting when he was assassinated at Ford's Theatre in Washington in 1865. The morbid visitor can, it is said, still see the blood-marks on the faded upholstery. On the opposite side of the village green is the Clinton Inn, a typical hostelry of a hundred years ago, where stage-coaches leaving Detroit for Chicago made their first overnight stop.

In Main Street . . . surely the most remarkable Main Street in America . . . and in Christie Street, are grouped a collection of buildings which reflect Mr Ford's interest in

Thomas Edison, the Wright brothers, and watch-making. The Edison buildings include the inventor's photographic studio, the laboratory where he worked out his electric lighting system, the house where his grandfather lived, the carpenter's shed which housed the machine for manufacturing gas . . . and all these are set in good red soil, the same tearth hat surrounded these buildings in their original New Jersey setting. Mrs. Sarah Jordan's boarding-house nearby was the first house to be lit by Edison's incandescent lamp. A two-story brick shop, removed from Dayton, Ohio, was the scene of Wilbur and Orville Wright's first experiment in building an aeroplane . . . and close at hand is the original Wright homestead. The façade of Sir John Bennett's watch and jewellery establishment was removed from 65 Cheapside, London, and is a quaint little building with a belfry and figures of Gog and Magog which strike the quarters with the assistance of an angel and Father Time. Across the road is another watchmaker's shop. It was once the property of Robert Magill of 444 Baker Street, Detroit. It has a strong sentimental interest for Mr. Ford because it was here, in 1879, when he was sixteen years old, that he spent four hours a night supplementing his weekly wage of twelve shillings and sixpence which he earned during the day at a Detroit machine-shop. At a short distance from here is an old red brick shed where the first Ford car was built in 1894.

Every kind of ancient handicraft is represented, and is still being practised in Greenfield Village. The village store, the apothecary shop (with bottles of nerve vitalizer, heart remedy, rheumatic syrup, and lung balm), the cooper-shop, the blacksmith-shop, and a dozen others are authentic in every detail, and each is a thriving concern in itself. In many of these little buildings parts for Ford motor-cars are made. At the far end of the village Mr. Ford has set down a row of tidy little homes, in every style of architecture from a tiny Cotswold cottage to a handsome eighteenth-century mansion that was removed from Exeter, New Hampshire. The Cotswold cottage was transported stone by stone across the Atlantic, and Mr. Ford engaged English bricklayers from the Cotswolds to reassemble the little building at Greenfield.

After Williamsburg the effect of Greenfield is bewildering and a little incongruous. But it would not be fair to dismiss Mr. Ford's experiment . . . and he is the first to admit that it is an experiment . . . as merely incongruous. 'By looking at things that people used and that show the way they lived, a better and truer impression can be gained than could be had in a month of reading,' Mr. Ford has observed. He has not put all these things here merely for the public to come and see and go away and say, 'What a strange man Mr. Ford is.' Their primary purpose is for the education of the children in Mr. Ford's schools at Greenfield. The children of Ford employees at these schools have access to all the departments of the Edison Institute, as well as to the craftsmen's shops down Main Street. It is too early yet to say whether the experiment will prove as successful as Mr. Ford hopes, 'producing results lasting down the years,' but it affords some insight into the mind of this remarkable man.

I regret very much that I did not talk with Mr. Ford when I was in America. Like Mr. John D. Rockefeller, sen., he has become an almost legendary figure in his own country, although he is frequently to be seen walking around his beloved Greenfield Village. In his way he is a unique phenomenon, and yet he appears to have something in common with both Mr. Hearst and Mr. Junior. The parallel with Mr. Hearst is that they have both founded an empire, and it remains to be seen whether those empires can continue after their creators have passed to other spheres. Each empire is a one-man show, and although, in Mr. Hearst's case, a Council of Regency has been appointed, it is difficult to visualize these empires continuing with others at their head. Mr. Ford is now seventy-five years old. Mr. Hearst is a few months his senior. Of the two Mr. Ford has always been by far the richer. Money, to Mr. Ford, has meant little in itself. Profits have gone back into the business for the consolidation and expansion of the industrial empire. To Mr. Hearst money has meant power, a voice that can be heard across the world. Money, to the Lord of San Simeon, has also been something to spend, and to spend for his own amusement. Mr. Hearst has unquestionably had the most fun, selfish fun if you like, out of his millions. But Mr. Ford,

who will one day be succeeded by his son Edsel, can look to the future with a surer hope that his empire will endure longer than Mr. Hearst's.

The analogy between Mr. Ford and Mr. Junior is expressed at Greenfield and Williamsburg, and of the two it is Mr. Junior who derives the keener æsthetic pleasure by his reconstruction of the past. Mr. Ford does not claim to know much about history, and he is too shrewd to dabble in antiques unless they are of a mechanical nature. Mr. Junior told me that the first time he met Mr. Ford the father of Lizzie sprang through the open window of his office. They say that he has the physical agility and the mental alertness of a man of fifty. Dancing is still his favourite form of recreation. Like Mr. Hearst with his slogans, he continues to indulge his flair for coining maxims. Every visitor to the Ford Rouge Plant takes away with him a little book containing selections from Mr. Ford's philosophies. Here are some of them :

My gospel is work.

We don't want only to make automobiles in this factory, we want to make men.

Charity so called is only a form of vanity and merely produces idleness.

There is something sacred about a big business.

Industry is mind using matter to make man's life more free.

Industry does not support people . . . people support industry.

Over-production is a money cry, not a human cry . . . produce ever more.

A cheaply-made product is too expensive to be priced cheaply.

With one foot on the land and one in industry, America is safe.

You will note what Mr. Ford says about charity. In view of what we have observed regarding Mr. Junior's mammoth benefactions, this may come as something of a shock. What, therefore, has Mr. Ford done for the betterment of mankind . . . beyond producing ' the best car at the cheapest price ' ? How will history assess his contribution to the social structure of his time ? The answer, I believe, can best be found in the four words . . . ' My gospel is work.' Those four words are more than a confession of faith. They are Mr. Ford's

whole life. He has always held the doctrine that work . . . hard work as opposed to hard labour . . . is the cure for most, if not all, of the ills to which the flesh is heir. Work, he says, is something much more than a mere striving for dollars. It is a struggle, a glorious struggle, for self-respect, for that dignity of the spirit to which every man must aspire. Charity, in his view, merely increases the feeling of class consciousness between employer and employee.

In the Ford Hospital at Detroit, one of the best-equipped in the United States, patients have to pay for their treatment. If they are unable to do so the firm advances the money, but it has to be repaid. Mr. Ford does not pay old-age pensions. But there are jobs for all, for the old and for the afflicted. The Ford provision stores supply Ford employees with food thirty-three and a third per cent cheaper than in the other shops. I have no statistics by me of the total number of Ford workers and the amount Mr. Ford pays in wages each year. But they would undoubtedly be very impressive because he has always been a believer in high wages. Every employee, he says, is a partner in the firm. On the banks of the River Rouge it would appear that he has succeeded in exploding the theory that capital and labour must eternally regard each other as sworn enemies. If the Ford Plan proves a lasting success . . . or if, one day, it turns out a fiasco like the peace ship in the Great War . . . it will not alter the fact that the name of Henry Ford will loom large in the history of his age.

And now we must turn from the exciting contemplation of Mr. Ford and his strange assortment of treasures at Greenfield, because somewhere, in the distance, a bell is ringing. You know, by now, to what bell I am referring. A sleek Lincoln Zephyr, the kind of car once described as 'a Ford with a college education,' was waiting to take us back to Detroit. An hour later we were streamlining to New York in the 20th Century Limited at an average speed of a mile a minute. With a feeling of regret we surrendered the last few inches of our four-foot ribbon of tickets. The adventure was nearly over. Six weeks had slipped by and it had all seemed like an hour in a news-theatre. New York looked like home, and the sight of the *Queen*

Mary filled one with deeply patriotic emotions. For no good reason at all we felt like three intrepid pioneers returning from a hazardous journey through unknown lands. Admittedly we had no right to feel like that at all. If one could return a tenth part of the hospitality dispensed by American hosts to English visitors, it would be no mean accomplishment. And it might help to bring about a better understanding between our two countries . . . although, as we have observed elsewhere, there are still a number of enlightened people in England who do not regard that as a matter of particular importance. It is because I regard that attitude as more than ridiculous that I invited you, at the beginning of this book, to accompany me on this six-weeks' whirl of America ('doing America up brown,' as they call it over there) . . . so that you could form some idea of Americans as they really are at home.

If I have failed to persuade you to my point of view you must blame me, not the Americans.